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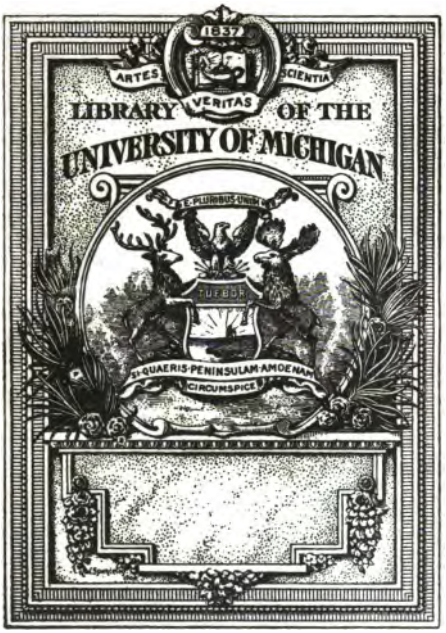
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a.

TWO COLLEGE GIRLS

BY

HELEN DAWES BROWN

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	A Five o'Clock Tea	5
II.	A New Chapter	21
III.	Examination Papers	32
IV.	Rosamond	43
V.	Six Weeks Later	57
VI.	As the Day wore on	72
VII.	Hazing	84
VIII.	Another Side	101
IX.	An Analysis of Character	115
X.	Founder's Day	129
XI.	Another New Chapter	146
XII.	A Business Interview	159
XIII.	Confidences	168
XIV.	Election Day	179
XV.	Friends in Council	189
XVI.	The Lady of Lyons	199
XVII.	Kitty	210

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XVIII. Vacation Rambles 222
XIX. The Beginning of the End 232
XX. An October Tramp 243
XXI. The Christmas Holidays 256
XXII. Class Politics 271
XXIII. Speculating in Futures 287
XXIV. Baccalaureate Sunday 300
XXV. The End 316

TWO COLLEGE GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

THE invitation was given in the church porch, after morning service.

"We've had a real good sermon, haven't we?" was Mrs. Howe's cordial greeting of her friends. "We've just been saying, Edna and I, how we should love to have you all come and drink tea with us this week. Supposing we say o' Thursday, Almira? We'll have tea in the neighborhood of five, so that you can fix off early and get well home before dark."

"But don't, I beg of you, Nancy, make any great of a fuss over us. A plain bit of bread and butter and a weak cup of tea is everything I want, I'm sure," said Mrs. Almira Cobbe, with an ascetic sigh.

"You mustn't think of forgetting that it's your own folks, Nancy," entreated Mrs. Sophia Flint.

"You see, Edna wants to talk over things a little with her friends," continued Mrs. Howe, pleasantly. "She's going to take something of a step."

"She isn't getting engaged to be married or anything!" cried Aunt Almira, in amazement.

Edna looked shy and resentful.

"Not for a good many years yet, I hope," said her mother, tenderly. "No; it's something she's been thinking about a long time; she'll tell you Thursday. We'll have tea as early as five. Good-bye, good-bye."

Family "getherings" had marked every great event in Mrs. Howe's life. When she promised to marry Reuben Howe, tea-drinkings had set in on both sides of the family, and had hardly subsided when the young couple were married, and a new series was instituted in honor of this event. As each one of her three baby girls reached an appointed age, it was duly cloaked and blanketed and started with its mother on a round of visits. And even that sad winter when the two eldest died, there was whispered about the circle an invitation to "come and take a quiet cup of tea with poor Nancy, to divert her mind a little." Nor had Mrs. Howe failed to do her share as hostess. A certain golden muffin and a special strawberry preserve had won her a reputation in her early married life, and these established dishes were semi-annually set before the assembled uncles and aunts. The muffins and strawberry preserve figured again when Mrs. Howe enter

tained the sewing society, and once more in the year, when she invited the minister to tea, a duty that she felt to be one of the most sacred obligations of her religion. These hospitalities, together with church festivals, made up "society" in the little hill town, and it was of these Mrs. Howe was speaking when she said to her husband, "I can't seem to understand why our Edna don't enter in more." She spoke in the perplexed tone that her daughter usually occasioned her. "You never can tell what Edna's going to like or what she isn't going to like. The amount of it is, you never can tell."

Edna, however, had made no active resistance to the present tea-party. She had never yet questioned the general frame of things, of which family tea-drinkings had always seemed the most indestructible part. She even saw distinctly the propriety of this occasion. If the family had assembled in honor of Uncle Lemuel's new barn, and after the burning of Uncle Ira's old idle sawmill, why not when she was close upon a far greater event?

"I wouldn't hurry the horse, Reuben, through this sandy road," said Mrs. Howe, as they rode towards home. "Wasn't that a comforting sermon, now?"

"Yes, as long as it lasted, I don't deny it was," her husband answered, slowly. "But if you don't

take thought for the morrow, it isn't very likely to take thought of you."

"I'm sure *I* never took thought of anything *but* the morrow," said Edna, passionately. "I should die if I did! Anything is better than just to live along."

Her father gave her a glance of pride, but the mother's face was anxious as she said soothingly, "Well, now, I thought I'd hardly ever heard Mr. Bowers preach a better sermon."

"Come, get up there," said Reuben, despondently, to the horse. The old sorrel nag, by way of response, settled back into a determined walk. Reuben understood; he let the reins drop loose, and a shadow fell upon his face. Reuben Howe had listened to many a Sunday sermon for an explanation of his lot, but found nothing that so reconciled him to fate as the sight of the daughter at his side. Here was his new life, his new opportunity, and he watched with a perplexity of joy and fear the redeveloping of his own character in hers.

At three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Howe put a final pin into her collar, and gave a final smooth to her thin gray hair.

"Edna," she called, "don't you want to go and give a last look at the parlor? The company'll be upon us."

Edna laid down her Virgil and obeyed. The parlor was one of her remotest interests. She fancied herself superior to surroundings: surely there were higher things to live for. Yet the ugliness of this room was but a part of what she felt to be the dreariness of all life outside of books. She stood in the doorway, and surveyed indifferently the ungainly wall-paper, the slippery haircloth furniture, and the centre-table, with a heavy Bible, two volumes of the "Ladies' Wreath," and an autograph album.

A person that looked at Edna Howe once looked at her twice; but few gave her this first glance. Tremulous lips, which were learning a permanent curve of contempt; the delicate nose that a hundred years ago had been a family characteristic; and dark, deep-set eyes, with dusky circles beneath them, — eyes that were grave and resentful, with only now and then a frank and radiant glance: it was, in fact, a face that at forty might be sweet or might be sour, as time and character should determine. Meanwhile, Edna did nothing to beautify herself. Her hair struggled to be wavy, but she drew it from her forehead and twisted it tight and hard at the back of her neck. Her shoulders were stooping, and the broad back of her home-made dress exaggerated the defect. At a time when sleeves were close-fit-

ting, hers were baggy; when overskirts were long, hers was short and scant. She fancied that she did not care; she felt sure that she pitied those who did.

Edna looked absently out towards the barn, which stood between the house and the landscape. The parlor window opened upon a little square front yard boxed in by a gray picket fence. Up and down the walk and clambering over the doorway were the roses and the honeysuckles that were her mother's chief delight. For two things only did this plain woman possess the sense of beauty —for character and for flowers. Edna looked earnestly at a tall white lily, but thought as steadily of something else.

At this moment the sound of wheels roused all the hostess in Mrs. Howe. She was soon out upon the doorsteps, full of vague offers of assistance as Mr. and Mrs. Cobbe alighted.

"How are you to-day, Nancy? How are you?" said Mr. Cobbe. "I'll take the horse round to the fence and hitch him. Seems to me you ain't very spry, Almiry. Come, now this foot. Why, I can remember the time when you was as slim as Edna here. What's all this you say Edna's wanting our advice about? Come, Almiry. The horse is getting uneasy standing."

"Don't for mercy's sake, Mr. Cobbe, hurry me now. There's no need to be in such a fidget. It's you that makes the horse uneasy."

"Just hear now," said the little man. "These women — I tell you, these women —"

And since he was invited out to tea, and a playful view of things was becoming, Uncle Lemuel continued to rally his wife on her weight and her logic till she allowed him to drive away their well-to-do buggy.

"He means well, though he can be dreadful aggravating," Mrs. Cobbe panted.

Mrs. Howe made various inarticulate sounds of sympathy and welcome. "I suppose the best of 'em are trying occasionally," she said, soothingly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cobbe, "and 'tisn't as if he was Iry Flint."

"Hark! don't I hear them this minute? Edna, take your Aunt Almira's bonnet, while I go out to meet them."

An old white horse toiled from side to side up the hill, and at last, with great willingness, came to a stand before the door.

"Well, Ira, I guess we might as well get out. We seem to have got here," said a cheerful voice.

"Yes, yes, we might as well get out," answered Mr. Flint, and did not stir.

"How are you feeling to-day, Ira?" asked Mrs. Howe, compassionately.

"'Bout as usual, 'bout as usual," answered Mr. Flint, putting one foot out of the wagon and then drawing it in again.

"Now, Ira, you just let me jump out," said his wife, briskly, "and you drive round and hitch the horse. Nancy, I hope you're feeling pretty well to-day. I'm afraid this is too much of an undertaking. And how do you do, Edna? We're all so interested, dear child."

Edna shook hands with her aunt in a limp, loose fashion, and said she was very well.

"Do come into the parlor and settle down for a good visit," said Mrs. Howe, cordially. "I'll speak to mother. She's lotting on seeing you all."

Then the little grandmother was brought in and passed round, and by that time Uncle Ira and Uncle Lemuel had joined the ladies, and Reuben had come up out of the "piece," changed his coat, and shaken hands with the company. The three gentlemen sat down near the door, apparently with a view to an easy escape if an opportunity offered itself.

"What are you about these times, Iry?" said Mr. Cobbe, in a loud, energetic voice.

Now, as Mr. Ira Flint, since the day he entered the world, had never done anything worth mention-

ing except to marry Sophia Howe, this question was never a happy one.

"We've got a good many boarders," began Uncle Ira, in a deprecating voice.

"Yes, and you've got 'em to entertain; I see," and Uncle Lemuel's thin, smooth-shaven lips shut like a steel trap. He looked about for another victim.

"Come, Edna, what's this I hear about the young schoolmaster's lending you books and what not?"

Mrs. Howe came to the rescue. "Mr. Dean has been very encouraging to her about her studies," she began.

"I used to know his mother, by the way," said Uncle Lemuel. "She didn't come so far from being Mrs. Lemuel Cobbe."

"You'd think, to hear him talk," said Mrs. Cobbe, looking about her in helpless indignation, "—well, I don't know what you would think."

"That's what I say," spoke up Uncle Ira, feeling that Mrs. Cobbe had arrayed herself against the enemy. "He's too much given to criticising. Because Reuben and I haven't made out quite so well, having poor health, he's for blaming us for it all the time."

Reuben Howe winced, and a deep, dark flush mounted to Edna's temples. But it was Mrs. Ira Flint's faded face that showed the keenest suffering.

"Health is a great blessing," said Mrs. Howe's comforting voice. This rich, kind voice was her one physical beauty. It was a voice that soothed a fretful baby, that comforted a sorrowing mother, that welcomed a stranger, or healed a quarrel, and did it all without one grace of speech.

"How do you feel you've enjoyed this last year at the High School, Edna?" asked Mrs. Flint, thinking to introduce a neutral topic.

"Very much," answered Edna, softly. Aunt Sophy Flint was the aunt she loved best.

"Keep right on, I s'pose, in the fall," said Uncle Lemuel, in a tone that left the matter settled.

"No, sir," said Edna, with an effort to speak very quietly.

"Why not?" asked Aunt Almira, imperatively.

Edna turned quickly and faced them all: "Because I am going away to college."

Uncle Lemuel was the first to gather himself together after the shattering effect of this announcement.

"Why, why, what's that for?"

"Because I want an education, Uncle Lemuel," she answered, with flashing eyes.

"Well, well, I never went to college, and I'm a man!"

Edna set her lips firmly.

"I never went to college, and I seem to have made out pretty well;" and Mr. Cobbe threw back his head and challenged the company. Mr. Cobbe had "done well" in barrel hoops. "Learnin' ain't everything," he added, using his favorite axiom; "learnin' ain't everything."

"Well, now, looking at it in the light of an investment, Lemuel," said Mr. Howe, in a placating tone, "when she's once got a good education, she's worth more as a teacher."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Mr. Cobbe, eying Reuben with a skeptical side-glance, as if he thought his brother-in-law but a poor authority on "investments." "How do you know," he continued, "that she won't go and get married, and then it's all lost? She's a good-looking girl."

Edna's indignation straightened her figure and deepened her color into a near approach to beauty.

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Ira, "what good will her learnin' do her then? We'll see if she cooks a piece of beefsteak any better for all her algebry."

Mrs. Ira Flint had committed one fundamental error of judgment: she had married Mr. Ira Flint. She had remained ever since in an apologetic attitude towards her family, whom she saw to have rightly but small opinion of her wisdom after that unlucky choice. This was the reason that she sat

silent in this as in all family councils, though her heart went out to the quivering girl at her side. Mrs. Flint merely turned to Grandma, with a sympathetic "You'll miss Edna beyond everything, won't you?"

"Dear child," spoke up the old lady, with tremulous voice, "you know enough a'ready. I can't bear to let ye go."

"Well, if I'm asked my opinion, which I don't know as I am," said Uncle Lemuel, "I can't say it's clear to my mind where the money's to come from."

"We've got that all contrived out," answered Mrs. Howe, pleasantly. "An aunt of mine on my mother's side left me three hundred dollars in her will, and we've been taking a few summer boarders, you know. We've written to the president of the college, and he has written us a very nice, encouraging letter. I must say a kinder letter I never read."

"Hm-m," said Uncle Lemuel, who required strong proofs before he committed himself to appreciation of anybody.

Edna felt gently of a letter in her pocket, and it helped her to be silent. It was the college president's letter, crumpled and worn; for she had carried it about with her every day and had laid it under her pillow every night since the happy hour it came.

"Where is this place you're thinking of?" asked Aunt Almira, in a neutral tone. Edna told her.

"That's a good ways off," said Uncle Lemuel. "It's a pity not to stay nearer by."

"I've thought it all over," said Edna, slowly and conscientiously, "and I'm sure it will be good for my mind to go away."

"I think the girl's right," declared her father.

"Oh, Reuben, I don't love to hear you talk so," said Grandma, with a quavering voice. "Here you've all lived in peace and contentment, and I've had my children about me. Why will you talk of one and another leaving the old town? There's Almiry's boy 'way out West. I don't ever expect to set eyes on him again."

John Cobbe's friends always spoke of him pityingly as "off out there," and invariably mentioned him in the past tense. "Poor, dear boy!" sighed his mother; "he was a good boy. I'm glad the girls are settled down close by. Now, I can't see why what is good enough for my girls isn't good enough for yours, Reuben. They both went through the High School, and then a year to Honeysuckle Hill Seminary, and now, I'm sure, they're well married and settled. I don't say Lemuel and I — do catch that moth, Lemuel! — I don't say we wouldn't

do a little something to send Edna a winter to boarding-school."

Her husband received this handsome offer with, "Well, well, we don't know, we don't *know*," when just then Mrs. Howe appeared at the door, and said, cordially, "I hope it won't be too much of an interruption if I ask you to come out and take a cup of tea."

As the eatables vanished, the conversation revived. "Mr. Howe, won't you pass the cake? Almiry?"

"Nothing so rich for me," said Aunt Almira, reproachfully; but added that she would take just a crumb, only to see how it was flavored.

"I'll take a piece, thank you," said Uncle Ira, anxiously, as Mrs. Cobbe waved away the cake-plate.

"The women, you see," continued Uncle Lemuel, "the women are getting pretty high-spirited, as you might say."

His wife patted the lace at her neck with all the spirit she could command.

"If we don't look sharp, Iry, they'll be getting the upper hand."

"You can't reason with 'em," said Uncle Ira, with his mouth a little too full of cake to make the utterance impressive.

"Send 'em to college, and where'll they want to

go next?" Uncle Lemuel proceeded, addressing the company. "Where'll they want to go next?"

Nobody ventured to predict. Only Grandma mur mured, "There was very different doings in my young days."

Edna said not a word. Her mother admired her self-control, and failed to see that the girl's silence was the most emphatic utterance of her contempt.

"I only believe in giving everything a fair chance," said Reuben Howe, "whether it's a man or a woman, or a tree or a vine. That's what the world is moving towards. That's the kind of evolution I believe in. That's why America's the country I believe in."

"I wish," said Mrs. Howe, with her gentle bad logic, "that we were all equal to our opportunities. I feel as though I fell far short of mine."

As the uncles and aunts were taking their leave, at nightfall, Mrs. Ira Flint pressed Mrs. Howe's hand, and said, "I'm very glad, Nancy."

"I want the child should have whatever she sets her heart on," said Edna's mother.

"She's no common girl."

Mrs. Howe was filled with motherly pride, but answered scantily, "No, perhaps not."

"She is a rare —"

"There she comes," whispered her mother; "she mustn't hear us praising her."

"My dear," said Mrs. Flint, in a low voice, as she laid her hand on her niece's arm, "there's one that's glad, and I want you should know it. God knows how I've hungered and thirsted all my life. I bless the Lord that you are to be filled. I don't generally say much about it," and her eyes were full of tears. "There's been a good deal of talking this afternoon," she went on; "but seems to me education's too simple a matter to need much arguing about. It's only the fair chance, as your father said."

CHAPTER II.

A NEW CHAPTER.

THE nine-thirty-five train on the Middletown Branch moved away in strict accordance with the time-table, quite unconscious that it was taking part in a great event. Yet to Edna Howe this twentieth day of September was a more impressive date than any she had learned in history — a day whose causes were her whole past life, and whose results were to be her whole future. She sat with face close to the window, straining a last look back to the retreating platform. There stood her mother with lips a little more firmly closed, with eyes a little more persistently hopeful; and her father following with a slow saddening of his face the relentless disappearance of the train down the slender thread of track. They stood transfigured in the light of Edna's new experience, so dear that it was pain to look at them. She turned her back upon the window, and so began the new chapter of her life. Eighteen years had already ended. If she had been asked to account for them, Edna would have answered promptly, so

many years at the district school, so many years at the grammar school, four years at the High School. And that was, indeed, without reservation, the story of her outward life. The other life that she had led made a less simple narrative. It had been lonely, but its loneliness had been a matter of pride with her rather than of regret. At school she had felt and shown an impatient superiority that had not helped to win her friends. Her most vital companionship she had found in reading. Her father and mother cherished a high sense of duty towards books; but early in their married life the habit of reading had been lost in urgent daily cares; and of all habits it is the most difficult to gain or re-establish in later years. But they watched tenderly and respectfully the growing tastes of their daughter. Mrs. Howe was glad that the child had found so great a source of happiness; while the father had a keen pride in his daughter's cleverness. Between Edna and her parents there were currents of sympathy flowing deep underground; the chill of a northern climate kept them always below the surface. It was largely a matter of latitude and longitude that these people lived from year to year with so scanty interchange of experience and affection. Edna had done her duty in her home scrupulously, but with a constant disappointment that she found in it none

of the pleasure promised by all moralists. She had called her lot narrow, and it was; but she had not yet dreamed that narrowness is quite as often a subjective as an objective condition.

And now the first feeling of which Edna Howe was conscious after the tumult of parting was a flood of irrational tenderness for her whole past life, for everything from which she had been so eager to escape. It may have been one of the morbid symptoms of homesickness, but she even thought affectionately of Uncle Ira Flint. If her new trunk had not been checked through to the end of her journey, her impulse would have been to return by the next train. What were they doing at this moment in the dear ugly old yellow house on the hill? Were the dishes washed? Was the kitchen swept? Then she attempted the heroic point of view, and saw herself setting out to seek her fortune in the new fashion of the nineteenth century. This thought gave her employment for some time, till she had made it clear to her mind that the one way by which the modern heroine can reach her fortune securely is this road of education. Ah, but the Higher Education of Women, which Edna had for so many years reverently capitalized, failed for the moment to yield her any comfort. She felt weak, girlish, and illogical, and dangerously near crying.

Edna, on entering the car, had dropped hurriedly into the narrow seat by the door; but by this time she had become sufficiently conscious of her surroundings to discover that the dust and cinders were adding to her unhappiness. Every seat had at least one occupant, and it was some time before she summoned courage to approach a lady with a timid "May I sit here, please?"

The occupant of the seat made no answer, but moved her travelling-bag and returned to her book. She was handsomely dressed and won Edna's respect as undoubtedly a person of consideration. So good a quality of black silk and so much tinkling jet had always, in Edna's experience, been accompanied by culture and position. Feeling oppressed and scared, she sat down, taking care to occupy as little of the seat as possible. She took her geometry from her bag, and opened it at the familiar pages which she had last looked at in her own little room at home. It was in vain that she tried to fix her eyes on the A, B, C, D, of a complicated figure. The letters swam back and forth across the page, and she uncandidly complained to herself of the motion of the cars.

"Good?" said her neighbor suddenly, with an accent that did not equal the quality of her silk. Edna looked at her inquiringly.

"What you're reading, is it good? I thought you looked real excited."

"It's a geometry," said Edna, coldly.

"Oh, a geometry. Mine's the 'Bride of the Desert.' Read it?"

"No; I never heard of it."

"Ain't you fond of reading?" said the lady, reproachfully.

"I like some books," Edna replied, icily.

"What books do you like, now?" asked the stranger, in an encouraging tone.

"I like 'The Mill on the Floss.'"

"Do you?" returned the lady, with surprise. "Now, I never thought that amounted to much, it came out so; didn't you think so?"

Edna smiled as well as she could, but said nothing.

"Well, do you like any other books?"

"'Vanity Fair' I like."

"Now, I tried to read that once; and I must say I thought it was real low-lived."

Edna fixed her eyes on her geometry. She had little charity for any one that differed with her on so vital a point as books. That a woman who admired the "Bride of the Desert" could deserve tolerance in any sphere passed the power of her imagination to conceive. The sense of humor has a

late development in a girl like Edna. She had lived among people who meet life gravely, on the anxious lookout for duty rather than amusement. It had never occurred to her earnest mind that there are humorous as well as irritating differences among her fellow-creatures. Because a woman did not admire George Eliot, she was henceforth cut off from all human sympathy, so far as Edna was concerned. And notwithstanding, had Edna found her companion fully appreciative, she might have felt a pang of jealousy that her favorite author could be as much to some one else as to herself.

With the conscientious feeling that she must make the journey yield her the utmost improvement and experience, Edna kept a watchful eye upon the scenery. The blasé travellers who could draw down their blinds and bury themselves in newspapers, she looked at with wonder mingled with respect. At every station she was on the alert to make acquaintance with the town that it stood for. The country villages, hidden away from the world, gave her a sickening longing for the one so fast retreating behind her. These were so like home, and yet so unhomelike! Yet, perhaps, in these weather-beaten farmhouses, with their rows of milk-cans and ripening squashes, — perhaps in these very farmhouses there were girls with ambitions like her own, — girls

that were not, however, travelling with all speed, as she was, towards the goal of their hopes. She felt a thrill of sympathy which might have told her that her life was already beginning to widen, since she was making room in it for other ambitions than her own.

With the great towns through which she passed Edna felt nothing in common, and was less lonely as she left them behind and entered the open fields with the familiar rail fences and white birches. By afternoon they reached the mountains, and crept along at their feet, crossing and crossing again the little mountain stream that goes frolicking down the valley. Edna knew that she had reached some scenery at last, and looked out with keen respect at the rapidly moving picture. Her observation was too untrained to give her more than a superficial pleasure. Her eyes had been turned steadily inward these eighteen years of her life, and the outer world was to her almost an undiscovered country. Moreover, any delight of the moment began to be overshadowed by the dread of what was before her. The arrival quite alone in a strange city, her very inexperience had made appear an easy matter. Most of her knowledge of the world she had gathered from her reading, and a wide acquaintance with story-book heroines gave her ample precedent for the plunge

she was taking. Moreover, the examinations for which she had been night and day preparing, began to loom up formidably near. To her dismay, she found, as she approached her journey's end, that her courage was fast leaving her, and that she was half sick with nervous dread. What heroine was ever so unheroic? She felt so lonely, so unprotected, so orphaned of all care! And still the cars were whirling her on to her doom. She remembered how bold she had been when Aunt Almira had inquired how she ever expected to get there. The recollection, indeed, gave her a moment's strength, and when the train stopped she boldly seized her travelling-bag, and rushed out of the car into the midst of a jostling, shouting crowd of newsboys, hackmen, expressmen, and hurrying travellers. She looked wildly in one direction, and was pushed in another, searched vainly for the ladies' room, and was nearly run over by a truck piled high with baggage.

"This way, this way, mum," said a kindly voice; and some one touched her on the shoulder. She thought it was very friendly in the stranger, and helplessly followed, to find herself in the clutches of a hackman.

"College?" said he, seizing her bag. She murmured a protest, which he did not hear, and before she could resist she stood at the carriage door.

No sooner had it closed upon her than she was aghast at her weakness. She had heard of the exorbitant charges of hackmen, and in her keen distress she believed herself to be in the grasp of a Shylock. The ride through the city and out upon the smooth avenue was made miserable by the dread of such an inroad upon her little store. Five dollars, she concluded, was the most probable amount of the charge; and with trembling fingers she counted out the money, that this dreaded public official might not be kept waiting. She was conscious at last of driving under a heavy archway and up a broad avenue, with glimpses through the trees of rolling lawns and vine-covered buildings. A sudden stop, a click of the carriage door, and she stood on the steps of the college, the goal of her eight years' ambition.

"How much will it be?" she asked faintly.

"One dollar, mum."

The relaxed tension of Edna's nerves sent the blinding tears to her eyes, and, as the carriage drove away, she sank weakly down upon the steps and leaned her head against the balustrade. At this moment there appeared at the door a short, middle-aged gentleman, who peered closely at the object on the steps, till by the aid of his glasses he determined it to be a young girl in tears. Such encounters the good professor regarded as the most trying feature

of his position; and he was about to beat a cowardly retreat, when Edna started to her feet, dashed her handkerchief across her eyes, and faced him.

"Oh, sir, will you tell me where I can find the president?"

"You will hardly be able to do that before to-morrow," said the professor, kindly. "You have come to take the examinations?"

"Yes, sir."

"But perhaps I can answer your questions. You can ask me as many as you like to-day; it will be your turn to answer mine to-morrow."

Edna smiled feebly at the professor's playful allusion.

"Oh, wont they let me stay here to-night?" she asked in alarm. "I am all alone. I never went to a hotel in my life. I supposed they would let me stay here, there's so much room. I would pay extra," she pleaded.

"Yes, yes, I see," said the professor, blandly. "The fact is that the college does not open till to-morrow morning," and he looked in perplexity at the lodge clock, which marked half past five of the September afternoon. "The best thing for you to do is this," he continued, after a little meditation; "go down that road, turn to your right, and the first house you come to is the gardener's. They will keep

you comfortably over night. Tell them Professor Powers sent you. Just give me your name, and I will look out for you to-morrow."

As Edna laid her head on her pillow that night, she was tossed restlessly about by conflicting emotions, — now a sickening terror at the thought of the next day's ordeal; now a wild joy that she was so near the realization of her dreams; and now a reckless homesickness was uppermost, that would have fled home and stayed there forever. Far away in the distance of the still night she heard a dying car-whistle, whose despairing shriek seemed to utter her hopeless separation from her home. That was the last sound she heard before she went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

THE college parlors were spacious rooms, abundantly supplied with chairs, sofas, and tables. The walls were hung with instructive engravings, and the centre-tables were furnished with a half-dozen valuable works on education, with which a waiting visitor might improve his time. At ten o'clock of this bright Wednesday morning these rooms were thronged with anxious candidates for the Freshman class, accompanied by still more anxious fathers and mothers.

"O, papa, do tell me again how the President is elected. I know I shall forget. I have to go up to the examination room in just a minute. George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson — they say they always ask you the Presidents and how they are elected."

So papa gravely and slowly explains, and mamma says excitedly to a neighboring mother, —

"She is very nervous. She has always been a

very nervous child. I hope she will not break down in her examinations. I am quite unable myself to see the use of examinations. I believe I am quite as nervous as Julia is."

Mrs. Lloyd smiled with sympathy, and said, "I think my daughter has hardly discovered yet that she possesses nerves, and I have been at no pains to instruct her. I believe in an enlightened ignorance of physiology. The less one learns from personal experience the better."

"Yes," said Mrs. Territt, with a bewildered but agreeable smile. "I have never let Julia study physiology. What class does your daughter expect to enter?" she continued.

"The Freshman. My other daughter, Mary, is now in the Sophomore class."

"Julia expects to enter the Junior class. She has been at Madame Eliot's for six years. She has studied mental and moral philosophy and much more than is required to enter the Junior class. It is wonderful what my daughter has accomplished. She has had eight studies most of the time, and has been out a great deal," said Mrs. Territt, proudly.

"She will find this a great change," said Mrs. Lloyd, by way of reply. "The life here is very quiet and regular, and I believe each student has but three daily recitations."

"It is her father's idea, her coming here. My husband has some rather advanced views," she added apologetically. "I myself am very conservative," and she drew up her handsome person to its full height. "I should have preferred to have my daughter live in America a hundred years ago, if it was necessary that she should live in America. But my husband holds quite the contrary view. He says that he wants his daughter neither a blue-stocking nor a butterfly, and therefore he has brought her here." Mrs. Territt sighed.

"How much more the world is demanding of our daughters than it did of us!" said Mrs. Lloyd, who showed little taste for controversy. Like Mrs. Territt's husband, she held "advanced views," but cherished them too sacredly to expose them to fruitless discussion. "When I was young," she continued, "a science, a language, and an accomplishment constituted an elegant education: a little botany, a little French, and a little painting or music. Our vision has widened in twenty years."

"Yes," said Mrs. Territt, vaguely but sweetly. "But I only hope I may never live to see my daughter a strong-minded woman," she added, with nervous dread.

Meanwhile Mr. Territt stood with several other gentlemen at the window, looking out upon the col-

lege grounds and from end to end of the vast building.

"Some money invested here," said Mr. Bradley, of Bradleyville, Ohio.

"What should you set down as the running expenses?" said Mr. Territt, thoughtfully. "The money we are paying in can't begin to cover the cost of what our girls receive."

"The man that founded this college did a handsome thing," declared Mr. Bradley, impressively.

Mr. Bradley was a man who could do a thing handsomely himself, and a thrill of sympathy ran through heart and pocket as he glanced from turret to tower of this great "investment."

"In my opinion, sir, in my opinion," said Mr. Territt, "no man has ever done more for American civilization. Talk about elevating society, it's women that have it to do; talk about elevating women, it's education that has that to do. Educate women two hundred years or so, and the world and they will get adjusted to each other, and the Woman Question will be settled."

The daughters, in the meantime, were meeting their fate in the examination rooms above. The recitation rooms were cleared of benches, and filled with tables and chairs. Here the candidates were seated, reducing to its lowest terms their previous educa-

tion. There was the graduate of the public schools, brisk, prompt, businesslike, regarding an examination paper as the natural exit of knowledge. There was the graduate of the young ladies' seminary, who had taken all knowledge for her province, and whose mind was in a state of nebulous vagueness when called upon for any knowledge in particular. She wrote a few words, erased them, bit her pencil, looked out of the window, begged the attendant instructor to tell her what that question meant, declared that it was not in her book, and finally retired behind her handkerchief and sobbed.

"I knew it all yesterday — but — but these questions are so queer. I could say it all off, every word of it, but now — now I'm so mixed up — and my mother is down in the parlor," and the poor girl's grief redoubled.

"You might go down and see her," said the teacher, gently. "Perhaps you would like to rest a little."

The young lady gladly accepted the permission, and soon mother and daughter were mingling their tears.

Then again there was the candidate who wrote in a large, clear hand, but whose statements were proportionately obscure. She was a young person of considerable manner, and turned to the teacher with a brilliant smile and eyes alight with intelligence.

She looked unutterable information, but on these prosaic occasions the eyes are not regarded as a wholly satisfactory means of communication, and our scintillating young creature was ruthlessly banished to the ranks of the conditioned. There were still others with a parching thirst for information, who hoped to accomplish their entrance by subjecting the teacher to the examination. Marvellous was some of the information elicited in the course of the morning.

"What is the Constitution of the United States?" asked the teacher, with the full dignity of the question in her tone.

"It's all that part over at the back of the book," was the glib reply.

"Who elects the President of the United States?" Julia Territt was eager to answer, having just had the process explained by her father; while Edna Howe had taken a last desperate look at the Constitution before she slept the night before. But the question passed on to another candidate: "Who elects the President of the United States?" This young lady turned her pretty head, and, with the faintest blush and smile, faltered out, "Why, the — the *gentlemen!*" On the other hand, there were many girls from public and private schools, intelligent and well taught, who asked no questions, wrote silently

and steadily, and bravely abided the consequences. The instructors moved about the rooms, supplying now an eraser, now a word of encouragement.

"How are you to-day, Miss Howe?" said a voice behind Edna. She looked up quickly, and found Professor Powers looking at her over his spectacles, with the amused expression that he cultivated on these trying occasions. A little brutality he found the safest shield for his sympathies.

"Do you expect to pass these examinations?" said the professor, grimly.

"Oh, sir, I must; I can't go home," cried Edna, with rising alarm.

"Let me have your paper." Edna was watching the professor's face with painful eagerness, as he very well knew. He accordingly frowned, looked perplexed, adjusted his glasses, and handed the paper back with "Hm-m. Leave a little wider margins." As he left the room he stopped to speak to one of the teachers, —

"Miss Ireland, that young lady by the window has one of the best papers it has ever been my fortune to look at. You would do me a favor if you would say an encouraging word to her."

Whatever Edna may forget of her past, she will always remember those three days by which she effected her entrance upon college life. What she

wore, where she sat, what was said, — every detail is indelible in her memory. She remembered a certain lecture-room window by which she sat as she wrote a mathematical examination, and remembered how the afternoon sun fell across her paper and the shadow of a swaying vine flecked her page. She saw a gay carriage-load of visitors ride by; and envied them their carelessness, while she pitied their probable ignorance of solid geometry. She clearly recalled the fact that they had vanilla ice cream for dinner that day, and that a new girl who had had a cousin at the college circulated the report that the cream was thickened with corn starch. It was Thursday of this week, she distinctly remembered, when she came out of a Latin examination flushed and triumphant, and so warm of heart that she forgot to be shy, and turned cordially to a stranger who was waiting at the door, "Oh, have you passed your Latin examination yet? I'm all through mine."

The young lady, with an odd little smile, answered that she had; and the girl who had had a cousin there appeared at this moment and led Edna away with the information that this was one of the most distinguished alumnæ teachers, and that, though she might look young, she was every day of thirty. As for Edna, she took the most circuit-

ous means of avoiding that teacher for the next six months, and felt it a special cause for gratitude that she was not obliged to recite Greek to her.

The new girls had gathered in groups after tea in the corners of the great parlors, and were talking in subdued tones of the fortunes of the day.

"What did you answer to that question about the Punic Wars? Wasn't that the meanest question?"

"Girls, I never was so frightened in all my life as when I was marched into that office to be registered. If I hadn't been afraid the boys at home would laugh at me, I would have taken the first train home."

"Frightened? I simply thought I should faint when I saw that Algebra paper. Do you suppose you've passed?" turning to Edna.

"I think I have so far," said Edna, trying to speak modestly.

"Oh, you're one of the smart ones," cried the others, in a tone that hurt more than it flattered. Edna felt herself dismissed from their fellowship, and sympathy to-night was more necessary to her than praise. One girl in the group, however, looked at Edna from time to time with a quick, interested glance, and at last said, "Where do you room, Miss Howe?"

"In fifty-five. I should be pleased to see you, if you have time to call," said Edna, in the stiff formula of invitation that she had always used.

"I'm in one hundred and twelve. I am Nora Allen. Come and see me, — that is, if you think I look as if I were worth knowing;" and the new acquaintance shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose you are condemned to a room-mate. I am, — that red-haired girl across the room. Her name is Mary Pruden."

"My room-mate is an old girl. She wont be back till Friday. Her room-mate didn't come back as she expected, and so I was put into the room."

"What is her name; do you know?" asked somebody else.

"Rosamond Mills."

"Oh, I've heard of her. My cousin is a great friend of hers. She's awfully lively. I wonder how they happened to put you two together. Oh, I don't mean to say anything against her. She's very nice — only a little Western, you know. There's something you like about her. She has a funny way of saying things; it's more the way she says them."

"Is she a good scholar?" said Edna, anxiously.

"I don't believe anybody ever asked that before about Rosamond Mills," laughed the other. "You

are from the East, aren't you? And Western people are so different!"

"You needn't say anything against the West," said a playfully offended voice.

"Or the East!" said another.

"Or the North!"

"Or the South!"

CHAPTER IV.

ROSAMOND.

LATE on Friday afternoon Edna stood at the window of her little parlor. The three trying days were over, she had stood the test bravely, and her suspense had ended with her admission to the Sophomore class. The president had said, as he glanced at her record, "This is very promising, Miss Howe." And Professor Powers had introduced her to his wife: "This is Miss Howe. She has only to keep on as she has begun." Edna could not remember a time when she had been so happy. And this, she thought, was doubtless but the first of many triumphs. Her whole college career stretched on before her, proud and successful at every step. To do her justice, it was more Edna's imagination than her conceit that held out such promises before her. To distinguish herself by her scholarship had always been her form of castle-building: she was merely dreaming of her highest happiness as she dramatized to herself scene after scene of her college life. There was the essay

that she would write; and though she was quite in the dark as to the subject matter, she was already confident that it would be published in the college paper. There was the difficult problem that she alone of the class would be able to solve; there was the knotty translation that no one made so smooth and fluent as Edna Howe. She was looking fixedly into a tree that stood by the window, though, as usual, she saw nothing of the tree. She was by this time beholding herself graduate with the highest honors, in the topmost boughs, when sounds in the corridor brought her rudely back to the present.

In the three days since her arrival, Edna and the college had taken complete possession of each other. More than a hundred new students were already scattered through the great building, but, being hushed and respectful towards their new surroundings, these hundred girls allowed a scholastic stillness to pervade the place. Edna felt a tranquil sense of ownership in the long corridors and spacious grounds, and could have believed that she had lived there years instead of days. On Friday night, she had been told, the old students would return, but her conception of this event was very imperfect. The return of the older classes would seem to deepen the earnestness of the place, and make its atmos-

phere even more scholarly and satisfying. It was now with sudden alarm that she heard approaching in the corridor a rushing, rustling, laughing crowd of girls. What was Edna's astonishment when they turned into her own entry, and threw open her door without ceremony. They did not notice immediately the figure by the window, till some one stopped in the midst of a peal of laughter, with a dismayed, "Why, girls!"

There was a moment's pause, during which eight girls thoroughly examined and passed succinct judgment upon the stranger. In another instant the central figure of the group stepped out and said with a smile of frank amusement, —

"Are you going to be my room-mate?"

"The Lady Principal sent me here," said Edna, timidly. The tree by the window had become a commonplace peach tree once more, and Edna saw it now quite distinctly.

"All right. I guess we shall live peaceably. Girls, do give me a good character."

"Not faultily faultless, Rosamond."

"Not a rose without thorns."

"Now, girls, dare to say that I am not the quietest individual in this college."

There was a chorus of laughter, and a look of apprehension on Edna's face.

"Studies so hard that she has a brain fever regularly every vacation."

Rosamond gave Edna a comic look of appeal, equivalent to "Just listen to them!"

"Never, never flirts!" And how they laughed!

"Now, girls, this is a little more than I'll endure, and a little more than Miss Emmet will endure. Hark! don't I hear her coming?"

"Hush!"

"Hush-sh!"

"Miss Emmet is our corridor teacher," Rosamond explained. "She's a dear. She wears the squeakiest shoes. I wonder if my trunks have come. I expressed them on two or three days ago. I can't *live* without something to wear."

"I'll go down and see, Rosy," said Kitty Morris.

"You're awfully sweet, little puss. I hope you don't think you've got in with a noisy crowd?" said Rosamond, turning to Edna.

Edna smiled with embarrassment, and said, "I suppose it isn't study hour. I've been reading the Manu —"

"Reading the Manual? Girls, do you hear that? She's been reading the Manual!"

Edna smiled feebly at their merriment, and felt very ill at ease.

"That's right," said Juliet Porter. "You have to

learn the rules off by heart to recite in corridor meeting every Monday night."

"Juliet, stop that," cried Rosamond.

"They're going to bring your trunks right up," said Kitty, returning.

"You're an angel. Kiss me," said Rosamond.

Edna saw no reason for this demonstration. She had lived among people who kissed one another only on grave occasions of arrival and departure. Without such necessity, a kiss seemed to her both superfluous and embarrassing.

At the tea-table Rosamond and her friends grew very animated over their interchange of summer experiences. No one gave a thought to Edna, and she felt herself retreating farther and farther into the distance, and faster and faster losing her hold on that new college life, of which she had felt in such full possession. After tea came prayers, by which the fall session was formally opened. In the chapel pulpit was the president, a man of benign and scholarly presence. He said a word or two of welcome to new students, and commended them to the thought and care of those who had been through a similar experience in preceding years. He spoke of the work before them all, and left Edna kindled and aglow with eagerness for its beginning. Then he prayed with matchless tenderness for those who had

left home for the first time, and for the dear ones who were watching from a distance the unfolding of these young lives. There was a tremor in the good man's voice, and throughout the chapel a surreptitious whisking out of handkerchiefs.

"I sup-suppose he thought he was going to com-comfort us," one girl sobbed in her friend's ear, as they left the chapel, "and st-stop our being homesick, and now I feel ten times worse than I did before. Nothing ever does upset me like being prayed for."

Edna walked slowly back to her room, to find it brightly lighted and filled with a bevy of "old girls."

Rosamond stood leaning her elbow on the mantel, and pulling to pieces a pink rose, whose petals she munched thoughtfully. People had some difficulty in determining whether or not Rosamond Mills deserved to be called a pretty girl. Some were shrewd enough to discover that the matter depended almost wholly upon her dress. Frankly, had she worn limp brown calico, her mouth would have been large, her nose not aristocratic, and her elbows prominent; whereas, under the exhilaration of a becoming pink or blue, her color deepened, her eyes sparkled, and her fluffy hair was a prettier gold than ever. All this Rosamond had been the first to discover, and had felt herself rewarded when her brother Jack had

told her paternally, the first time he had come home from college, that he was glad to see she had some style about her. "I hope you notice my dress, girls," said Rosamond, with a rose petal between her teeth. "Made in Paris," she added, briefly.

Edna looked with respectful curiosity, but with an ever-increasing sense of distance from home.

"That dark blue with the white trimmings is awfully becoming, Rosamond. It brings you out."

"It's made exquisitely, Rose," some one else murmured.

"You should have seen Madame at the final trying on," said Rosamond. "'You will have great success in it,' she said, with a killing little gesture." Rosamond illustrated. "'Vous aurez beaucoup de succès, mademoiselle, dans ce petit costume-là.'"

Rosamond broke in abruptly upon the applause with, —

"Well, ladies, I think it is quite time you were formally introduced to Miss Howe. What is the rest of your name, Miss Howe?"

"Edna Eliza. I was named after two of my aunts, who died before I ever saw them."

"I'm glad my friends didn't make a tombstone of me," laughed Rosamond. "How depressing! I'm just Rosamond Mills. My mother read a novel and named me after the heroine. Now, girls, if you

won't move round for a minute, I'll introduce you to Miss Howe, with a few useful facts about each. The young lady on your right, Miss Howe, is the daughter of the governor of Wisconsin, — though fathers don't amount to a row of pins here, let me tell you. Neither do clothes. I have often had reason to regret it; haven't you, Juliet? Miss Juliet Porter, Miss Howe. Has the finest clothes and the worst lessons — ah, no, Jule, that was too mean of me. Miss Katharine Morris, a 'leading member' of the Sophomore class."

"No, no," said Kitty, earnestly, to Edna. "That isn't true. I was dropped."

And so on round the room, till she ended, with mock dignity,—"Miss Rosamond Mills, Miss Howe, the most distinguished scapegrace of her class. She lives in Chicago, has a father, and a mother, and a brother; and doesn't she have her hands full? Jack's a senior at Harvard. Jack's a good fellow; he has lots of principle, though he pretends he hasn't a bit. His preaching isn't equal to his practice. You ought to hear him talk to frighten mamma. You'd think he was a perfect young ruffian. Then Jack reads Herbert Spencer, and that distresses mamma, though she's never read a word of him; she's only heard his name in sermons. But the absurd part is, she is afraid Jack will study too hard and injure his health.

Nobody's afraid I am going to study too hard. Come," said Rosamond, suddenly, "who wants to go down to the store with me and get some sardines and crackers? Rose petals may be æsthetic food, but sardines are more sustaining. Good-bye, Miss Howe," and Rosamond tossed her rosebud to Edna, hitting her unceremoniously on the cheek. "Come on, girls."

"What a shame," said Juliet Porter, in a low tone, as soon as the door closed, "what a shame, Rosamond, that that stupid thing should be fastened on you! I wouldn't stand it. I'd just make a fuss."

"Edna Eliza is poky," said Rosamond, in her high, clear voice; "but then, poky folks have a right to live, I suppose."

"And did you ever see anything set like the back of that alpaca?" sighed Juliet.

Rosamond's speech was all that Edna heard through the open transom, but it was quite enough to embitter her thoughts. She felt the shock by which one's point of view suddenly changes. Up to this moment Edna Howe's point of view was the only one she had dreamed of. That she could be endured as well as enduring was to her a cruelly new perception. And to be endured by such girls as these was double bitterness. She should try to have very little to do with them, she said to herself.

But poky folks had a right to live, the offensive Rosamond had added. That was kind, thought Edna, grimly. Yet that, too, seemed to her, on reflection, a novel idea. Rosamond's unwelcome toleration of people different from herself was, after all, to Edna a somewhat new phase of character. But perhaps nothing rankled more than that unfeeling "Edna Eliza." That she should lie so lightly in another person's mind shocked her — she who had always taken herself so seriously.

The rush and laughter in the corridor announced the return of the foraging party.

"Now for a regular college spread, the spread informal," said Rosamond, as she unfolded a piece of brown wrapping-paper on the bare table, erected pyramids of crackers at each corner, and established as a centre-piece a box of sardines and a lemon.

"I'll go to the water-tank for some water," said Kitty Morris.

"There's nothing but my one drinking-cup till I've unpacked. Did you ever see such a barn of a room? It will take me an age to get settled. There, ladies, help yourselves; it belongs to the crowd."

Edna had never tasted sardines, and was afraid to take any now. She nibbled a cracker, and was glad to find that no one noticed her.

"Come, Rosamond," said Juliet Porter, "you haven't finished that romantic adventure."

"Well," said Rosamond, her utterance somewhat impeded by cracker crumbs, "he was awfully swell. And devoted! 'Devoted' doesn't begin to express it. Only we could never tell whether it was my cousin Annie or I that his devotions were aimed at. Ann and I used to lie awake nights discussing the question. Well, the way it happened was this. You know we were in the mountains then; and when we weren't eating and sleeping, we were climbing, especially Ned Willoughby and I — Annie usually felt dizzy half way up, and declared she wouldn't go another step up or down, and we might leave her. We did. Mr. Willoughby was in great distress, but I knew her entirely too well. One day we scaled some crags — to be poetical — and coming down, there was nothing to do but to jump from rock to rock, which I did like a chamois, said the agreeable Mr. Willoughby. I will say he bore it manfully. He blamed himself unmercifully for bringing me to such a place, though it was I who had insisted on coming. We had nearly reached the foot, where our elders were soberly sitting and waiting for us. 'One more,' said Mr. Willoughby. 'Put your hand on my arm. One, two, three, — now!' Down I came with a terrible bounce. Girls, I wish

you could have seen the expression on that man's face. Such agony! No wonder I didn't know what to make of it. I rattled away, but I noticed that he didn't say much. When we got back to the rest of the people, Mr. Willoughby disappeared. Ann asked me if he hadn't proposed. She thought he looked exactly as if I had refused him, — so white round the mouth, you know. For six mortal weeks we didn't know what had become of him, till one day mamma had a fearful headache. She always has fearful headaches. This time she had the doctor, and how do you think the old gossip entertained her? Why, with the story of a patient of his, — a young man whose arm had been broken in a most singular manner. A young lady had jumped from a rock, and rested her hand on his arm, and, oh, I don't know, given it a fearful twist — well, I needn't tell any more. Now, girls, how do you suppose I felt! I told Annie, not another soul. She pretended to pity me dreadfully, but I know she envied me."

"There's only one way for such a story to end," said Juliet Porter, with a sigh.

"Why, Miss Howe, you haven't any sardine on your cracker!" Rosamond fairly screamed. "Here, let me fix you a sardine. He's in the Yale Glee Club, girls. They're coming to give a concert in

the city this winter. He told me not to tell. Don't you breathe it."

"Does he know that you know?" asked Juliet Porter, with a deep breath.

"No. Come, you're not going to stop eating. Here I've been talking a steady *stream*. But, speaking of romantic adventures —"

Edna by and by stole into her bedroom, and, with blinding, homesick tears, wrote this letter: —

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, —

I wrote you that I had got here safe, and now I am able to tell you that I have passed my examinations. They were pretty hard, and I am very glad they are over. I was fortunate to get into the Sophomore class, for a great many who tried to enter as Freshmen had conditions. One young lady, named Miss Julia Territt, expected to be a Junior, and she is just barely a Freshman. I thought she was pretty sensible, though. She said the only thing she did know now was that she knew nothing. I remember that Socrates said the same thing. This girl is rich, besides, which makes it seem all the more sensible.

I have a room on the second floor, or I should say two rooms, a parlor and a bedroom, which I share with a young lady from Chicago. She is a very queer girl, but I shall try hard to like her. She has a great many friends. I never heard such a noise in my life as they make. Nora Allen is the girl I like best, so far. I think she is a very nice girl, though she is not pretty-looking at all.

I suppose you will be glad to know that I have to walk an hour a day, whether I want to or not; you used to have such a time to make me go outdoors. We have to go to bed at just such a time, too, and I do not like that, either. But I expected there would be some things I did not like. I shall enjoy my studies very much, I know, and that is all I care about.

Excuse that blot. I hope you are all well. Please give my love to the friends.

Yours affectionately, E. E. Howe.

CHAPTER V.

SIX WEEKS LATER.

THE long halls were silent and deserted: the college was at breakfast. Through the open windows the clear October air and sunshine were pouring, and nowhere was the morning brighter than in fifty-five, south corridor. There might have been discovered in the waste-basket evidences in the shape of paper bags, empty olive bottles and sardine boxes that some high revelling had taken place the evening before. Nothing less had occurred, in fact, than Rosamond's house-warming in honor of the completion of six weeks' "settling."

Edna had maintained at first her usual indifference to surroundings. It would perhaps have afforded her a certain hard satisfaction to sit at a wooden table, with curtainless windows and bare walls; it would have been but a part of that struggle for her education in which she felt an eager pride and strength. When Rosamond declared that she could not and would not live in a *barn*, Edna pitied her

lack of fortitude. She said nothing, however, but watched her room-mate with growing curiosity and lessening contempt. "Turkey red" was Rosamond's most efficient ally. With this she covered a lounge and cushions for the chairs, manufactured curtains for the window and a portière for the bedroom door, and with its aid converted a soap-box into an ottoman for the window recess. Below the cornice of bright Japanese fans hung pictures: "The Huguenot Lovers," Kaulbach's Marguérite, "Yes or No?" and a Landseer dog. Japanese fans and scrolls, peacock's feathers, cracked plates, banners, and archery trophies, — these completed the wall decorations. In the window-seat was a box of wandering jew, a long-suffering plant, that one could forget to water six days out of the seven. On a corner bracket, with a background of red, stood a diminutive Venus of Milo, strongly recommended by the gymnastic teacher as a suitable ornament for a college room. Edna felt all the brightness and comfort of the little parlor, and, though she did not suspect it, she had taken her first lesson — from a crude young teacher, it is true — her first practical lesson in making home attractive. The prettier the room grew, however, the less right Edna felt to enjoy it. Her proud integrity persuaded her that it was not fair to receive so much benefit from another's belongings. This feeling even con-

tributed to her growing dislike for Rosamond, who, Edna thought, thrust her kindnesses upon people as rudely as she did her injuries.

This morning Edna had sat down at once with her books on coming up from breakfast. Rosamond came in a moment later, singing at the top of her voice, and closing the door behind her with such emphasis that the bric-à-brac trembled throughout the room.

"Well, if you aren't studying at this unearthly hour! I always devote myself to doing nothing between breakfast and my first recitation, — and between my first recitation and breakfast, I guess you think, too. How my head aches! I suppose it's that potted ham last night. I suppose I might point a moral and adorn a tale."

Rosamond threw herself into a huge rocking-chair, and looked closely at Edna, who turned her lexicon leaves rapidly. This watchful, intent look passed frequently of late between the two girls.

"Well, I believe you really like to study," cried Rosamond, with the triumph of a discoverer.

"That's the reason I came here," said Edna, coldly, as she looked for another Greek verb.

"I came because my father sent me; and he sent me because he said I was to have the best education that money would buy. That's the kind of a man my

father is. Then, I always heard Jack and his friends talking about college, and you don't suppose I was going to let those boys get ahead of me! But I like it here — indeed I do. I never had such fun in my life. Gracious, but I don't study any — just enough not to get dropped. The professors and teachers have a fearful opinion of me; but I don't care, as long as the girls like me." Rosamond rocked furiously. "I haven't ever got to teach or earn my living. Where's the use of spoiling all my fun by studying?"

Edna looked despairingly at Rosamond, as if she were beyond help.

"Oh, you needn't look so distressed." Rosamond laughed excitedly. "They all approve of you — the teachers do. They ought not to show it so, or they'll get the girls to hating you."

"I don't care," said Edna before she knew it.

"Well, I like that! Why, I don't see how you can *live*. I suppose you would rather have Professor Powers think you were a fine scholar than have every girl in college like you."

Edna took care this time not to answer.

"I don't care a fig what he thinks of me," Rosamond went on. "He's a funny old fellow. He keeps hens, and stands and watches them by the hour together — studying their mental processes, I

presume. You've seen his Queen Anne henhouse, haven't you? He's fearfully near-sighted, too. I wish you could have seen him once trying to hang up a map on a fly — he thought it was a nail. And when that fly flew off — well, you can picture his astonishment."

This reminiscence revived Rosamond's spirits, and, saying that it might be well for her to look at her history lesson, as she was going to the class in half an hour, she sat down with a book.

As the history class gathered, on the stroke of the electric bells, Professor Powers stood looking intently out of the window. He was apparently absorbed in the weather; in reality he was giving a rapid thought to his mode of attack for that morning. Having once crossed the threshold of his recitation-room, Professor Powers was an inspired teacher, and hence, of necessity, an inspiring teacher. His perfect adequacy to the occasion gave him an ease he never knew elsewhere. In the class-room he was master of the situation, and met unflinchingly thirty pairs of bright young eyes. In his own parlor he needed the protection of his wife to encounter a half-dozen. At nine o'clock in the morning, he beheld his students as so many disembodied spirits; but at nine in the evening they became a bewildering array of beruffled, beribboned damsels, with

bright glances and effervescent little laughs and speeches, which put him at a constant disadvantage, and made him look anxiously about for his wife. There was no type he more dreaded on a social occasion than that represented by Rosamond Mills, though no one understood her better than he did, or had a juster foresight of her remote possibilities. A sound opinion on a large subject Professor Powers could always furnish you, but the fractional currency of conversation he did not keep about him. When Rosamond Mills patted her ribbons, and twirled her fan, and with a dazzling smile rallied him on his devotion to his hens, the good professor had an unwieldy sense of nothing to say. He felt far more at ease with a pupil like Edna, and there grew up between them a friendliness outside of the class-room, fostered by an occasional invitation to tea from Mrs. Powers.

The professor studied the sky till the second bell rang and the door was closed.

"What subject do we consider to-day, Miss Howe?" he said, quietly.

"We take from the beginning of chapter third to the bottom of the two hundred and fiftieth page, with the references that are on the black board."

"Next."

"Why, I thought we did," said "next," in alarm.

"Next."

"The relation of the Stuarts to modern liberty, I should call the subject of the lesson," answered Josephine Weston, a girl with a powerful face, a clear, steady eye, and a firm, clean-cut utterance. It was already whispered that she would be valedictorian.

"Safe to leave her for to-day," said the professor to himself. "Miss Porter," he continued, "do you feel yourself, as an American citizen, under any obligation to Charles the First?"

Pretty pink and white Juliet Porter smiled amiably, said "I think" — and stopped short.

"Miss Allen."

"I am sure I can't see that Charles the First is anything to me," said Nora Allen, energetically.

"Miss Howe, do you feel any personal interest in this lesson?"

Edna was alarmed at Nora's audacity, and answered gently, "I feel a personal interest in everything that is a part of my education."

"What is your education a part of?"

Edna struggled helplessly for an appropriate reply. The professor watched her keenly, but did not offer to answer his own question. He said at last, "Tell me at the end of five minutes the relation that this morning's lesson bears to a liberal education. Miss

Territt: I see you have been doing some diligent thinking."

Julia Territt answered slowly and conscientiously: "An American citizen is the heir of English history." Professor Powers nodded thoughtfully. He reflected that Miss Territt had always a certain picturesqueness of expression, and armed himself accordingly. "English freedom owes as much, perhaps, to its enemies as to its friends," continued Julia.

"Carefully, Miss Territt. Handle epigrams very cautiously."

"Perhaps it owes its friends to its enemies: Hampden, and Eliot, and Pym, to Charles the First. The more lawless Charles became, the better it was in the end for the English people, and so the better it was for us." Julia looked up brightly at the professor. "It was in that seventeenth century that our most important American settlements were made, and we came here all alive with the new English ideas."

"I think," volunteered Juliet Porter, "I think that whatever liberty the English people have gained has been just as much our gain, too."

"Yes," said Professor Powers, dryly, "that is precisely what Miss Territt has explained to us as the result of her reading." Satisfaction was telegraphed along the back seat. "Miss Territt states this prop-

osition: A tyrant is a benefactor. Now I want the class to do its best to weaken it. Who is ready?"

The professor sat with arms folded, holding the class with his keen eye. Miss Weston spoke.

"Very good."

Edna was ready, but with an opposite opinion.

"Very good," said the professor again. "Try to convince Miss Weston."

By this time the thinking was going on briskly, and several came to Miss Weston's support, while others joined forces with Edna. Some hesitated, but at the first word Professor Powers divined their thought, welcomed and encouraged it, till every girl felt her mind quickened into an activity that astonished herself. Rosamond stopped drawing pictures of the professor in her notebook. Kitty Morris had been playing with Rosamond's ribbons; she let them fall, and looked gently and steadily at Professor Powers. Some one was quoting in the course of argument, —

"'Ill fares the land to hastening—to hastening—'" and could get no farther.

"Who can finish it? Who can finish it?" cried the professor; and, catching Kitty's steady gaze, he said, "Miss Morris?"

"'To hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'

"But I just happened to see it in 'Familiar Quotations' yesterday. That was the only reason I knew," said Kitty, blushing.

"And who wrote it?" asked the professor, smiling.

"Ibid."

"I beg your pardon?" The professor's pet alarm was deafness.

"It *said* Ibid."

He was very near asking her the date of Ibid's birth, but he refrained, and begged Miss Mills to persuade her friend that the author of these lines was —

"Goldsmith!" cried a dozen girls, smothering a laugh.

"And now, ladies," said the professor, "will you write your next historical essay on the subject we have been discussing? The three that are best we will have read before the class."

The professor now seated himself behind his desk, and ran his eye over the room.

"Miss Mills, we will hear from you. You may take up the subject at its most striking point."

Drifting about in Rosamond's mind were two or three detached dates and a few isolated names, but she preferred to drown rather than clutch at these straws. Sitting erect and looking straight before her, she said, —

"I can't do it."

"Why not?" asked Professor Powers, kindly.

"I'm not prepared."

"Why not?" a little less kindly.

No answer. There was a long pause, in which the thirty breathless girls varied from "It serves her right," to "It's a perfect shame to treat her so."

When the professor spoke, it was in a voice that banished Rosamond from all recognition. Nor did he take the slightest notice of her during the remainder of the recitation or during that week.

"Miss Howe."

Edna recited with fluency and minuteness of detail. She felt that Rosamond had received a richly deserved punishment; and perhaps a little self-righteous satisfaction crept into her tone, for the back seat whispered, "Of all conceited prigs!"

"That will do," said the professor. "Now, Miss Howe, will you sum that up for us in a dozen words?"

Edna looked puzzled.

"What is the point? What is the moral?"

Edna had not thought.

"What parallel have we in our own times?"

She did not know, she acknowledged with keen distress.

"Do you read the newspapers, Miss Howe?"

"When I have time," said Edna, faintly.

"Who were the most prominent men in Parliament in 1645?"

She mentioned a half-dozen names without hesitation.

"Who are the most prominent men in our Congress to-day?"

She named one. He had been dead five years.

"When do you expect to overtake, Miss Howe, the history that is hurrying past you every day?"

Edna looked at the floor.

"You represent a class, Miss Howe,—a class with a pedantic reverence for everything that is distant. I suspect you of continually looking back over your shoulder, and stumbling blindly over the events that lie directly in your path."

Poor Edna sat flushed and mortified. To have remained speechless before question after question was bitterness enough, but to be told publicly that she belonged to a "class" was a humiliation even more painful.

"Miss Weston," said Professor Powers, "you may give us the author's conclusion."

The professor allowed the recitation to proceed without further comment. Nora Allen gave a neat abstract of one of the authors she had read, with a spirited dissent from each one of his opinions.

Mary Lloyd stated a series of facts, and set forth with admirable clearness their logical sequence. Mary Lloyd's method of reciting, the class vaguely ascribed to the fact that she was from Boston, and that she did not bang her hair. Her friend Alice Bowles performed one of her marvellous feats of memory, and wound her way through a maze of dates and proper names with a careless ease that led her friends to exchange despairing glances. Miss Weston asked two or three questions that showed her grasp of the subject quite as well as their answers would have done. Mary Pruden made a painstaking recitation, to which nobody but the professor listened. On the back seat was May Lovering, who led the laugh in all her classes, and who was a constant member of committees for festive occasions, from a Founder's Day celebration to a candy-pull. May was inclined to take a humorous and intensely American view of that elegant and dignified sinner, Charles Stuart, and was increasing in animation, when her recitation was interrupted by the sound of the bell. The class streamed out of the room, and, breaking into excited groups, lingered at the windows and on the stairs.

"I am completely exhausted when I come out of Professor Powers's class," said one girl, leaning faintly against a pillar. "It just uses me up."

"Why, it makes me feel all alive to my very finger-tips," said somebody else. "I can think better the rest of the day."

"It makes me want to begin and learn everything over again in a different way," another chimed in, "in Professor Powers's way. Yet I always disgrace myself in his class. *Did* you hear me this morning, girls? I am going to Greek Literature now. I'm glad it's a lecture."

Professor Gordon was a calm but eloquent pleader for the old learning. He fought the utilitarian view of education, the bargaining with our culture: so much labor exchanged for so much immediate profit. All education is not to be worked with, he contended. We should have some knowledge to help us enjoy our margin of leisure. In accordance with his theory, he clustered about the name Greek such wealth and beauty of association as made it one of the charmed words of the language.

Professor Gordon's class took their seats quietly, opened their note-books, and wrote the date of the lecture. There was perfect silence till the professor began, in calm and measured tones, to read his lecture from a closely written manuscript. Then the pencils flew, and for three quarters of an hour heads and hands bent to the task of taking down his words. It was a well-founded belief that it was

not safe to lose a syllable that fell from Professor Gordon's lips. He made vigorous demands upon the memory, holding that its exercise was an old-fashioned accomplishment that had fallen into neglect. He unfolded his subject deliberately, and, while he showed clearly the philosophy of facts, he dwelt with close attention on the details themselves. There was in the man something that gave high authority to his opinions, and yet his pupils quite forgot him in what he said. His voice never rose above a clear, emphatic monotone, and he closed without a change of inflection, "We will have an examination on Wednesday upon the lectures and readings of the last month."

The students left the room as quietly as they had entered, made no comments on the lecture, but went with business-like promptness to their next classes. Some, Macbeth in hand, made haste to Miss Ireland's Shakespeare class. Others went to trigonometry and spent a severe hour; others, to a genial lecture on fishes; others still, to the music hall, or to the studio, till, at one, the welcome lunch-bell rang, and the morning was over.

CHAPTER VI.

AS THE DAY WORE ON.

"LET us go round the lake and then through the glen," said Nora Allen, as she and Edna went out for their exercise that afternoon. "We shan't be so likely to meet people then. Don't you hate bowing to people? How did Miss Mills feel after history class? I should really like to know." Nora had been one of the people who saw in it a case of righteous retribution.

"She lay on the sofa and cried," said Edna, "and kept saying she didn't care what anybody thought of her; and as for Professor Powers, if there was one man she despised more than another — I tried not to laugh at that, and I told her I thought he was pretty hard on me, too. That seemed to comfort her, and we both of us actually laughed. I must say," Edna continued, gloomily, "nobody ever called me narrow and pedantic before. I have always learned my lessons. I don't see what more I could do."

"You have to do a good deal more to satisfy them here," answered Nora, fretfully. "I used to think I was a pretty good scholar, but I've parted with that illusion."

"I used to suppose I was, too," admitted Edna, reluctantly.

"It takes the conceit out of you; but I would rather have a little conceit and get the comfort of it. Now, I've lost all my faith in myself."

"I feel so discouraged," said Edna, eager for her turn to talk about herself; "I don't seem to have been doing anything in the right way. I thought I knew what I came here for. I thought it was going to make me perfectly satisfied, but it doesn't," and Edna looked darkly across the lake. "I thought, those first days, that everything was going to be so easy and delightful; and now I have to do so many things that I can't get out of books, — things that I have to get out of myself. All the ways are so different from what I have been used to!"

They had come to the upper end of the lake, where there was no sound but the ripple of the brook and the occasional darting of a squirrel through the underbrush. As they turned a sudden curve they came in sight of a rustic bridge, over whose railing Miss Weston was leaning.

"That girl has a mind," said Nora. "It's queer:

you always see her alone. I suppose she's meditating about Charles the First and the American citizen. Her essay will be read in the class; that you may be sure of. They say she will be our valedictorian."

There was in Edna's heart an unacknowledged envy of such girls as Josephine Weston; and to punish herself for this sin, she obliged herself to praise them inordinately. She therefore expressed to Nora an intense admiration for Miss Weston, and did her best to strangle a hope that Miss Weston's essay would be very bad. Josephine bowed to them thoughtfully, and walked away as they approached the bridge.

"You have the blues," said Nora, in reply to the discouraged tone in which Edna praised Miss Weston. "I'm in the depths myself. But I don't care; I'd rather be a moody creature than be — a perfect oyster. There's that Mary Pruden, that sits beside me at the table, and makes such a noise eating her soup. I don't believe she feels anything."

"She's a very good-hearted girl," pleaded Edna.

"Whatever you call me, I hope you will never call me good-hearted," cried Nora. "Who is that in the boat down under the trees? Reading a novel and eating candy — what bliss! It's Kitty Morris. She's a sweet little thing, if she didn't waste so much time

on your Rosamond Mills. She's light; she never will amount to anything."

"Girls!" called Kitty Morris, "don't you want to come out on the lake? Come; I wish you would."

Kitty acted the hostess very prettily, urged sugared almonds upon her guests, and talked in her cosey monotone about the novel she was reading. She declared that it was the worst trash! and she was sure she did not know why she was reading it! They kept close to the shore, rowing lazily from one tiny cove to the next, in the shade of the overhanging trees. The soft dip of the oars and the steady flow of Kitty's comfortable little voice were soothing to the two high-strung girls.

But Kitty was at last so unfortunate as to ask them, with her most amiable smile, how they had enjoyed the candy-pull last Friday night. Now, it happened that Nora and Edna were the only new sophomores of that year, and what seemed to them the source of many trials was the established good fellowship of their classmates, from which they fancied themselves excluded. On the night of the candy-pull, while the others were laughing and chattering, stirring the molasses, and pulling the long, golden bands, these two girls had stood awkwardly in a corner, looked at the clock, and wished that they dared to go home.

"Why don't you come and pull?" little Kitty Morris had said, with the kindest intentions. "You don't look as if you were having a good time."

Nora had smiled grimly, and muttered to Edna, "Was there ever such a little stupid?"

"How did you like your first candy-pull?" Kitty was asking now, but luckily did not wait for an answer. She went on to declare that she never had such a grand time in her life.

"I always do have a grand time," she added, confidentially. "There is something about me. I was born so, I guess," and her light little laugh floated off over the water.

"And this was the girl that supposed Ibid wrote the Deserted Village," thought Edna, in bewilderment.

Kitty went on with a naïve recital of her babyhood experiences, her little-girl pranks and disgraces, and her by no means glorious college career.

"Two hours before dinner," said Edna, looking at the lodge clock as they neared the landing. "I must spend every minute of it on that trigonometry. Thank you very much, Miss Morris. Good-bye."

When Kitty Morris returned to the college, she found her Uncle John patiently waiting to see her in the parlor. She started with him at once upon a round

of college sight-seeing, and showed him the grounds and buildings with a pretty little air of ownership that highly amused the old gentleman. If he found fault with the cracks in the concrete walks or with the policy of the trustees, Miss Kitty was full of a grieved sense of responsibility. If he spoke appreciatively of the shrubbery or of the founder, she brightened with pride and loyalty. It was after one of these agreeable speeches that she promised as a final treat to let Uncle John stay to dinner.

"Ah, my dear, wasn't it Lord Byron that could never bear to see a woman eat?"

"Yes, but you aren't a bit like Lord Byron, you know, Uncle John," said Kitty, soothingly, tapping his arm. "We have had Lord Byron in Literature."

They stood in the parlor doorway and watched the girls go into the dining-room opposite.

"Pretty girls! pretty girls!" said Uncle John, and Kitty beamed.

"A good many homely ones, though," he said, on second thought.

"Some ribbons and furbelows, my dear."

"Pretty plainly dressed, on the whole."

"Rather too young, now, I call that one."

"Well, now, I shouldn't say that one was far from thirty."

"I suppose," said Uncle John, in conclusion, "that, whatever amount of it is, there are some of all kinds. Bless me, they all seem to be getting a look at me. Pity I'm such a rusty old fellow."

Seated at the guest table, Uncle John looked about him with a keen, observant eye. "About two hundred feet by fifty I should call this room. But, my dear, what a Babel!"

Kitty looked apologetic, as the confusion of tongues rose higher and higher.

"And now pray tell me what these fair creatures eat. How many pounds of steak, say, for breakfast?"

"Oh, Uncle John, that is what everybody wants to know. Why don't you ask how many books of Livy we read?"

"Livy isn't in my line," said Uncle John. "Now, just give me a few figures to put down here in my memorandum book. Steak? H'm-m. How about butter? Tea and coffee, now? Pies, do they give you pies? How many servants did you say? How far from New York? How is the population of the city?"

Having possessed himself of a column of figures, Uncle John devoted himself to his dinner, eating with his usual object of catching a train.

"Well, I must be off, my dear, I must be off.

Steak, butter, coffee, — I've got 'em all down. I shall show it to your mother. Good-bye."

"Oh, Kitty! you must come to class meeting," said Rosamond.

"There's my afternoon gone," sighed Kitty. "I haven't studied one word. But I suppose I must go to class meeting. I can't pay any ten cents fine."

Miss Weston was the president of the class. She rose, self-possessed and clear-voiced, secure in the thought of the Cushing's Manual in her pocket.

"The meeting will please come to order, and we will listen to the roll-call and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting."

These preliminaries disposed of, Miss Weston rose again.

"Will some one please state the business to be brought before the meeting?"

"Miss — Mr. — *Miss* President."

"Miss Lovering."

"As chairman of the candy-pull committee I should like to submit the following report of expenses: —

Molasses	$1 17
Butter	63
Broken dish	13
Total	$1 93

The report was unanimously accepted and adopted, and the treasurer empowered to pay the bill.

"The next business before the meeting is the appointment of a committee for the party that we are to give to welcome the Freshmen. Will some one please nominate?"

The meeting instantly dissolved itself into whispering caucuses.

"Alice Bowles for chairman, I say. She has no end of executive ability."

"Yes, ability to get work out of other people. I'd hate to be under her."

"Juliet Porter, — she has money."

"What good will that do, when the Faculty are making such a fuss about extravagance?"

"Rosamond Mills has ever so much public spirit."

"By fits and starts, but you can't depend on her."

But at last the committee was chosen, — the chairman, because whatever she did she did well; the second member because she was a shirk, and some work ought to be got out of her; the third was a universal favorite, and the class liked to show her some attention; the fourth was chosen because, though inexperienced, she might "work up" into a good committee woman; the fifth, because, as it was elegantly expressed, she was "willing to run her feet off."

As the class poured out of the recitation room where the meeting had been held, Rosamond caught Kitty by the waist, "Come on down and dance till chapel time."

"Oh!" said Kitty, regretfully, "I ought to —"

"Yes, I know you ought to," put in Rosamond, with a laugh, and Kitty yielded.

After chapel, Rosamond dashed into her room, seized a large sheet of paper, and wrote in a staring hand, "Engaged!"

"Do you see that?" she demanded of Edna, triumphantly. "That's going on the outside of our door to-night. Oh! don't go off!" she begged, as Edna gathered up her books to go to the library. "I have a particular reason for wanting you to stay." Edna laid down her books, rather pleased. "If you stay," Rosamond went on, "you'll keep the girls off. Oh dear! now you are provoked. I didn't mean to say anything. You see, I'm going to study — don't faint — and I've got to keep the crowd off some way. But it will keep out your friends, too."

"Don't mind me. I haven't any friends." Edna sat down soberly and opened her lexicon. She looked across the table from time to time, where Rosamond sat studying fiercely, with stern brow and compressed lips. Study hour passed tranquilly, but

at eight began the clatter of feet in the corridor, and the sound of rising sociability.

"There they come!" cried Rosamond. "Keep still!"

"'Engaged!'" They recognized Juliet Porter's voice. "Engaged! I don't believe it. I bet you it's Edna Eliza's work," added the elegant Miss Porter.

The angry tears rushed to Edna's eyes. "I am going straight to the library," she said passionately. But Rosamond was at the door before her.

"I put it out myself, girls, and I meant it, too! So!" And she shut the door and came back to her seat.

"Well," said the breathless Juliet, "that's what I call ladylike behavior. It will be some time before I go to see her again."

Edna's head throbbed, and the page of Greek grew blurred. She lay down at last on the sofa, weary with the experience of the day. Rosamond, too, had worn a chastened air since the morning. Neither, however, dared offer the other a word of sympathy. When Edna had dealt so fluently with the Stuarts, her room-mate had very nearly hated her; but the professor's persecution of Edna, a moment later, awoke in Rosamond a first impulse of affection.

At nine o'clock she laid down her book with a yawn, and said she was going down to the reading-room. As she crossed the room, she said, "Head ache? Poor little dear!" and passed her hand over Edna's face, with a caress that was rough but sympathetic. At all events, it warmed Edna's heart, and she thought within herself that she might have liked this Rosamond Mills if only Rosamond Mills had not come from Chicago.

As Rosamond was brushing out her long hair that night, she stopped suddenly, with hair-brush suspended.

"I suppose, Edna Howe — tell me the truth, now — I suppose you haven't a bit more respect for me than Professor Powers has?"

CHAPTER VII.

HAZING.

"THERE, girls, do I look like a fright? *How* do I look?"

There was a murmur of applause from the young ladies sitting upon Rosamond's bed.

"Who sent you those Jacqueminots, Rose?" inquired Juliet Porter.

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"It was Our New York Correspondent; come, wasn't it?"

"*Don't* you wish you knew?" laughed Rosamond, and hummed a snatch of a waltz.

"Is he coming Founder's Day, Rose?"

"Where's Miss Howe?" cried Rosamond.

"She's out in the parlor, reading. She's all ready."

"Come in here, Miss Howe. I want your opinion."

Edna came and stood in the doorway, her book still in her hand.

"There!" said Rosamond, wheeling about and dropping a courtesy.

"Oh, it is beautiful," said Edna, softly, with a rapid contrasting of the delicate blue cashmere, puffed and plaited and frilled, with her own best dress, a made-over black silk that had been her mother's.

"I'm going to give my father no peace till he gets me some diamond ear-rings like yours," declared one of the spectators.

"Don't talk to me about diamonds," cried Rosamond. "A certain young man I know had the impertinence to say that my diamonds were excusable in a Western girl."

"That was Our Boston Correspondent, I'll venture."

"Don't think for a moment I cared. Diamonds are nothing to me. I've a great mind not to wear these to-night. There they go! Come here, Edna Howe; I'm going to fix that overskirt of yours, and make you wear some of my roses."

"Oh, no, don't," pleaded Edna.

"Come here," said Rosamond.

With her mouth full of pins, and with three or four red roses in her hand, Rosamond stood over her victim, gave a pat here, a pull there, and finally fastened the roses at Edna's throat.

"I think you are very kind," said Edna.

"There, now you'll do. I am going to bang your hair some day. You needn't look so frightened. Pallas Athena wore bangs, — Mr. Ruskin says so. But I must be off. I'm vice-president of the class, you know, and have to be there early to help Miss Weston receive the freshmen." Throwing a long white shawl over her shoulders, and catching up her train, she bowed to the company and swept out of the room, with "My friends, I'll see you later. Or, *Auf wiedersehen:* slang does better in German."

It was half-past seven, and the tide had already set towards Society Hall, the scene of many a college revel. Each sophomore had a freshman tucked under her arm, and was doing her best to enact the attentive escort. To Edna had fallen the care of Mary Pruden.

"I don't envy you if you have to drag that girl through an evening," Nora had said. "It was mean in the committee to give her to you."

Conversation languished after Miss Pruden and her escort had discussed the weather, and it was a relief to both to reach the hall, which, in its festal array, proved very suggestive, and made their talk easy for at least five minutes. The scene was a novel one to both girls, nor had it entered into their dreams of college life. At one end of the hall was

a little stage, with its deep red curtain drawn upon a pretty parlor scene. Before the footlights was a row of plants, and at either end, against the crimson drapery, stood casts of Thalia and Melpomene. Down the sides of the hall, settees and sofas were wheeled about so as to form a series of little parlors, each with its chairs, tables, pictures, and flowers. The sophomores smiled to one another as they recognized their cherished Lares and Penates, which had fallen a prey to the decoration committee. The centre of the floor was left clear for dancing, for which Kitty Morris was playing waltzes indefatigably.

Our girls were received at the door by a sophomore usher, wearing an official knot of ribbon and carrying a little basket of programmes.

"Shall I take you to speak to the president of the class?" she said.

"I suppose we've got to," replied Miss Pruden.

They walked with care across the polished floor, to the group of hostesses who were receiving upon the stage; and before Edna could protest, the usher was introducing her to her room-mate. Rosamond bowed with mock ceremony, and extended her hand graciously. "Charmed to meet you, Miss Howe," she murmured. Then breaking off suddenly, she said, "That dreadful Boston handshake! Edna Howe, do

let me show you how to shake hands. Now, as if you liked me!"

"Miss Weston, may I present to you Miss Howe?" Rosamond went on, with the *empressement* of a dowager. Miss Weston, tall, handsome, and in black silk, smiled indulgently and said, "Miss Mills feels the influence of the footlights. She is one of our theatrical stars, you know. Miss Pruden? We are happy to welcome you to the college."

"I think you are just as kind as you can be," said Miss Pruden promptly, "if this is what you call hazing."

Edna and her charge moved on with the current, and sat down in a retired corner to examine photograph albums. Miss Pruden appeared to enjoy this entertainment highly, while Edna sat by, discontented with her own lack of facility and Rosamond's saucy ease.

"Oh, they are going to sing," said Miss Pruden, delighted.

A dozen girls gathered about the piano, and sang a greeting composed in honor of their freshman guests. These looked pleased and appreciative, and good humor ran high.

"Wasn't that real nice of them?" said Miss Pruden, returning to her album.

"Have you room for me here?" said a voice beside

them. "My escort is a committee woman, and has had a summons to the refreshment room."

There was no circle but widened eagerly to take Miss Ireland in. Edna looked up with a new light in her face as she made a place for the teacher on her sofa. In the two or three times they had talked together, Miss Ireland had made no apparent effort to gain the shy girl's confidence; she had seemed rather to give Edna her own.

"You are looking at a class album, are you not?" she said. "I know these alumnæ well, but you shall tell me their fortunes from their faces."

Edna felt some pleasure in herself again when she found her guesses so accurate, and noticed the original turn of some of her speeches. She was flattered by the ready smile of Miss Ireland and the generous laughter of Miss Pruden. Miss Ireland said little; but Edna thought her the most delightful talker she had ever known, and was full of regret when a dance ended, and Rosamond, flushed and breathless, came towards them.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Ireland?" she said, fanning herself vehemently. "If you aren't a selfish pair, to be monopolizing Miss Ireland in this fashion." Rosamond seated herself in a low chair beside the teacher, and began to play with a ribbon on Miss Ireland's dress. "Well, Edna Howe, do

you like the modern style of hazing? You ought to have been here in our freshman year; then we had some of the old-fashioned sort. You heard about it, Miss Ireland? We had our first class meeting one day just before dinner. Such a verdant set as we were! We sat and looked at each other a while, till some one was so bright as to appoint a chairman. But when we had perched her on the platform, we didn't know what to do with her. At last a girl who had had a sister here said she believed we had to petition the Faculty for a class organization before we could transact any business. We voted unanimously to petition, and still more unanimously to adjourn; for the dinner bell was ringing, and we were hungry freshmen. And now, what do you think, Edna Howe? The door of that room was locked — locked, and we were prisoners! We looked each other in the face," Rosamond continued, with increasing dramatic effect, "and we swore vengeance on the sophomores."

"'Girls,' moaned one poor thing, 'I *can't* go without my dinner.'

"There was nothing eatable but chalk, we were in the third story, and the store was on the other side of the building. We could hear the distant clatter of knives and forks, and, what made it worse, it was Wednesday, ice-cream day. One girl stood mourn

fully looking out of the window, when she suddenly spied a boy. First, we bribed that boy to secrecy — it was pretty expensive — and then despatched him to the store for crackers and ham and sardines. We were in a mathematical room, and the professor had laid in a supply of string, for circles, that would have reached round the globe. With this providential string we drew up our dinner. We agreed that this should be a secret session, and gathered up our crumbs with the greatest care. The girls were furious, and only hoped those sophomores would leave us locked up till after chapel, and then would be called upon to account for those empty freshman seats. We plotted revenge. The meanest thing we could think of was to heap coals of fire on their heads and give them a party. Just before chapel we tried the door. It opened, the corridor was quiet and deserted — not a guilty sophomore in sight — and we walked out as casually as we knew how. Two weeks later we gave a dainty little spread to the sophomore class. They appeared pleased and a little surprised, but not at all depressed or conscience-stricken. We sang to them, recited to them, acted a charade at them. Still, they were smiling and unconscious as you please; said it was so kind of us, and so on, and so on. We whispered to each other that we had never seen such impudence, and yet it was what

might have been expected. Now listen, Edna Howe! When the last sophomore had departed, a certain freshman walked up to the chairman of the committee — the advocate of coals of fire — and this freshman whispered in her ear, —

"'That key was in my pocket just five minutes!'"

At this climax Rosamond sank back behind her fan.

"Who was the freshman that did it?" asked Edna, excitedly.

"Don't ask me, of all people. Don't ask *me!*"

"Is this one of Rosamond's tales?" said Juliet Porter, joining their group. She seated herself beside Miss Ireland, and was soon absorbed in an effort to adapt her conversation to a teacher.

"How far do you suppose our class will go in our new book before vacation, Miss Ireland?"

"It will depend upon yourselves."

"Don't you think that is the stupidest study? Oh, I don't suppose it's your fault, Miss Ireland. I think you try to make things real interesting. Did you ever hear anybody recite the way I did yesterday? Every time I see you I think of it. I knew it just as well — but somehow I couldn't express myself."

Miss Ireland replied with a smile.

"Vacation in eight weeks," continued Juliet Por

ter. "I'm glad, for one. I don't suppose you care, though, Miss Ireland."

"I not care?"

"Why, do teachers care? But then, I don't know but you like to go home. Are teachers ever home-sick?"

"Say, girls," interrupted Rosamond, — "oh, do excuse me, Miss Ireland, I'm always calling you a 'girl,' — I was going to ask you if you didn't want to go to the grotto and get some lemonade. May Lovering will never forgive us if we don't patronize her grotto."

"I can't see why you call it a grotto," objected Juliet Porter. "It's nothing but the little anteroom, Miss Ireland, trimmed up with evergreen boughs, with some rustic seats, and Chinese lanterns, and a tub of lemonade all built round with stones and green. That's the grotto."

"And if there isn't May Lovering," cried Rosamond, "dressed like a milkmaid, and dipping out lemonade! May never loses a chance to get herself up like a shepherdess or an Italian peasant."

Miss Ireland and Edna sat together on one of the benches, and sipped their lemonade.

"This is your first experience of college society?" asked Miss Ireland.

"It is my first experience of any society," said Edna, quickly.

"So it was mine when I came here as a student." She went on as if she wanted Edna to be interested in her, and the girl listened proudly. "I had lived almost entirely with older people, and I felt overgrown and ill at ease among girls of my own age. Out of mere shyness, I lived a solitary life in the midst of this crowd."

"Oh, I think a great many girls do that," said Edna, earnestly.

"It took me a long time to learn that I must meet my good times half-way. 'A man that hath friends must show himself friendly,' was the favorite maxim of a dear old lady I knew."

Edna looked thoughtful. Miss Ireland continued in the same gentle autobiographic strain, and Edna listened with increasing earnestness. She found herself little by little entrusting to Miss Ireland bits of her own college experience, till she ended by talking with a freedom that astonished them both. The meditative, absent look that Edna often wore was kindled into vivid attention, and Miss Ireland suddenly wondered that she had never before noticed the girl's beauty of expression.

Meanwhile the merry singing and dancing had gone on outside, Rosamond had whirled away with

one of her friends, and Miss Pruden had good-naturedly helped May Lovering to make some repairs on her grotto. Now the music ceased. There was a murmur of "refreshments," and a breaking off of serious conversation. Edna moved with Miss Pruden to the upper part of the hall, where she found herself in the neighborhood of several members of the Faculty, among them Professor Powers. His wife was near at hand, with the usual group of girls about her. Mrs. Powers had never had a daughter of her own, yet every girl told her how much she reminded that girl of her mother. It was a tribute that Mrs. Powers prized more highly than any other, and that warmed her heart to active motherliness towards the many young girls whose lives touched hers. It deepened their confidence in her that she had no official charge of their welfare. They never suspected her of an indirect attempt to instruct them, yet each cordially declared that to know Mrs. Powers was a part of her liberal education. A glimpse of her perfect housekeeping, a sight of her as hostess, was better than a course of lectures on domestic culture. Mrs. Powers had had nothing of modern discipline in her education, as she often said regretfully. She had never passed an examination; her accomplishments were faded and old-fashioned: but travel, reading, and good company

had moulded her into a woman of most agreeable exterior.

Miss Weston was now talking with her, while another student, with a view to making herself agreeable to the professor, was telling him that their class had formed a club for taking the daily papers, and that every member was to read at least a half-hour a day or was to pay a fine of ten cents. Instead of showing that it was a gratifying triumph, the professor looked extremely ill at ease, and the young lady was glad to be interrupted by the appearance of coffee and sandwiches.

"Professor," cried a gay young voice out of the crowd, "we've been having the greatest discussion! You shall settle it for us. The duty of the educated woman to her needle, one of the great questions of the nineteenth century."

"I think you will have to pass that question to my wife," said Professor Powers, stirring his coffee diligently.

Mrs. Powers smiled. "Hasn't the sewing-machine nearly answered it? The sphere of woman, so-called, seems to be gradually, almost insensibly, changing, simply through modern inventions and modern division of labor. The old days of stocking-knitting and shirt-making are gone forever, and the right use of the leisure they have left us is, to me,

a very important question. However, in spite of the sewing-machine, I am conservative enough to believe that every little girl should be carefully taught to sew, and should learn the A, B, C, of dressmaking."

"That's just what my mother said when I cut out two sleeves for the same arm, and sewed one in wrong side up," said a cheerful voice.

"And the duty of the educated woman to the kitchen, Mrs. Powers?"

"That is just where we need a disciplined mind, — with a love of system, of organization, and with a knowledge of the principles of government. Believe me, the qualities of a statesman are needed to rule a house well."

"But suppose, Mrs. Powers, one of us should graduate and marry a very poor man, and have to do our own work, and scrub, and cook, and everything, — what then?"

"I have heard sermons preached about that, read books about it, theorized about it; but practically, I have very seldom known of such cases. But supposing it did occur, no one, I think, can be so independent of her circumstances as the educated woman. Her own mind is her kingdom. I believe that every woman should be fitted to be a poor man's wife. I know it is said that no woman in England is better

fitted for it than Queen Victoria. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' should be, however, the prayer of the intellectual woman. I should feel that her opportunity to lead an intellectual life would be quite as good if she were the wife of a poor man as it would be if she married a man of wealth and took upon herself the cares that money brings."

"I think you take for granted a good deal of strength of character, Mrs. Powers."

"I do.

> 'The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill':

that is what I take for granted in all of you."

Every girl that listened determined from that mo ment not to disappoint her.

"I suppose you've guessed that we have our essays on our minds. This was Mme. de Staël's way, to set all her friends talking about the subjects she wanted to write about. But mine is a worse subject yet: 'Are we an improvement on our grandmothers?' Now, there is an historical question, Professor Powers; you must give us some ideas. That is just the sort of question you are always giving us to think about."

Professor Powers set down his plate of ice-cream and wiped his spectacles, a little of his class-room ease returning.

"What a pity we haven't our note-books," whispered the girls.

Edna had stood on the outside of the group of listeners. Rosamond was beside her, but took no part in the discussion. Since the episode of the history class she had avoided Professor Powers, with the determination to let him see that she did not forgive him. The professor did not find himself so severely punished as Rosamond intended, but was, on the whole, rather pleased and amused at the success of his experiment.

"Miss Howe," said Mrs. Powers, as they were putting on their wraps, "we hope you and your roommate can come and take tea with us some day next week. I suppose on the five working days you have little time for anything but study," looking at the two with sympathy. "Shall we say Saturday, then?"

On the way home Rosamond stoutly declared that she should not accept Mrs. Powers's invitation; that wild horses, in fact, would not drag her across that man's threshold. She somewhat recovered her spirits, however, on reaching her room and turning up the gas.

"Sit down and talk it over," she said. "Oh, I'm tired, though. I danced every dance but one, and then I talked with Miss Ireland. What do you suppose we talked about?"

Rosamond's recent attempts at reform crossed Edna's mind.

"Well, we talked about ways of doing up hair. I think she is the loveliest woman! You and she seemed to be having just a grand time. But did you hear Juliet Porter talking to her? Juliet Porter says she always means to be kind to the teachers. She's the greatest snob this place contains."

"Why, I thought you liked her."

"Oh, she's always round. I pitied you with that stick of a Mary Pruden. How did you exist? Can't you dance?"

"No; I never learned."

"I'm going to teach you."

"Oh, no, I couldn't," said Edna, shrinking.

Rosamond leaned her head against her high-backed chair, and clasped her hands above her hair.

"It's a great pity," she said, meditatively, "it's a great pity, I'm beginning to think, that you and I couldn't be added together and divided by two, — or you toned up and I toned down. Do you see what I mean?"

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER SIDE.

ELIZABETH IRELAND stood in the deep recess of her window and looked out upon the waste of snow lying under the calm January starlight. She paused with the shutter half-closed, and leaned her head against the hand that held it, —a thoroughbred hand, that with every motion took fine curves. Her attitude was girlish and out of keeping with her thoughts. Her mind was in a high, serene mood, known only to perfectly poised maturity. If ever Elizabeth Ireland had the sense of achievement, it was in the fact that, spite of her impressionable nature, she was able to maintain this mood so large a part of her waking hours. This was the compensation we receive, she thought, as we part with the precious backward years; this is the return for growing old, she said, as she laughed and sighed to see the gray hairs come. Miss Ireland had an honest recognition of her own resources, and developed them as conscientiously as she did those of her pu

pils. She wished to give generously of herself, but knew that she must first have something to give, and that a teacher, to contribute most to the good of his pupil, must lead also an independent intellectual life. She held no doctrine of self-effacement; her self-sacrifice was never wasteful or sentimental, yet no one believed more loyally or usefully that it is better to give than to receive. In what Elizabeth Ireland was, quite as much as in what she did, lay her influence. It is a happy thing for a young girl to have in some older woman a realized ideal to reach after. To be like Miss Ireland, was many a girl's unconfessed ambition. Even this room of hers, with its subtle assertions, was part of the ideal towards which they were feeling their way. To one girl it conveyed the sense that something was wrong with her own parlor, garish with blues and greens and reds; another was made to suspect that a few good pictures and restful spaces were better than walls tormented with Christmas cards, autumn leaves, and innumerable cardboard contrivances. The room, however, was not one whose belongings matched severely. We know well that a certain distance of relation sometimes produces all the happier companionships, and Miss Ireland's chairs, tables, and sofas fraternized all the better for not belonging to the same family. Books were her richest fur-

nishing — books in cases, on tables, chairs, and even on the floor.

A dozen college rooms constituted Miss Ireland's corridor, whose welfare was her daily charge. Their study-hour quiet, it was her duty to protect. At this moment, as she stood at her window, there rang through the echoing corridor peal upon peal of laughter. Forty girls stopped to listen, broke their chain of thought, wished those creatures would be still, and took up their books again with a sense of annoyance uppermost for the next ten minutes. Miss Ireland saw no escape for herself. She must stoop to the ugly duty. It was an offence that had no intrinsic dignity; it was merely an open violation of college law, which forbade students to visit in study hour. Another ringing laugh quickened her step. As she approached the door, there came through the telltale transom a scurrying, rushing sound and a "Hsh — hsh — she's coming!"

Miss Ireland gave a low, firm knock.

"Come!" called a noticeably innocent voice and the door opened upon two sisters plunged in the next day's lessons.

"Oh, Miss Ireland," said Juliet Porter, the elder of the sisters, with pleased surprise. "Won't you sit down? Won't you take this rocking-chair?"

A suppressed giggle from the bedroom.

"No, I thank you," said Miss Ireland. "You know that it is study hour; and such a noise as you have had here is very disturbing to the corridor."

"I'm very sorry if Annie and I have disturbed you, Miss Ireland," said Juliet, affably.

The younger girl stole a distressed look at Miss Ireland, whom the last speech cut to the quick. It was not the first time that she had been pierced by the student belief that correction is solely for the benefit of the teacher.

"My comfort is not the question, Miss Porter," she said, with a pained voice. "Will you ask the young ladies in your bedroom to come into the parlor?"

"Why, Miss Ireland," answered Juliet Porter, with round-eyed innocence, "I don't know what you mean!"

Annie gave an agonized look at her sister, and held her face away. Miss Ireland turned pale, as if the lie had been on her own lips. A sudden faintness seized her, and she grasped the door. "I cannot —I cannot talk about it now. You may come to me to-morrow after breakfast."

She walked weakly back to her room, sank into a chair, and, strong woman that she was, let the bitter tears come. She had had a sickening glimpse of moral poverty and degradation. The poor, shabby little soul that dwelt in the elegant Miss Porter must

be fed, and clothed, and rescued. In the strong old Puritan metaphor, Miss Ireland wrestled for the girl, till she felt a sense of physical exhaustion. She took up a book and tried to read; but her intellectual calm was broken. She attempted to write a letter; but her spirit was so jarred that she could do no more than date her sheet. At last, the ten o'clock bell rang, for the lights to be turned out; and Miss Ireland rose wearily for her walk down the corridor. At the sound of her step one tardy light after another disappeared, till the long corridor was dark and silent, and the day's work was done. About to turn back to her room, she met a fair-haired little woman in a gray dress. It was Christine Emmet, teacher of music, known as the Dove. Miss Ireland slipped her hand into her friend's arm, and they walked in silence down the corridor. In the last room a light flashed up and then went quickly out as they approached.

"She had turned it out when I went by before. She thought I had gone to my room — Juliet Porter's light, too," said Miss Ireland, sadly. "What do you say to a girl, Christine, that has told you a deliberate lie?"

"You are wiser than I am, dear," said Miss Emmet, gently.

"One must take a moral ground low enough for

her to comprehend. I believe it would be best to tell her that it is not ladylike to lie. Perhaps that is as divine a truth as she is capable of receiving."

"I have such a sense of feebleness," said Miss Emmet, "when any reproof is to be given. I am a coward. I never see things if I can help it, I frankly acknowledge."

"Yet," said Miss Ireland, "we owe these girls a moral culture. Many of them seem to have so little refinement of conscience. Their ideas of right and wrong are coarse and crude. We are training their perceptions in every other direction; surely their moral sense should be cultivated."

Miss Ireland had by this time reached her room, and had seated her friend with gentle force in her largest easy-chair. "I am going to make you stay, Christine. There is nothing I need so much as a gossip with you. But you are tired, and perhaps I must not keep you. You have taken a party to the Glee Club concert this evening."

"Yes, and enjoyed it quite as much as the girls, though I never saw a prettier sight than their pleasure. It is strange," she said after a pause, "these girls never show me anything but their lovable side. I seldom see anything about them I would have different. Yet I say to myself that I will frankly indulge in personal likes and dislikes

among them. I will not treat them all with one dead level of benevolence. I do love simple human relations."

"Everybody knows what your simple human relations mean, Christine. No wonder they all love you."

"I have two girls whom I am extremely interested in," Miss Ireland continued thoughtfully. "You know Rosamond Mills?"

"Who doesn't know Rosamond Mills?"

"And Edna Howe?"

"No."

"A girl with a bad figure and a fine face. You see her sometimes with Nora Allen, but oftener alone."

"I think she must sit in my chapel section. I have admired her listening. There is an eagerness about it that is almost touching."

"That is her attitude towards the entire world, though Edna Howe is so constrained, so reserved, that she has never yet dared to be her real self. Once I caught a glimpse of her — it was at the sophomore party — and I have been reasoning from that ever since. I think she would like to be different if she had courage to begin. I even think she would like to be affectionate if she dared. She is utterly lacking in spontaneity, though I suspect she has more with

us than with her own mother. She thinks more than most girls of her age, and has more to think with; but her expression develops slowly and painfully. I like to watch her grave, wistful eyes as she feels her way to some new thought. The slow lighting up of her face, and that radiant look at last, are worth waiting for. Her truths are often truisms, but they come with the freshness of discovery to every fine young soul like hers. Edna Howe is stiff to rigidity as I notice her among the other girls," Miss Ireland continued. "Their youth and spirits are evidently a constant embarrassment to her. I think my thirty years set her at her ease. She talks to me eagerly, almost gratefully."

"I wonder what that child's home is," said Miss Emmet.

"She is very inexperienced, with no knowledge of the world beyond her own doorstep. She is poor, but that means little in New England. She may be the daughter of a blacksmith or of a philosopher, so far as that goes. Somewhere among them there are book-hungry people, and her tastes and ambitions are the result. These New England people never speak of their tastes or themselves except in a shamefaced fashion. They are often talkative on the surface, but they have their silent depths, that not even the novelists have fathomed. We are in the habit of

calling them narrow and prejudiced; but a great part of their prejudice is principle, and principle grounded on solid right. It is a kind of prejudice we cannot afford to part with in these days."

"Go on; I like to hear you," said Christine Emmet, smiling.

Miss Ireland checked herself with a moment of girlish self-consciousness. "Christine, you must try to cure me of it. It is the pitfall of my profession."

"I wish I might be of some use to Edna Howe," she said, a little later, "but I cannot do so much for her as Rosamond Mills can."

"Rosamond Mills!"

"Yes. For weeks I thought it a cruel experiment to place those girls together. The chafing and irritation would be out of all proportion to the good. But I am encouraged. Somewhere and somehow Rosamond Mills has found an impulse. You will laugh at the way I have discovered it. One day I noticed a huge 'Engaged' on her door. It stayed there a week, until her friends lost all respect for it. Then a startling placard, 'Asleep,' made its appearance; but as nobody but the Sleeping Beauty ever took such a nap, this lost its force after a day or two. It was plain that the girl was making an heroic attempt to withdraw herself from the world; but her friends insisted on taking it as an excellent joke. One more

device she tried, and this seemed to succeed for a few days. She illuminated a text for the decoration of her door: 'Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee.' There was a flutter among her friends, but they were not long in forgiving her and breaking in again upon her solitude. I wonder what her next invention will be. She little imagines how I enjoy it."

"I like Rosamond Mills," said Miss Emmet, softly. "That is, I like what she is going to be. She is Emerson's 'weed,' a plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered."

"She is idle, she is noisy, she is not fine. She is not highly organized, except, perhaps, in the matter of dress. Still, I have faith in her. And, just because I cannot help liking her as she is, I want to see her different. She has bad manners. She knows no distinction of persons. The nod she gives me is precisely the nod she gives her ten bosom friends. She smooths my ribbons and offers me chocolate creams quite as if I were Kitty Morris herself."

"Ah, Kitty Morris!" sighed Miss Emmet.

"Alas, Kitty Morris!" echoed Miss Ireland.

"I have done my best."

"And so have I."

"She came to me for her music lesson to-day, and confessed that she had not practised more than half

an hour. I talked seriously about her idleness, and she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, and next week the same, and the next week."

"I have no success with her. At the lightest word she is crushed and prostrate, and brings me Jacqueminot roses the next day. There are some on my table now."

"She must be influenced through her friends. If we could bring her under the wing of a girl like May Lovering. May is thoroughly sweet and sound, but would never repel Kitty by her austerity."

"No, I think not," said Miss Ireland, with a smile. "May Lovering is by nature a madcap; by grace she is a true little handmaiden of the Lord. You have heard her beautiful old father preach here, haven't you? May is one of our strongest allies, and all the more that she leads on with all her colors flying. We must interest her in Kitty."

"Nora Allen is another girl whom I have on my mind," said Miss Emmet, anxiously. "She is on my corridor, and I am more perplexed by her every day. She seems to be lawless from the highest principle. She does what she pleases, and defends her conduct with an amazing show of logic."

"Nora Allen is young. She will outgrow her whims. We have only to read her backwards, and

she is merely a clever girl with an ambition to be eccentric."

"I have determined to disappoint her, to take no notice of her extravagances, but to treat her as if she were quite commonplace."

"I am glad," said Miss Ireland, "to see that Nora has such a well-balanced friend as Mary Lloyd. Mary Lloyd, I happen to know, belongs to the old New England nobility. There is no closer oligarchy in the social world, I firmly believe. She has the blood of college presidents in her veins. You see it in her complexion and her profile. She learns here some wholesome democratic lessons, and happily escapes becoming the intellectual Pharisee she might have been."

"The best we can do for these girls, after all," said Miss Emmet, "seems to be to put them in the way of influencing one another. Did some one knock?"

"Oh, good evening," said Miss Wright, in a hushed voice, as she entered. "I thought I would simply ask you if you smelt molasses candy anywhere in the region of this tower. I certainly smell candy," and Miss Wright put her head out of the door and sniffed the air of the corridor.

"I should hardly think they would be making candy so late as this," said Miss Ireland, coming to

the door, and politely trying to detect the guilty molasses.

"I'm never certain what they won't do," returned Miss Wright, anxiously.

Miss Martha Wright — known, I regret to say, as Mattie, and, under special provocation, as Mat — reversed the axiom of the law, and held all schoolgirls guilty till they had proved themselves innocent. Much has been said of the influence of the teacher on the character of the pupil: hardly less is the influence of the pupil on the character of the teacher. Constant intercourse with young, immature minds may develop the autocrat in a teacher. Her relations with her pupils may degenerate into a mere discharge of duty, with a gradual separation of interests and sympathies, that ends in mutual suspicion and dislike. Such was the result upon Miss Wright of the same influences that, acting upon Elizabeth Ireland and Christine Emmet, had produced a philanthropy Christlike in its yearning to save young souls from poor, ignoble lives.

The three teachers talked together — Miss Wright, of "growing tendencies" in various reprehensible directions, of a fine bit of detective work just accomplished on her corridor, and of her general lack of confidence in young human nature; Miss Ireland agreed and disagreed with strict justice, but with no

relish of the subject; Miss Emmet smiled sweetly, and thought it all incomprehensible.

"There!" said Miss Wright, suddenly, "I certainly heard a sound."

They listened.

"It must be a serenade from the Yale Glee Club. That is delightful," said Miss Ireland. "Let us come to the corridor windows. There we can hear better."

CHAPTER IX.

AN ANALYSIS OF CHARACTER.

"THERE, I've done my duty," said May Lovering, throwing down her card-case and sinking into a rocking-chair.

"My idea of heaven is a place where you don't have to do your duty," yawned Rosamond from the sofa.

"I've made ten calls, from the president down —"

"To me. Thank you," said Rosamond.

"Oh, I heard you laughing in here, and I couldn't get past the door, in spite of the 'Engaged.' Ten calls!"

"And, pray, where have you been? Girls, she has on her best silk gown," Rosamond added, in a stage whisper.

"You see, I'm invited to tea at the president's once a year, because he and papa were old college friends, and this was my party call. Isn't their library just perfect, though? — so warm, and red,

and still, with the pictures and the lovely things from Europe, and books, books, books! I can't express it; but you know how it makes you feel, — sort of calm, and peaceful, and scholarly."

They all felt obliged to laugh at May, but let her go on. "May feels calm, and peaceful, and scholarly! But how was the dear old Prexy? Was he nice to you?"

"Isn't he always nice to me? Though I am just as afraid of him as I can be. I know he always means me in his chapel talks."

"Oh, you needn't take it all to yourself; I always know he means me," Rosamond declared. "And poor little Kit here never doubts he's making an example of her."

"Don't you wonder what it is about the president that makes his chapel talks last the way they do?" said Edna, slowly.

"Last? Why, they're never more than ten minutes. Oh! makes their impression last. It's a great deal his elocution, I think," said Rosamond, decidedly. "Doesn't he know all about elocution, though!"

"It seems as if it were his common sense with his goodness behind it. He is just worldly enough and just unworldly enough, and it takes a good deal of both to suit us girls."

"Well, Edna Howe," cried Rosamond, "how long did it take you to think that up? Put that into your next essay. It's true, though."

Edna was smitten with self-consciousness, and would say no more.

"Yes, indeed, he was nice to me, and inquired for my father, and told his usual little anecdote of when he and papa were boys. Imagine the president's ever being a boy! We talked about all sorts of things, and oh! I must tell you: he said he was very much gratified to hear from Professor Greene what excellent laboratory work our class was doing. There's a plum for you, Rose. Then some of those seniors had to appear, and I went away. That sweet Mrs. President took my hand in both hers so cordially, and begged I'd come again, that I've a great mind to go to-morrow. Then I went to see Miss Moseley. I was going past her room, and I knew I'd got to call there some time. She was out, bless her!"

"Miss Moseley!" cried Rosamond. "Oh, I can't endure Miss Moseley. Always reproving you in such an underhand way, and calling it tact all the time. If I talk loud, she is *so* low and sweet and gentle! If I shut the door hard, she closes it after me as if some one lay at the point of death. 'Purity, propriety, and precision,'—that's what Edna calls her, out of the rhetoric. Pretty good, Edna Howe!

Little, round, hard piece of perfection. She makes me think of a marble. Ugh!"

"Isn't it dreadful," said May Lovering, seriously, "to see anybody so good without being able to make anybody like her? I don't suppose there's a person in this college that has more conscience than Miss Moseley, and yet the poor thing has a positively bad influence."

"She can't help it, I suppose," sighed Rosamond. "She's made so. She makes me feel ugly all over."

"But she was good to Mary Pruden when she was sick," said May.

"Yes," Rosamond admitted, reluctantly. "But I wonder Mary Pruden didn't catch cold every time Miss Moseley went near her. I never see her that I don't feel as if I had been sitting in a draught. She has such hard little black eyes, and such a hard little ball of black hair at the back of her head, and she always says 'nate-yure' and 'diddy-you?' Oh, let's talk about somebody else," Rosamond ended, in exasperation.

Nora Allen had come in to borrow a book from Edna, but, finding the conversation spirited, she took a temporary seat on the arm of the sofa.

"But I was glad enough to find Miss Ireland at home."

"Isn't she lovely?" said Rosamond, with all her

emphasis. "It's a pity she is growing gray so fast. She was thirty the second of October. Thirty, girls! The way she does her hair is lovely,—so loose, and graceful, and Greek. That is what made me like her first. I don't deny that some of the best friendships I have began in just that way."

"Oh, Rosamond!"

"She's too perfect for me," said Nora. "She's like some characters in books,—sort of blurry, you know, because they haven't any faults. I don't have any sense of reality about her."

"Well, I do since I found she dotes on chocolate creams," said Rosamond. "You can't say that isn't human, Nora Allen."

"I should like to be exactly like her!" said little Kitty Morris, curled down by the register. Kitty's ambition was greeted with a shout of laughter, to which she replied only more positively, "I should!"

Edna kindled at the mention of Miss Ireland, but had not the courage to speak.

"She understands you so," said May Lovering. "She seems to see all round you, every side of you."

"But it's queer," said Rosamond, "the effect she has on you. If you just sit in the same room with her, somehow your thoughts come faster."

"And did you ever notice," May chimed in, "when you've been with her, you come away with

enough things to think about to keep you busy a week? And isn't it queer if you ever have a new idea, the first person you want to tell it to is Miss Ireland? Why, if Miss Ireland gives me a smile in the morning, I can work on it all day."

"I wish I knew what was going on the other day between her and Juliet Porter. Why, girls, Juliet was in Miss Ireland's room two whole hours, and when she came out she had been crying. And the queer part of it is that she told Kitty Morris the next day that she thought Miss Ireland was too lovely to live. I never was so curious."

"What would you give to know what happened to Miss Ireland those six years between her graduating and her coming back here to teach?" said May Lovering, dropping her voice. "If you ever notice, she never speaks of them."

"I'd give anything to know."

"Do you suppose we shall ever find out?"

"I can imagine some very interesting things happening to Miss Ireland, can't you, girls?" said Rosamond, with a long breath.

"It's queer she and Miss Emmet are such friends; they are so different," and May Lovering tilted dangerously about on the arm of her rocking-chair.

"Miss Emmet never wears colors. You know why?"

"Of course we do," they all cried.

"You can't be five minutes in the college without finding that out," said Rosamond. "I hadn't taken my hat off when they told me the Dove was my corridor teacher and she always wore gray, and how she was engaged to a young West Point officer, and how he went out on the plains and was shot by the Indians. Why, that's one of the chief reasons why the girls like her so much. Did you ever hear anything lovelier than her playing? I never hear her that I don't think of her young soldier lying dead out there, while she's breaking her heart here in her little gray dress."

"Rosamond growing sentimental! Tell us some more, Rose. Miss Wright, let's have her romance."

"Romance! She's never loved anything but subjunctives. She's a splendid Latin teacher,—but gracious, who'd want to be like her!"

"With those tight little false braids of two different shades!"

"Well, I could endure her tight little braids and her subjunctives, but I can't endure her prying round all the time scenting out mischief."

"And always setting you right about something. You'd think this was a house of correction."

"And always giving you information."

"And always asking you for it — which is worse yet."

"Well, we can't have a much worse opinion of her than she has of us. We are all guilty of being young, for one thing. When she is in the last stages of exasperation, don't you know, she always calls you 'my dear child.'"

"I like Miss Wright, though," said Nora.

"*Nora!*"

"She is disagreeable in such an honest, out-and-out way. She doesn't try to sugar-coat it like Miss Moseley."

"I wish she wouldn't wear that old brown cashmere," said Rosamond.

"Girls, I have heard," said May Lovering, as if she had a duty to perform, "I have heard that Miss Wright supports a poor sick old aunt."

"Does she?" said Rosamond, in a disappointed tone.

"I don't think she is malicious." There was a murmur of dissent. "She is something like a hunter," Edna continued. "She likes to scent out mischief just for the pleasure of it. That's what I think about her."

Rosamond nodded. "It's the only fun she has, poor thing! She and Miss Moseley are the only two teachers I detest. Everybody knows the teachers

here are just lovely; but somehow there never seems so much to say about those you like."

"I am sure we like Madame Davenant—I went to see her," said May.

"Oh, Madame Davenant!" cried Rosamond, with enthusiasm. "If you talk about Miss Wright's aged aunt, there is Madame's invalid son. It's his spine. And she has a daughter at school who is coming here; and they all three keep smiling and well-dressed on Madame's one salary. And yet she has strength enough left to be bright and kind and patient through everything. That woman's gentility is positively heroic. She has delicate little darns at her elbows, but there is an air about her clothes that money can't buy."

"And her room has just the same look. Her easy-chairs are all out at elbows, but her shrill little piano, and her prints from Molière, and her sprigged china — you feel as if a little corner of France had dropped down upon the third corridor."

"Do you think she is really sincere?" said Edna, seriously.

"I think she is really kind, and then—well, she told me only the other day that Madame de Staël called politeness only the choosing of the best and kindest among our real thoughts. My father says, though," May continued, "that French sincerity is a

subject he never cares to enter upon. He likes too many French people!"

"Give me Fraülein Keppel," cried Nora. "I ought to go home, but Fraülein is a subject I can never get away from."

Edna gave a long sigh of delight at the mention of Fraülein Keppel. Her pupils were never able to talk quite calmly about their German teacher. They broke out into superlatives and exclamations, and ended with an inarticulate murmur of admiration.

"The way she just takes you up and rushes you along from the first declension to Faust! You want to forget English, and never do anything but talk and think and breathe German."

"And the way she just steeps you in poetry!"

"And yet keeps your eyes open, keeps you critical all the time!"

"Sense and sentiment were put together in just the right proportions in that woman," said May Lovering. "I heard somebody say so once. He said we Americans never seem to mix them right."

"I never saw anything like the way she appreciates things," said Edna, slowly; "when anything is sublime, she rises to it so grandly, and the next minute, perhaps, she is laughing over some tiny little thing that nobody but a child or a German would think funny at all."

There was a strong murmur of affection and delight as Rosamond faced the company with the richly framed photograph of Fraülein Keppel that stood upon the centre-table.

"Then I made the Baldwin girls go with me to the Gordons'," May resumed. "You don't suppose I was going alone and unprotected to call there. Professor Gordon always makes me stammering and ungrammatical, he's so calm and elegant. And his sister is just a shade calmer and more elegant. They make me think of Emerson's pair that papa is always reproving me with. 'The gentleman is quiet, the lady is serene.'"

"I feel very unreasonable not to like Professor Gordon better," said Edna. "I admire him; I have the greatest confidence in him; I am always sure he is right."

"That is just the difference between Professor Gordon and Professor Powers. Everything that Professor Powers says I stop and think about before I believe it."

"And that is exactly what he wants you to do."

"And it is so different from Professor Greene's way, too; Professor Greene takes you right along beside him, and makes you think you are finding it all out yourself. You always feel as if you were a scientist on your own account, and as if

you had made all the great discoveries of the age yourself."

"How he and Professor Gordon happen to be such friends I wish you'd explain to me," said Rosamond. "To see science and the classics going out for a walk together of a Sunday afternoon — it's positively heavenly! Professor Greene seems more like a friend and a brother than any other member of the Faculty."

"But Professor Powers — "

"Oh, if you are going to begin on Professor Powers, I am going," said Nora, rising, but remained to say, "You know my opinion of Professor Powers."

"Nora doesn't like him, because she never can get him to contradict her."

"He has that detestable way of appearing amused when I say things."

"And Nora Allen doesn't talk for amusement, be it understood."

"I always fly into a passion in his classes, and I feel ruffled and disagreeable for an hour after."

"That's his neat little way of drawing you out, Nora, dear."

"Sometimes I think," said Kitty Morris, "sometimes I think he is laughing at me, too."

There was a look of sudden alarm on the girls'

faces. Their fear lest they might laugh was relieved by Edna's saying, —

"Professor Powers always seems to me to have as many methods of teaching as there are girls in the class. He is what you'd call a scientific teacher. It seems as if he were always making inventions and discoveries."

"I never will like Professor Powers," said Rosamond, with determination. "And yet — sometimes I am almost afraid I shall. He does take such an interest in you!"

"That's what I resent — their taking such an interest in you," said Nora. "I wish to be let alone. Yet I suppose every teacher I have here carries me round on her mind, and does any amount of worrying over my spiritual, mental, and even my physical condition. I've no doubt I lead them a dance. I should just like to hear them talking me over," she ended, threateningly.

"Well, we've taken our turn talking them over," said May. "Haven't we had a regular gossip?"

"Not a gossip; an analysis of character, to be sure," said Nora. "You wouldn't have us take people superficially, would you? I am sure Professor Powers, if he is consistent, would be delighted to be picked to pieces."

"Take care, Nora; don't forget the famous

essay you wrote on 'Inconsistency, thou art a jewel.'"

"I am sure we have shown the true spirit of scientific investigation that Professor Greene talks so much about," said Rosamond.

"Yet you do have to take most people superficially here," said Edna, thoughtfully. "You just touch so many people, without any close contact with them. It is like a book overcrowded with characters, — the life here is."

CHAPTER X.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

THE winter passed quickly. Five days in the week were, to all outward appearance, the same clockwork of duties, swinging sure and steady as a pendulum through the arc of each new day. But as the hands of a clock measure life but superficially, so a scheme of college work accomplished is not to be trusted as the surest index of mental growth.

Her first six months of college life seemed to Edna Howe to overturn from its foundation all her past experience. It was the great trial of Edna's student life that she seemed to have sunk into insignificance within two weeks after she had entered with such distinction. Her egotism received a severe shock, and reacted into a morbid humility, which avoided prominence, and yet was indignant when some one else won it. She "rejoiced in the superiority of others" — at a distance, not in too close proximity to herself. No one thrilled with a more loyal admiration of the gifts of an Hypatia:

but when fashionable Julia Territt belied all precedent, and made a clear and brilliant recitation, Edna Howe found it hard to forgive her. Edna's own rank was high, but she chose to regard it with contempt, and lost no opportunity to disparage her scholarship. The egotism that had exaggerated her virtues acted as surely towards exaggerating her faults. She saw herself a creature deservingly destitute of friends, morose and unlovable. She felt herself, above all, uninteresting, — to the college girl's mind the most hopeless of misfortunes. She reasoned with herself, and came to what she thought a wise conclusion: she determined to cultivate a stoical independence; with books and her own mind, she needed no one's pity or companionship. While Edna was studying this remedy, and wondering that it did not work a more speedy cure, Miss Weston was saying what a valuable addition the class had had in Miss Howe; Julia Territt was envying that Miss Edna Howe her "thorough, scholarly way of doing things," and Rosamond Mills was generously declaring that she was a perfect wonder. But all this was out of Edna's hearing; what reached her ear was the "Edna Eliza" and the "conceited prig."

One day in April there was a longer line than usual at the office window during the distribution of the college mail. Edna shrank away from the crowd,

and turned to go to her room without asking for her letters.

"Where are you going, Edna Eliza?" Rosamond called after her, drawing fifty pairs of eyes upon the retreating Edna. "I'll ask for your mail if you want me to."

More than once lately Edna had wondered if she were not beginning to change her mind about Rosamond, but at this moment she could think her nothing better than the noisy, ill-bred young person she had at first called her. She was so angry that, meeting Mary Lloyd on the stairs, Edna allowed herself the luxury of saying as much to that sensible and well-behaved young lady.

A few minutes later, Rosamond dashed into the room, tossed a letter into Edna's lap, and danced round the table, flourishing a letter of her own.

"Jack's coming Founder's Day! Jack's coming Founder's Day! Why don't you say you're glad, Edna Howe?"

Before Edna could say she was glad or sorry, Rosamond had dropped upon the arm of the sofa for a second reading of the letter.

"You see, he's never been here," she went on, 'and he hasn't any opinion of the place at all. He judges by me and half a dozen of my friends that he has seen. He makes me furious. Everything bad

in me, things that were born in me, he blames this poor college for. 'So they teach you to whistle there do they?' he'll say, in that cynical kind of way he cultivates. 'No, sir,' I said, and I was pretty much provoked, 'you taught me yourself; you know you did.' 'Well, I'd drop it, then,' he said, and walked off, lighting his cigar. Oh, but, Edna Howe, he's coming, he's coming! How shall I ever study to-day?" And Rosamond executed another dance round the table.

"I want him to have the greatest respect for this place," she went on, soberly, at last. "He can't help thinking the grounds are lovely, but we don't come here just for the grounds. You'd think, to hear Jack talk, that we didn't do a thing here but prink, and dance, and every such thing. I'm going to keep myself in the background. I'm going to show you to him; you shall be one of my objects of interest."

"Oh, don't, don't," cried Edna, in alarm. "You shall not do anything of the sort."

"You are a different kind from any he has seen. He will be interested in you. Jack is interested in everything."

Edna looked stern and displeased, but did not refuse to listen.

"You talk to him about the wave theory, and ask him his opinion of the Harvard pronunciation of

Latin, and see if you can't inspire him with a little respect for the higher education of women. It's more than I have been able to do."

"I shall not see him," said Edna, quietly.

"Then he'll have to content himself with seeing you. You don't know what you lose, though. What are you going to wear?"

"I've only one dress — my black silk."

"I'd wear my blue satin if I dared; but they make such a time about extravagance, I don't. After the president's talk in chapel the other night, I felt as if I shouldn't buy a yard of ribbon for the next six months."

Edna meanwhile had hurriedly opened and read her letter from home. The house-cleaning is going on well; father is rather poorly; grandma well and sends her best love, and hopes Edna will never ride up and down in that elevator at the college, for fear it will blow up or give 'way; they have got as far as the plastering on Uncle Lemuel's new house; Aunt Sophy Flint is getting round again after her fall; the school is closed on account of the measles. Edna folded the letter tenderly and went down to lunch.

The approaching holiday was the day set apart in the college calendar to honor the memory of the founder. Every year the young women who were the heirs of his bounty gathered their friends to the

celebration of his birthday. And if they kept his memory green with music and feasting, I feel sure their genial old benefactor would have liked it far better than if they had given the day a more elegiac turn.

"What is 'Founder's Day' like?" Edna had asked.

"Nobody knows better than I," sighed Rosamond. "I'm on the decoration committee. All day we are in a chrysalis state, with our hats on over our crimping-pins. We committee are racing about and borrowing furniture and bric-à-brac to make the corridors and parlors look a little more inhabitable and a little less as if we were 'inmates of this institution,' as the minister said last Sunday. I never did like to be called an 'inmate.' The parlors are going to be lovely — one Japanese, and one Turkish, and one — well, we'll call it early American. Down the corridor we have lounges and chairs and tropical plants, and between the windows tall white lilies. At seven o'clock we take down our crimps, put on our best gowns and our best smiles, draw on our gloves, unfurl our fans, and charge upon the parlors. There we find our guests, and march them up to chapel and see that they listen attentively to the literary exercises. Then we take them to the collation and see that they do justice to the chicken salad and ice

cream. Then we introduce them to our friends, unless the friends are — well, never mind — and we promenade and laugh and dance and talk till the last bell 'tolls the knell of parting day.' My story's done."

"You see it's because I object to being exhibited to your brother as an object of interest," said Edna, somewhat disjointedly.

"Oh, don't you worry about Jack," laughed Rosamond.

"Indeed, I shall not," said Edna, with spirit.

At eight o'clock on the night of Founder's Day, a bell struck, summoning to the gallery of the chapel all the students who had not invited guests. Edna took her place among these, and watched the company gather below. There was Kitty Morris, ushering in two massive and imposing aunts; and now came Juliet Porter, leaning on the arm of her escort, with a cooing, confidential air, very offensive to Edna's taste; and Nora Allen, with a spectacled young man of revolutionary aspect, wearing a frock coat and no gloves; and here, at last, was Rosamond, her companion a slim, jaunty youth, with cropped hair — no other than Ned Willoughby. Close behind came Josephine Weston, with a gentleman whose back plainly belonged to the fashionable world, but whose face Edna could not see. Suddenly, a toss of the head and a quick, laughing

gesture were so like Rosamond's that she could not doubt that it was Jack, and that Miss Weston had been presented to him as the most creditable specimen of what the college could produce. It is too true that Edna's pang of jealous regret was quite unreasonable. That not only Rosamond but her brother and Miss Weston should be included in Edna's sense of injury was equally irrational. Five minutes earlier she had felt a contented enjoyment of the gay lights and music, and was quite without envy of the pretty dresses and amiable guests below. She would have turned and fled from the possibility of meeting Jack, and yet she was angry with her lot that he had no place in it.

A hush fell upon the rustling audience, and a prayer of thanksgiving was offered. The underlying sentiment of Edna's life at college was a steady thankfulness that she was there, and she fell into ready sympathy with the tone of the evening. She listened with craving to the address on the Intellectual Life, and left the chapel with all her pulses quickened, with a high color and a kindled eye. She walked rapidly down the corridor, and, turning a sudden corner, came face to face with Miss Weston and Rosamond's brother, both talking so busily that they did not notice her. Edna quickened her step. She felt a renewed sense of injury, and became more

and more firmly resolved to avoid an acquaintance with Jack. She accordingly determined to immure herself in her room and there spend the evening. The gas was turned down, and she stood by the window, in the dim light, looking out upon the opposite wing of the building, where the brightly lighted supper-room was fast filling with guests. From the distance of her room she could just distinguish the ceaseless motion of a mass of black coats and light dresses, while a cheerful orchestra formed an unsympathetic accompaniment to her thoughts. She pressed her forehead against the cold window-pane, and felt that she was near hating the whole smiling, well-dressed company. Then the tears came to her eyes, and she wished that she were a pretty girl in a becoming dress, and were eating ice cream and chatting with — well, somebody like Rosamond's brother. She dashed away the tears at the sound of a step in the hall. In rustled Rosamond, and instantly turned up the gas.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed that young lady. "Why don't you go down to the dining-room? You don't know what you're missing. Fried oysters, for one thing."

"I didn't feel hungry," said Edna, with her face turned away.

"If you aren't the greatest girl! But *have* you a

pin? And *will* you fix my sash? There! thanks. You haven't seen the parlors at all, that the committee worked over so," cried Rosamond, excitedly. "Come, just run down there a minute before they come back from the dining-room. You can see them best when they are empty. Come, I'm going to drag you."

Before she could resist, Edna was at the parlor door.

"There!" said Rosamond, pushing her in, "I've got her."

A young man turned quickly from the picture he was examining.

"Miss Howe, this is my brother," said Rosamond, ceremoniously.

Edna first put out her hand, then drew it back quickly, and finally murmured, "How do you do?"

"He knows all about you," said the wicked Rosamond. "You needn't go into any explanations."

And saying this she vanished. Edna stood indignant and embarrassed. She had never before found herself face to face with a young man of such prosperous completeness. From his immaculate tie to the tip of his shining boots, he was faultily faultless. He was, however, more polished in his attire than in his manner. A certain boyishness still lin-

gered about him, though you might have said that his brown eyes were genial beyond his years.

"She's an *enfant terrible*," he said, looking after Rosamond. "Always has been, Miss Howe. If you knew what she used to be, you would appreciate my efforts to bring her up. I tell you she's a credit to me. You see, my mother hasn't — at least, my aunts all say she hasn't — any government at all. And my father thinks whatever Rosamond does is about the correct thing; and so the entire responsibility for her conduct devolves on me."

Edna smiled faintly, not sure what reply she ought to make to such unexpected frankness.

"It was a shabby trick springing me on you that way," Jack continued. "Don't think I had a hand in it. I'm as surprised as you are, Miss Howe. You can't expect me to be sorry, though." Edna looked shyer than ever in answer to his frank smile. "I wonder if anybody has a better right to this sofa than we have, Miss Howe."

Edna sat as far away from Jack as the sofa would permit, but even then she was oppressed with the novelty of the situation.

"I'm having a capital time," said Jack, settling back comfortably against the cushions. "I'm not sorry, on the whole, I came."

"I am glad you like the college," returned Edna,

with a little note of sincerity in her voice, that Jack liked, and listened for again.

"Our friend here did a big thing when he founded this college," said the young man, looking critically at the window-frames. "I shouldn't have minded being that old fellow myself. His name's likely to last."

"You'd better give a scholarship, then," said Edna, zealously. "That is a *monumentum ære perennius*. A scholarship will keep a girl here forever."

"It's a fine place; but I should hardly suppose a girl would want to stay here forever," said Jack, gravely, with a sidelong glance at Edna.

Then Edna laughed and blushed a little, and said she guessed he understood what she meant.

"But now, that's not a bad idea, — immortalizing myself by giving a scholarship. And send in the bill to my father! Upon my word, Miss Howe, I don't believe you know a fellow that's so hard up as I am. I could hardly raise the cash to come here."

"'Sweet are the uses of adversity,'" said Edna, laughing shyly. "Though I don't believe that at all," she added, earnestly. She had not yet learned to be playful long at a time.

"Wait till you try it," groaned Jack. "I've

found out how sweet it is. Let's change the subject."

"How did you like the address?" asked Edna, obediently.

"Well, if he'd shortened it up a little — but how did you like it?"

"Oh, I liked it; but then, you see, there is nothing I am so much interested in as the intellectual life," said Edna, with sudden fervor.

Jack looked at her.

"I can't say I go in much for the intellectual life. I'm going into the lumber trade."

"Oh!" faltered Edna, "but now — now you are in college — "

Jack laughed at this huge joke.

"And I don't see," continued Edna, with a duty on her conscience, "why the lumber business will prevent your using your mind for a great many other things besides. Dr. Endicott said to-night it was such a pity so many men put up a warning over their minds, 'No admittance except on business.' Do you really think we are making the most of ourselves if we just use our minds to earn our bread and butter?"

"That's what the majority do," said Jack, with an easy laugh. "What are we going to do about it?"

This question chilled Edna into self-consciousness again, and she said nothing.

An idea seemed to strike Jack.

"You are from somewhere near Boston, aren't you, Miss Howe?"

"Yes," said Edna; "though I am seventy miles away," she added, with that accent of regret with which every New Englander confesses his distance from Boston.

"Let's see. Don't I know a fellow in Chicago that hails from your place? John Cobbe 's his name. You don't happen to know John Cobbe?"

"Why, he's my cousin. Do you know my cousin?"

"If his name's John Cobbe, I do. The world isn't so big, after all," said Jack, looking down upon the world from the altitude of his twenty-one years. "What is it some fellow says about its containing only five hundred people and their acquaintances?"

"Who is it that said that?" asked Edna, brightening with her instant appreciation of a quotation.

"Don't ask me," said Jack. "After all, it's the most natural thing in the world that John Cobbe should be your cousin. You ought to have him on."

"Have him *on?*"

"Yes: on to one of your —"

"What? Come all the way from Chicago just to spend an evening here?"

"Why not? It's not more than twenty-four hours by the limited express. He's a smart fellow, Cobbe is. He's not what you'd call intellectual, though. He doesn't take after the rest of his family. He's making money fast."

"He doesn't take after the rest of his family: he's making money fast," Edna echoed.

"Oh, come, now, that wasn't what I meant. You know what I meant."

Something in the girl's tone had touched him, and he changed the subject, as he thought, with great tact.

"So this is the way you spend your time," he said, as the stream of promenaders flowed past the door, "walking up and down the corridor in your best clothes."

"It is very hard to make people understand that we don't. My friends at home think from my letters that it is one round of gayeties here. The real events of my life would not seem like events if they were written down." And she looked up at Jack with a bright glance of certainty that he would understand her.

"What are the real events in your life?" asked Jack, in that low tone of interest that made him a trifle dangerous in Chicago society.

"I'm afraid you will laugh if I tell you. I think my events this year have been the finding out of new ideas, — the seeing of old things in a new light."

Jack laughed a little. He would have felt it out of character not to do so; but he said earnestly, and with an air of experience, that he knew what she meant; that was the way the first year at college always; he could remember when he was a freshman.

"But how about those ideas?" he asked, leaning towards her confidentially. "I suppose you are one of the people that keep up a tremendous thinking."

Now, how it happened I cannot tell, but the facts are these: that Edna Howe's shyness gradually melted away before Jack's genial attention, that she listened joyously as he enlightened her upon a variety of subjects, chiefly academic and commercial, and that she, in her turn, made free confession of her most cherished and reserved beliefs. I cannot explain how it came about that when Rosamond appeared with Ned Willoughby, Edna was as sorry as Jack, and Jack as sorry as Edna.

"Miss Howe is disappointed in me, Rose," said Jack, returning to his old manner. "She has discovered I am not intellectual."

"Oh, no," protested Edna, all her shyness returning.

"Jack, I never saw such manners," said Rosamond. "What did you promise when I invited you?"

"Promised I'd come, didn't I?"

As Rosamond walked with her brother down the corridor, she said earnestly, "Tell me truly, Jack, what did you think of her?"

"She talks Latin to a fellow; and when you try a quotation on her, she pulls you up and wants to know your authority."

Rosamond looked at him incredulously.

"You told me she couldn't talk," said Jack.

"She *can* talk, but it takes just the right person to draw her out, — Miss Ireland, for instance. Oh, I knew she wouldn't say much to *you!* I told you so beforehand."

Rosamond did not guess the full meaning of Jack's smile as he cheerfully acquiesced a moment later in her desire that he should meet Miss Ireland.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER NEW CHAPTER.

THE long shadows of the June sunset lay across the lawns, that with gentle slope and undulation stretched away to the pines on one side and down to the glen on the other. Everything told the youth of the summer: the new green of the trees, shading away from the soft tints of the elms to the sombre depths of the pines; the fresh scents of the wholesome earth; the good-night twittering of the birds as they made haste home to their nests. There were other unmistakable signs of the season, though these were not laid down in the almanac. On the circular lawn that formed the centre of the garden, the tennis courts were already established, and the click of croquet balls filled the air. Outside this grass-plat were flower-beds in three concentric rings, protected by a high hedge of arbor-vitæ. The large beds were again divided, and each smaller division numbered, becoming thenceforth the private property of a member of the Floral Society.

Here were girls armed with trowels and garden-rakes, and bending over their pansies or roses with warm, flushed faces, and hats at a picturesque angle. The lake was gay with boats and the banks with groups of girls in light dresses and broad hats. Some sat on the red benches and talked earnestly on distant topics; some watched idly the playful boat-races on the lake. There were other pairs of friends who sought a sheltered seat among the pines, and read together from the same book.

Coming up the walk from the lake were a half-dozen girls of our acquaintance. On the outside of the group was Edna, looking interested, but a little alarmed.

"Isn't he a beauty? Isn't he too lovely for anything, girls?" cried Rosamond. "And such a time as I had fishing him out of the lake! Take care, Edna, he's going to bite you!" and Rosamond made a fierce rush at Edna with her captive, a diminutive turtle, with tiny, struggling legs.

"Miss Howe, I don't see how you *live* with such a room-mate," said May Lovering. "Why, Rosamond keeps a perfect menagerie on her window-sill. The last time I was there she had a pet mouse, and three turtles, and a peach-can full of pollywogs."

"It's because I've found something at last that I like: I like zoölogy. It isn't all irregular verbs and

logarithms and literary influences. It's something you can take hold of."

"Girls," said May Lovering, "I *wish* you could have heard Rosamond the other day. We were going to dissect an ox's heart, and Rosamond asked Professor Greene if we couldn't have forks to handle it with! I wish you could have seen Professor Greene's face."

"Rosamond, you'd make a good doctor!" cried another voice.

"You needn't handle me with a fork, though, when I have anything catching," said May Lovering. "We're every one of us going to be late to chapel if we don't hurry."

Miss Ireland was standing at the front entrance, scanning anxiously the stream of girls as they entered the house. She had not yet spoken to any as they passed her, but kept her troubled eyes upon a distant group.

"She has a telegram for some one," whispered one and another. They were sobered for an instant, and then passed on, glad that the summons was not for them.

Rosamond and Edna came up the steps, both laughing gayly. There was a healthy flush in Edna's cheek, and a happy light in her eyes. She had that morning earned a word of praise from Professor

Powers, a bit of happiness that had leavened her whole day. She was ready to break into a laugh at Rosamond's lightest nonsense, and her merriment reached its height when Rosamond attired her unhappy little turtle in her handkerchief, and prepared to take him to chapel with her.

"Rosamond," said Miss Ireland, "I want you a moment."

"It's for Rosamond Mills," said some one, excitedly, who was watching the scene; but after a few low words with Rosamond, Miss Ireland drew Edna into the parlor with her. Rosamond stood outside the door, and waited without flinching for them to reappear. The chapel bell stopped ringing, the tramp of feet ceased, and the chapel doors were closed. There came down the stairway the first strains of the hymn,

> "Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens! — Lord, with me abide!"

Rosamond looked out upon the deserted grounds, with the evening shadows gathering over them. She was not a girl who was given to an imaginative expression of her thoughts, but now she said to herself that never before had the night come on so suddenly. It was not long before the door opened gently, and Miss Ireland came out with her arm about

Edna. The girl's face was white, and her eyes dull and tearless. She made a pitiful little attempt to smile as she met Rosamond, but her lips trembled so that she could not shape them to smile or speak. Rosamond did not succeed much better, but managed to say, as she put her arm through Edna's,

"I'm so sorry about your father! I'm going to help you pack your trunk."

The news flew through the college that Miss Howe was summoned home, and that her father lay at the point of death. The girls gathered about her, silent and a little awkward, but full of unspoken sympathy. They were too young to know the words we use of trouble, and that we grow to speak so familiarly before life is over. They could only sit and look at her sorrowfully, and say beneath their breath, "It is so sad!" "I am so sorry!" Each one offered to help her about her packing; each one hoped she would have a comfortable journey and would find her father better. Edna was pale, gentle, and grateful, and moved about as if she were in a dream.

It was a cruel decision of the railway guide that she could not set out upon her journey before the next morning. She had no thought of sleeping when she went through the form of preparing for the night. But just as her determination not to

close her eyes was strongest she fell into an uneasy sleep, to wake with a sudden start and to stare into the darkness, struggling to make out the shape of this awful new event. Then a sharp consciousness shot through her — her father was going to die! She could make the words mean nothing but a vast, vague pain. Her imagination could not fasten on details; there was only an abstract idea, the most terrible by which she had ever felt herself possessed. Had she ever been happy? She — could — not — remember. Why, last night — last night? it could not have been — she had *laughed!* Her mind wandered aimlessly back over that June evening, — the careless beauty of the outdoor world, the groups of thoughtless girls, with their chat and laughter, and her own light-hearted share in it all. It seemed distant and incomprehensible. Every thought appeared petty, measured against this grief that filled the darkness. Her father going to die! Still the words would not grow familiar. Edna lay motionless, with the literal physical sensation of a weight of sorrow upon her, — so still that she seemed scarcely to breathe. By a blind instinct she closed her eyes and began to say softly, "Our Father which art in Heaven;" and said the beloved words over and over again, till peace and forgetfulness descended into her spirit, and she fell gently asleep.

In the morning the hurry of her departure helped Edna to bear its sadness. She said a brave good-bye to the college, and it was only when started on her journey that she let the thought cross her mind that this might be her last farewell. The glare of daylight had brought a sharp definiteness to her sorrow, and she began to see its hard results with a cruel certainty. But her mind did not dwell long on the new ties of the last year. Ties of blood, through many hours of our lives, hold us but loosely. Separations become gradually tolerable; our temporary environment fills out the capacity of our daily thought. But a day comes when there is a tug at our heart-strings. Nature asserts herself, and no acquired affection has the power over us that is wielded by the love we are born to. Every relation in life seemed to Edna that day lost in her relation of daughter. She had no desire to blame herself for a lack of filial affection; but she was full of a bitter and hopeless reproach that she had failed so often to show her father her love for him. If he could but live a month, a week, how different he would find her! But if she reached home too late —

The train of cars was toiling up a steep grade, slowly winding its way among the hills. Edna examined her time-table, but only to lengthen the distance. There are crises when to live on a small

branch railroad means a tragic delay, and irrevocable loss of priceless moments. Edna settled back in her seat with dogged endurance, but with eyes ready at any moment to fill with tears. She felt it a strange and thrilling experience to be reversing the journey she had taken so adventurously the last September. There were the very hills and mountain stream, the same gray farmhouses, the identical milk-cans shining in the sun. She had not lived long enough to revisit old scenes, or to know the gentle melancholy of gathering memories. Edna had now, indeed, for the first time a sense of having lived many years,— a consciousness of a past of her own, quite distinct from that historical past that she revered. Up to that moment she had lived in a vivid present, or in a still more vivid future. She did not try to disentangle her emotions; she did not think, she felt. She looked idly and sadly at her fellow-passengers. She had a consciousness of her own sorrow that, it seemed to her, must fill all the space about her. People must know what a sad distinction she had among them. Their hurry and indifference gave her an unreasonable surprise. Was it, then, a world in which fellow-beings elbowed such a sorrow as hers without one whisper of sympathy? The dim phrases of her books became vivid in the light of her own experience.

She saw that henceforth she was to be older, wiser, and sadder.

The day was lived through,—she never quite knew how; and on the edge of evening, just as the chapel bells were ringing at the college, she alighted at the little branch station at the foot of the hill. Here, so near her home, she expected to be greeted by interested and compassionate glances, which she half dreaded and half longed for; but the ticket agent was a stranger, and did not stop his whistling. Edna stepped quickly to his little window and said, faintly,—

"My father, — Mr. Reuben Howe, — is he — "

"Where to?" asked the ticket agent, briskly.

"Oh, I don't want to go anywhere," moaned Edna. "Is my father — ?"

Upon this the baggage-master took his pipe out of his mouth. "He was pretty slim this mornin'. They say he can't hold out long." He saw the pain in Edna's face, and he added, "I guess you'll find him getting better, though; I guess he'll pull through." The rough fellow had made a clumsy motion to take off his hat as he said these last words, and that tribute to her sorrow had brought it home to Edna as nothing else had done.

"There is no one here to meet me," she murmured. She looked heavily towards the old apple-

tree where her father had always tied his horse when he came to meet her. "There's no one here," she repeated. "They expected me earlier. It's as much as a mile and a half, and it will take so long to walk."

"It's a pity, now, the horses all round here have gone off this afternoon with the folks to the circus down to the Centre. Folks round here will go to circuses — circuses and funer —. I wish I could do somethin' for ye," he added, hurriedly. "I knew yer father well."

"I must walk," said Edna, desperately, and sped up the road. The dust lay in drifts of white powder, and blanched the sumachs and blackberry vines by the roadside. Edna walked on with a strange sense of unreality. The college life had vanished behind her like a dream, the old familiar home life had not yet re-asserted itself. When she had closed her eyes three hundred miles away, the woods and fields about her home had seemed more real to her than this moment as she looked across them. Had a year of absence changed the very outline of the hills? Or was it the shadow of her sorrow that brooded over the landscape? Again she felt it strange, as she had felt it strange among jostling human beings, that there was no outcry of sympathy, that everything lay still and let her suffer.

Edna's grief had thus far been young and selfish. Of her mother she had thought only with the craving of a little child to be safe home and sheltered by loving arms. But as she neared her journey's end there was added to her own sorrow a sharp sense of her mother's affliction, of her grandmother's distress, of unknown changes that might be impending for them. Her thought of them widened into a sudden revelation of the burdens the whole world is bearing; there was born in her that moment a deeper insight, and new springs of love and sympathy began to flow. She had turned the leaf upon another new chapter of life.

Things were growing nearer and nearer home, but refused to seem more real. Here stood by the roadside the old dying horse-chestnut. Was she the little five-year-old girl that had been allowed every night to go as far as this tree to meet her father and lead him proudly home to supper? The thought of it now choked her with tears. In the boughs a bird shook out a joyous good-night. Was it the same song she had heard so many, many years ago, she wondered, with her new sense of age. She felt herself clinging passionately to that sweet old past of her childhood, when she had been a little girl of five or six or seven, with no hopes or fears, ambitions or forebodings.

With these thoughts crowding upon her, she walked more swiftly up the last hill, on whose summit stood the faded yellow house with the little square front yard. The barn door stood open: there were the rusty harnesses, the old carryall, the hoes and rakes with cobwebs gathering upon them. A flash of pain crossed Edna's face as she turned away quickly towards the house. All was still. The cat lay asleep in the doorway, but, at the sound of a step, rose, stretched herself, and rubbed against Edna as she entered. The girl stooped and laid her hand on the little creature's back, and said "Poor, poor pussy!" with breaking voice. Nothing else in the house stirred at her approach. She made her way through the deserted lower rooms, with the tension of her spirit every moment increasing. She tried to call to some one, but her voice was gone. Suddenly a sweet, familiar sound broke the stillness. It was the deep, serious voice of the old clock telling off the hours, the old clock that had ticked away the life of three generations, that had dispensed the days and years of Edna's girlhood, till its tones were forever subtly indistinguishable from the life they had measured. Every nerve in Edna's body took up the vibration, and she felt herself rocked and swayed by passionate memories, and by present love and grief. As the strong, solemn tones died away, and the clock

took up its steady tick, tick, there came from the room above the sound of a stifled sob, as of a woman who had learned to cry noiselessly.

"He had his heart so set on Edna," said a still, controlled voice, "and on her having an education. 'Most his last word was, 'I want Edna should—'" but the sentence ended in a long, low sob.

CHAPTER XII.

A BUSINESS INTERVIEW.

THE room back of the library, the room known as Mr. Mills's "office," his wife mournfully regarded as the one vulnerable spot in her housekeeping. In vain were this gentle lady's threats and entreaties; the carpetless floor remained unswept, spattered with ink and strewn with papers, while the curtainless windows sent a glare of light into every dusty corner. On one side stood a rich mahogany desk, gorged with papers; in the centre of the room was a vast table, whose surface had long been lost beneath successive deposits of letters, bills, and pamphlets. Three or four chairs, which revolved or tipped or rocked, to suit the moods of business, completed the furniture of the room. Scattered carelessly about were various artful Christmas and birthday gifts, obviously intended to point a moral; but no beribboned waste-basket proved so alluring as to capture Mr. Mills's papers, and Rosamond's most ingenious penwipers remained fresh and unspotted. In vain she pleaded for the control at least of the wall deco-

ration, a subject on which she had become lately awakened. One side of the room was still covered by the latest and largest map of the United States; a huge railroad time-table hung at the right of the desk, while on the left the gilt-framed forest lands, as pictured by an engineer, were far more suggestive of lumber than landscape. There had, indeed, one ray of sentiment penetrated this sanctuary of business. Over the prosperous mahogany desk was suspended a photograph of the lumber merchant's birthplace — a house sufficiently small and humble for picturesque contrast with his present lot. One other sentiment had left its trace there. You might have noticed that Mr. Mills's favorite paper-weight was a heavy glass containing a picture of his wife in younger days, holding the baby Rosamond to her cheek and smiling out triumphantly on all the world.

On this warm July morning the door of Mr. Mills's office opened suddenly, and a golden-brown head was thrust in. Mr. Mills did not look up. After a rapid inspection of the four corners of the room, the young lady said, "Are any of your tiresome business people here in the way, papa?"

"Come in," said her father, without stopping his pen, "come in. Sit down, sit down."

"I don't want to sit down. I've come on busi-

ness," Rosamond answered, taking her stand in the only vacant space on the floor.

"Oh, yes," returned Mr. Mills, with a postage-stamp between his teeth; "ladies usually do transact business standing."

"I haven't come to joke, papa. I have come on very important business. It's about money."

"Money, eh?" Mr. Mills looked up.

"I'll wait till you are through with your letter, papa. I'll have nothing but your undivided attention, sir. Oh, I never saw such a looking room!"

Mr. Mills sealed his letter and pounded it with a powerful fist, then wheeled about in his revolving chair and faced his daughter.

"Well, my girl, you have my undivided attention," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I wish to be taken seriously, papa. I won't have you thinking that I am just a girl. You know you said yourself that I had a decided talent for business. You said you would risk me if I had to earn my living. You know very well you said that."

Mr. Mills drummed on his desk.

"Didn't I hear you mention some business, some money business?"

"Oh!" cried Rosamond. "Yes, I had a letter this morning."

"Did you?" said her father. briskly.

"I had a letter from Edna Howe, my room-mate," continued Rosamond, solemnly. "Her father is dead, and she isn't coming back to college." Rosamond felt her powers of expression fail her. "Her father is dead," she repeated. "Just suppose you were dead, papa!"

Mr. Mills did not smile, but said gently, "You and she are great friends, are you?"

"No, sir. She despises me,—at least, she used to. I don't like her exactly, but I respect her; and I am sorry for her, she is so poor, papa. I should *die* if I were so poor!"

"Not with your business talents?"

"Papa!" said Rosamond, reproachfully. "They seem to think so much of education, those people do. It's positively pathetic; it brings the tears right into my eyes."

"That's Boston," said Mr. Mills, with no great emotion.

"And now her mother is left with a little bit of money, and Edna says she will not take a cent of it for her education. She is going to teach, and earn money, and then, perhaps, in three or four years, go back to the college. As if it wasn't bad enough to have her father die!"

"She's not one of your intimates," her father repeated, thoughtfully.

"She's so different, papa; you don't understand. The girls all laughed when I had to have her for a room-mate; they thought it was such a joke on me. It was. This is a sort of good-bye letter she has written me. She says she knows she has been disagreeable, and I am going to sit right down and tell her I have been horrid."

Mr. Mills was making a calculation on the back of an envelope. He apparently went through a process of addition, and then studied the sum with an unintelligible whistle.

"Well," said he at last, "I think I see your point. You want me to pay this young lady's bills for the next two years. Two years, is it?"

"No, indeed, sir; I don't want anything of the kind. I think that's very mean in you, papa."

"Well, I hadn't looked at it in that light."

Rosamond held her open letter behind her and stood straight and defiant. "I want to pay them myself, sir! There!"

Her father's pride and affection had never been more deeply touched. He looked at her quizzically, and said, "What put that into your head?"

"Now listen, papa." Rosamond leaned over the back of a chair and laid down each of her propositions with an emphatic gesture. "I have my allowance. That is absolutely my own. To en

courage business habits, you've always said, papa. I have a larger allowance than most girls. I know I have been an extravagant wretch, but don't you see I could just as easily as not spare four hundred dollars out of it, and then she could go back to college, and it would be all right."

"How would you manage it? She's probably proud as she is poor."

"Oh, I've thought that all out. She wouldn't take it from any person, but she would take it from the institution. I shall give it to the college, and the college can give it to her, and nobody need be the wiser. She'll think it's just a scholarship. It will be fun!"

"Well, what have I to say about it?" said her father. "The money's yours. You and Jack have the same allowance. I said I would start you, at any rate, as even as I could. I've nothing to say if he spends four hundred dollars on a horse; I've nothing to say if you spend four hundred dollars on a girl."

"But what I want, papa, is your advice."

Poor Rosamond meant his praise. She felt the glow of heroism rapidly dying out of her resolve as it was subjected to her father's business-like scrutiny.

"Then, my daughter," said Mr. Mills, "I strongly advise you to think the matter over for about a week."

"Oh, I wanted to write the letter to-day, sir."

"The point for you to consider is whether this Miss —"

"Howe, — Edna Howe."

"Whether Miss Howe is going to be benefited or injured by your doing it."

"Injured?"

"If she is one of those people that expect to be shoved along through life and call it Providence, let her alone. If she's got the motive power in herself, go ahead. Don't give her more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty, though. Let her earn the rest. It will do her good."

"I think you are hard-hearted, papa."

Mr. Mills had just been thinking that he had never felt more soft-hearted. He determined to give Rosamond a check for a hundred dollars at Christmas; and accordingly he said, "You must not depend on my making it up to you Christmas, birthdays, and what not."

"As if I'd take it if you did, Father Mills!"

He felt that he was weak enough to hope the girl would not sacrifice any of her pleasures. He said, sternly, "You'll have to make up your mind to do without some of your ribbons, feathers, and so on."

"That's what I'd *like* to do!" said Rosamond, tri-

umphantly. "I'd like to do without almost everything."

Mr. Mills was a reverential admirer of what he was pleased to regard as the peculiarly feminine virtues. He was therefore deeply touched by Rosamond's exultant spirit of self-sacrifice.

"You are a pretty good sort of girl, after all, Rose," he said.

"Thank you, sir," with an ironical little courtesy. Perfect understanding was restored.

"Have you said anything to your mother about it?" said Mr. Mills, with a very natural connection of thought.

"Oh, mamma was lovely. She always is lovely. She said I was her darling child. She cried a little, too."

"Did she?" Mr. Mills felt that it was very becoming that she should. He had never failed to be pleased with the conduct of his wife. She was finely adjusted to give him at once a delicious sense of feminine superiority and an equally soothing sense of masculine superiority. Her tears just now seemed indisputable proof of both.

"Papa!" said Rosamond suddenly. "I believe you approve a great deal more than you pretend to. You needn't try to throw cold water on my project. I see through you, sir. My business is concluded.

I'm not going to stay and stay, and talk and talk the way those Leavitt ladies do when they come to see about repairs. I have the honor to bid you good morning, sir!"

Rosamond met Jack at the door.

"Jack, Edna Howe's father is dead, — Edna Howe, that you met Founder's Day."

"O sho! Her father dead!" Jack stopped thoughtfully.

"And she can't come back to college, but if you won't breathe it to a living soul, I'll tell you something."

Jack listened with a quizzical look; then said, soberly, "Good for you, Rosamond!"

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFIDENCES.

Six weeks of the new college year had passed, when one Sunday night Rosamond flung open her parlor door, and by the light from the corridor discovered Edna sitting in the darkness, by the window.

"Pray, what are you doing here in the dark, Miss Edna Howe?"

"I'm only thinking."

"Why didn't you light the gas? I haven't pasted court-plaster over the burners. I haven't done such a thing since my freshman year. Oh, I wish I were a freshman again, with nothing in the wide world to worry me."

Rosamond threw herself on the sofa and gave a deep sigh.

"What were you thinking about, Edna Howe?" she said, abruptly.

It was a little hard for Edna to tell her. "I was thinking," she answered slowly, "how good

you had all been to me since I came back. I dreaded it so."

"It was awfully sad — your father's dying."

That was something Edna could not talk about. She only said, "The girls have been so kind, and the teachers, and the college itself."

"Gracious! Why shouldn't we be? It's good for people to have to sympathize. Sometimes I think I'd like to be all the time with people who are sick and in trouble, just to keep myself behaving decently. It's a little hard, though, that other people must lose their money or have their friends die just to make something of me. Things enough may happen, though, to me myself to sober me." Rosamond tossed about on the sofa, with a silken rustle and a merry tinkle of her bangles that was not at all suggestive of impending misfortune.

"You must feel very happy this year, then," said Edna; "you have done so much for me."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Rosamond, starting up suddenly.

"They are little things," — Rosamond sank back, relieved, — "but I appreciate them. You always walk down to the dining-room with me, and wait for me at the laboratory and the gymnasium. I notice it all. I wanted you to know it, though I didn't say much."

It was somehow easier to say these things in the dark.

"Dear me! why shouldn't I walk down to the dining-room with you? Besides, don't you suppose I like you, you silly girl? I don't know whether you know it or not, but you are a great deal nicer than you used to be, Edna Howe. You don't lay down the law so. And you do understand things so! Nobody ever has to explain things to you. But nothing makes me like people so much as their thinking the same things are funny that I do. When I first knew you, I thought your chuckling once in a while at my poor little jokes was your one redeeming trait. I know that doesn't sound very polite. Do you know, Edna Howe, I do believe you and I aren't so different, after all, as everybody thinks we are. Are we, dear?"

To Rosamond's surprise, Edna rose impetuously and came over to the sofa. She sat down in a low chair, and said softly, "You are my room-mate, and I am going to tell you something."

"Dear me, tell me quick!"

"I said the college had been very good to me; but, of course, you don't know what I meant. You know I wasn't coming back."

"Yes," said Rosamond, faintly.

"But, Rosamond Mills, they sent word to me to

come, and they would give me three hundred and fifty dollars this year, and next year, too."

Rosamond buried her face in the pillow and smothered a groan.

"And what did you say?" she asked, excitedly.

"I said I would take the money if they would let me borrow it and pay back every cent some day."

"That's nonsense," said Rosamond, quickly. "You ought to be very proud."

"I am, and that is the reason that I could not take it in any other way."

"They think you are worth educating, you see. If my father lost his money, imagine anybody sending me back here, such a worthless thing as I am, and yet I suppose I am just as fond of this place as you are, — only in a different way. Now, there was Juliet Porter. What did she care about this college? about ever coming back here? Don't you ever breathe it, but she was dropped. That's the reason she made her father take her to Europe for her health. And that girl won't exactly say so, but she will manage to make people think that she is a graduate of this college. Oh, I know Juliet Porter."

"You are the only person here that knows it," said Edna, a little disjointedly, "except the president and Miss Ireland."

"Are you ashamed of it? Tell me, are you

ashamed of it?" said Rosamond, sitting up suddenly. She felt that she had a right to know, and the impulse got the better of her delicacy. It was a crucial question. Edna did not answer at once.

"I am going to tell you the exact truth," she said at length. "A year ago I should have been ashamed. I thought then people would despise me for being poor."

"That's nonsense, too," said Rosamond, promptly. "People here despise you for bad manners, and bad taste, and bad lessons, — that's all."

"Oh, I could have reasoned out a perfect contempt for people who despised me, but somehow contempt never gives you much courage. I know now that all that is nonsense, and yet I don't want people to know about this money. They would think of it every time they looked at me. It would seem a kind of intrusion. It is the way I feel about a great many things. I never want people to know much about me all the way through the world."

"Not if you do something wonderful, and everybody praises you and wants to know about you?"

"No: there are only two or three people I should care to have know it."

"You are the queerest girl! But Jack says lots of the fellows at Harvard have scholarships."

"Rosamond, you don't know all that it meant to

me to come back this year. I can't tell you; I can't tell anybody. And to think that I shall have next year, too!"

"I'm in the depths!" cried Rosamond, with sudden desperation. "I have the greatest mind to tell you, as long as you have told me so much."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Rosamond, I think you are a splendid girl." Edna had never said so much before.

"I'm nothing of the kind" — and Rosamond grasped Edna's hand with a rush of gratitude, — "but you are just lovely to say so. My father is going to fail!"

"Going to fail!"

"It was all that old hedge in the garden," continued Rosamond, miserably. "I was walking on one side, and that Myra Bent from Chicago and somebody else were walking on the other. I was alone. It was queer for me; but I was all upset about something else before I heard this, and I was walking along and thinking. That Myra Bent, you know, just because we both come from Chicago, has clung to me like a burr, and pretended we were intimate friends, and then behind my back she has told the girls every sort of thing about me and about my family. She told them some of my relations were in jail for stealing a harness: and they are — my

mother's fourth cousin's husband. I guess it's what papa is always teasing mamma about. And she said my grandfather lived in a log cabin with two rooms; and he did, and hers lived in a dug-out. This afternoon I heard her again behind that hedge. My embroidered cashmere was the subject, if you please. Naturally, I was interested, and, eavesdropping or not, I listened. I wasn't going to have quite so much money to spend on clothes, I heard. Indeed! My father had been speculating. That's true enough; he always does. And everybody says that he is getting ready to fail. And I've no doubt it's true. I never said that Myra Bent didn't tell the truth. At any rate, I am going to expect it with all my might, and then perhaps it won't be so likely to happen. You can't understand, Edna Howe; but if my father were to fail now, I should just be in a fix."

But in how great a one Edna little suspected. To her imagination a person of sufficient financial importance to fail was a man of no little distinction. She felt a new respect for Rosamond's father, and her regret for his misfortune was obscured by the sense of the honor it conferred upon him; as Dogberry in the play makes it his final claim to respect that he "hath had losses." So far as failure might mean poverty, however, Edna's sympathy was one of perfect comprehension, though most difficult to ex-

press. She could only say, in a determined tone, "I shouldn't believe it at all until I heard it from home. It is all because that girl envies you."

"But her father said so, and her father is a good business man," said Rosamond, with instinctive respect.

"And couldn't you keep on at college?"

Rosamond gave a groan of despair, which Edna thought very natural.

"And that isn't all," said Rosamond. "While I am telling you one thing, I may as well tell you another, and then I'll turn up the gas and be sensible. I've had a great fuss with somebody I thought I cared a little about."

"Was she mean about something?" asked Edna, with sympathy.

"O dear! It wasn't *she!*" moaned Rosamond from the depths of her sofa-pillow.

"Oh!" said Edna.

"Papa has written him a letter and he has written papa a letter, and it's all over. Oh, what would you do about it?"

"Were you — were you—?"

"No, we weren't engaged,— not quite, that is. It began more than a year ago, one summer. Summers are the worst times!" and Rosamond laughed hysterically. "I supposed it was my cousin Annie that

he liked; but last summer I found out it wasn't Annie at all. You've heard the girls laugh about Mr. Willoughby and my breaking his arm once. He was here Founder's Day. He was so nice, and pleasant, and funny, and all that; and I was so used to having him round, don't you know? Haven't you had people round in that way?"

"No, I never did," said Edna, with humility.

"Oh, yes, I know; you don't care for such things."

Edna had one of the old twinges of discontent.

"But dear me! I couldn't exist without two or three young men to tease. And Jack is about as bad as I am. All the Chicago girls like Jack."

Edna's second feeling of discomfort was, perhaps, even less reasonable than the first.

"Ned Willoughby was so convenient and good-natured. But papa has been finding out some things about him; and one day, just before I came back to college, he called me into the room we call his office — such a room! — and he said, so gently that I was frightened, 'Sit down, my daughter.' He didn't say anything for a minute. Then he came right straight out, 'Rosamond, should you marry this young Willoughby if he asked you?' 'I don't know that I should marry him,' I said, 'but I might be engaged to him, perhaps. Almost all the girls here at home are engaged.'

"If ever I saw my father look disgusted with me, Edna Howe! And yet he seemed a little bit relieved, too. Then he was very solemn, — my father can be solemn, — and he said: 'I have just been writing a letter to that young man, requesting him to discontinue his calls at this house. You need not thank me now; I am willing to wait three or four years.'

"Edna Howe, I sat perfectly dumb. Papa went on, and said Ned Willoughby was an idler and a man of no fixed principles. You see that it was something about gambling that papa had found out. Then he told me I had a beautiful, useful life before me if I didn't spoil it at the beginning by marrying such a trifler as Ned Willoughby. He said it was a thoughtless, careless affair, just because we happened to be staying at the same hotel. You see, papa took it for granted I didn't really care for Ned, and oh, I don't know whether I did or not," moaned Rosamond. She wiped away two tears, and then went on. "I think my father has very little heart, but I always used to think he had lots of sense. He said lovely things to me to comfort me, — said I was on too large a scale for such a little fellow as Ned Willoughby. What an idea! Why, Edna Howe, I was so surprised; my father seems to expect the greatest things of me. He has his

heart just set on my amounting to something. It's so queer!"

Edna's head went down upon the arm of the sofa, and she said, in a broken voice, "My father did, too. And that is the reason I am so glad to be back this year, because he would have been so glad."

Rosamond smoothed Edna's hair, and wished she could say something to comfort her. Edna little knew how every word of hers sharpened the pain of that money loss that Rosamond dreaded so keenly.

"I don't know why I am telling you all this, and plaguing you with my little troubles, when how should I feel if my father had died! You dear girl!"

"Oh, Rosamond, I never could bear it without you," said Edna, brokenly.

"And I couldn't live without you to tell everything to," said Rosamond, pressing her cheek against Edna's hair.

"We are going to be friends at last, Rosamond," Edna whispered.

"Of course we are going to be friends, forever and forever and forever!"

CHAPTER XIV.

ELECTION DAY.

THE chemical laboratory was a large upper room in a building at the south of the college proper. The low sun of a November afternoon fell along the row of desks, at which the girls were preparing to leave their work for the day. Each had her complete little chemical establishment, a bowl and faucet, Bunsen's burner, rows of bottles, and a drawer of instruments.

"Are you ready to go?" asked Edna.

"As soon as I've taken off my apron and turned some H_2O on my hands. Will you look at my apron!" said Rosamond, gazing ruefully down upon the brown calico garment that covered her from head to foot. "And will you see that great sulphuric acid hole! Oh, the H_2SO_4 has gone through to my dress and eaten a bright orange spot in the middle of my overskirt. You've hardly spilled a thing on yours, Edna. I wonder I don't hate you!"

"That's a queer chemical combination," said Mary

Lloyd, as the door closed after Rosamond and Edna. "I wonder if it's a compound or a mixture. What do you suppose? Do you suppose they will influence and develop each other, or do you think they will stay separate and distinct, ready to part any moment and be just the same as before?"

"Really, Mary Lloyd, your chemical metaphors are a little too much for me. As for Edna Howe and Rosamond Mills, I should never have imagined it. Will you lend me a little of your HNO_3, that you clean your desk with? You see I've taken to heart what the professor said about our housekeeping. Such friendships are perfectly unaccountable. They are very intimate: you hardly ever see one without the other. It has all sprung up this year. No; it was the nitric acid I wanted."

"I am surprised," said Mary Lloyd, "for it was not long ago that Edna Howe told me that she had no faith in Rosamond Mills; that she didn't believe that she would amount to anything at all." Some one at a desk near by looked up quickly. "Oh dear! I don't suppose I ought to have repeated a thing like that. There is that gossiping Myra Bent. How has your Bunsen's burner behaved to-day?"

"Beautifully," answered Alice Bowles, "in honor of election day. That wasn't a bad idea of the president's, asking us all to hand in our reasons for

being Republicans or Democrats. Did you ever see girls more taken aback? — we had been quarrelling so over politics. He would have been amused if he had known how we all rushed for the library and hunted up ten-column campaign speeches. Why, I had four solid pages of reasons, — just heads, you know, — all out of a speech of Mr. Evarts's. I think every word was true that the president said about our duty to contemporary history. Wasn't he grand when he talked to us? Little shivers of patriotism ran all over me. I fairly tingled with the idea that I was born an American girl."

The two friends folded their chemistry aprons, put on their hats, and, still busily talking, took their way to the college.

Meanwhile Miss Myra Bent, of Chicago, had happened in before dinner for a friendly chat with her compatriot, Rosamond Mills.

"She's come to hear the particulars of papa's business trouble," thought Rosamond. "I wish I knew them myself."

Miss Bent dropped sociably into a corner of the window-seat and began tossing the curtain tassel back and forth.

"Keep right on doing up your hair, Rosamond," she said, obligingly. "You and I need not stand on ceremony. How's Chicago?"

"Chicago is surviving our absence," said Rosamond, changing the position of a hairpin.

"Pa says there's a business flurry just at present," continued Miss Bent. "Gracious, I hope my father won't fail. I've just written to him that he's got to give me a sealskin this winter. Mine's going to cost three hundred. How much was yours?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Well, I'm glad I'm ahead of you for once. What are you going to have this winter?"

"Nothing, if you mean clothes." Rosamond pulled her crimps savagely.

"I suppose it's all on account of the president's talk about extravagance," said Myra, artfully.

"It has nothing whatever to do with it!"

"Oh, well, don't get mad. But somehow the image of Rosamond Mills reformed and turned economical, is a little too much for me. I suppose you are going into black alpaca, so as to be as much as possible like Miss Howe. We all know you've taken her for a model. Her scholarship is well enough, but I would draw the line at her clothes."

Rosamond wheeled about angrily, with a threatening gesture of her hand-glass.

"It's real becoming, Rosamond. I like to get you mad: it gives you such a splendid color. But, honestly, Rosamond Mills, I don't believe you'd care so

much for that girl if you knew the sort of things she was saying about you."

"Saying about me?" echoed Rosamond.

"Why, she's telling people she has no faith in you; she doesn't think you'll amount to much."

"Did she say that?" said Rosamond, in a low, thrilling voice. She sat down quickly.

Miss Bent hitched about uncomfortably, till suddenly Rosamond seemed to notice her presence. The angry color rushed back to her face, and she sprang to her feet.

"And you came here on purpose to tell me that, Myra Bent?" Rosamond drew herself up to her full height, and said, slowly and solemnly, "Myra Bent, you may never enter my room again so long as we are in this college together."

Miss Bent looked at Rosamond, and walked awkwardly out of the room. Then Rosamond went into her bedroom, and locked the door. Cut to the heart by the sense of her friend's treachery and ingratitude, she quite forgot Edna's ignorance of their true relations. To Rosamond's present state of mind, Edna had not only proved herself basely ungrateful for what she had received, but coarsely unappreciative of the delicate silence that made it possible for her to accept so much. Such are the reasoning processes of a mind struck suddenly with trouble.

"It does no good to be a goose," said Rosamond at last. She rose promptly, bathed her eyes, looked at herself in the glass, and ate some crackers and potted ham.

There was a sound of steps in the corridor, and the drumming of a well-defined "Yankee Doodle" on Rosamond's door.

"Come!"

"We're patriotic, you see, it being election day. You're going to help decorate the corridor to-night, aren't you, Rose? Why, Rose, you haven't been to dinner!"

"I hate roast beef. I'd rather have crackers and ham any day," said Rosamond, desperately.

Edna was one of the last to enter. She instantly noticed the traces of Rosamond's tears, and tried to talk busily of the preparations for the evening. "They are going to decorate our corridor as soon as study hour is over."

"Are they?" said Rosamond, coldly. "Kitty Morris, did you do that errand for me in town?"

Kitty had done the errand, and all heads were bent over the purchase. Rosamond made no effort to gain the attention of Edna, who tried to busy herself with a book, and finally went away to the reading-room. Through the chapel service an approaching trouble haunted her still. There was a

patriotic selection from the Scriptures, a prayer of devout loyalty, and a ringing chorus, "My country, 'tis of thee." The service over, animated discussion rose on every corridor and stairway, and the gayest of a gay crowd was Rosamond Mills.

"Bring on every red, white, and blue thing you possess, girls. We'll have our corridor decorated in style. Shawls are the best, and sash ribbons. We'll hang streamers from the chandeliers. And we'll have up our candidates in great letters over our doors, painted with boot-blacking on big brown wrapping-paper. Oh, pshaw, there's the study-hour bell. Mattie'll be swooping down on us."

"I've got to go. I've pages of German to paraphrase."

"And I've an examination in calculus to-morrow."

"I wish you had my Latin to learn."

"Oh, what do you care?" cried Rosamond. "I don't, a penny. I never should know anything if I sat up nights; so where's the use?"

"Why, everybody knows you are splendid in chemistry, Rose. Besides, I thought you had reformed."

"Did you, dear? Well, you may have made a mistake, *herzliebchen*," and Rosamond laughed lightly and tapped her friend on the cheek. "I'm going to read a novel for the next hour, and then hurrah for

the red, white and blue till bedtime! Shocked, aren't you, Edna Howe? Come on, Kitty Morris, down to the water-tank. Kit, you are a comfort; you aren't so fearfully superior."

That Thucydides is a difficult author was a providence to Edna Howe that evening. In a corner of the library, fortified by lexicons and grammars, she wrestled during study hour with the funeral oration From time to time, however, she looked off absently across the room, with sorrowful eyes, till she met some one's inquiring glance, and put herself sternly to work again.

At the close of study hour, political excitement rose rapidly. The patriotic work of decoration was fast progressing. There were few doorways that did not boast at least a flag and a picture of the favored candidate; while wardrobes were ransacked to supply material for more elaborate draping. Party spirit, as expressed in silk and cashmere, ran high. Republican shawls and sashes bade fair to be in the majority on Edna's corridor. The girls had begged permission to drape a flag over Miss Ireland's door, which they were now surveying with great satisfaction. Many felt that the occasion demanded a musical tribute, and from one room and another came a medley of national airs. But Rosamond's parlor was the centre of attraction; for there, mounted upon the

sofa, and surrounded by an applauding crowd, that young lady was making a stump speech. What she said was not wise or witty, but quite sufficient to attract a delighted audience. She had reached a highly dramatic climax, when, at that moment, there was a stir at the door.

"A telegram has come. He is elected!"

In the midst of the Republican rejoicing came another announcement: "It was all a mistake. The Democrats have won!"

"I don't believe a word of it," cried the orator, jumping down from her rostrum. "Let's go down to the telegraph office."

The crowd in the office was every moment increasing in numbers and excitement.

"I shall not stir from this spot till I know who is elected," said a leading Democrat, taking up her position on a high office-stool.

"You may have to perch there, then, the next three months," said her Republican room-mate, with no suspicion of her powers of prophecy.

Rosamond was the life of the company, to the admiration of the freshmen and the scorn of the seniors, who exchanged remarks about "that irrepressible Mills girl." Only once had Rosamond lost her gayety. It was when she found herself near Myra Bent.

"Who told you that?" she said, in a low, cold voice.

"Mary Lloyd," answered Miss Bent, eagerly, ready to open a conversation.

"Thank you."

There was still an animated throng in the college office when the stroke of the retiring bell sounded through the corridors. It was not long before the rustling silk of the lady principal was heard approaching.

"Oh, girls! we are going to be dispersed," they cried, in alarm.

The lady principal made one of her most graceful little speeches, in which she begged the young ladies to go quietly to their rooms, and promised them the earliest and most reliable news in the morning.

Rosamond found the light already out in Edna's bedroom, and went to her own room without the pretence of a "good-night." Edna was listening painfully, but would make no sign. It had struck one before she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

EDNA had been sitting for half an hour in Miss Ireland's room, and had been wandering aimlessly over a dozen subjects.

"Miss Ireland," she said at last, with a sudden effort, "do you believe in schoolgirl friendships?" It was the question that Edna had come for the express purpose of asking.

"I believe much more in college-girl friendships."

"But do you think we are anything more than schoolgirls of a larger growth? We seem very young for our years."

"You are. The new education is giving girls at least three years more of youth. They are maturing more symmetrically. We shall not have so many ignorant women of the world at twenty."

"But don't you think, Miss Ireland, that a girl like me, a junior, ought to know her own mind about a friend?" asked Edna, anxiously. "Oh, Miss Ireland, I am in such trouble about Rosamond Mills!"

Miss Ireland looked at her with sympathetic inquiry.

"You know how it was at first with Rosamond and me, how uncomfortable we made each other; and then how we began to have a sort of respect for each other, though there wasn't much affection about it. But when I came back this year, and my father had just died, then Rosamond seemed to take possession of me, to see that I was happy and kept from being sad. How could I help liking her, loving her, Miss Ireland? And it did me good to be so fond of her. Isn't it strange? — I have begun to think that it is the love that goes out of us, even more than that which comes in, that warms our hearts. Oh, don't you think so, Miss Ireland?"

Miss Ireland did indeed.

"I have learned a great deal from Rosamond Mills," Edna continued, — "just learned from her, — and yet, there used to be times when I almost hated her. It seemed to bring us nearer together when that money trouble came. There were weeks when she said she might wake up a beggar any morning. She said she didn't care — beggary was inspiring — but I know she cried sometimes after she went to bed at night. We were always together those days. We took no interest in anybody else; and if one of us dared to, it made the other angry. I know it was

silly. It was schoolgirl friendship; but oh, it was cruel when the end came. I never am going to care for anybody after this;" and Edna rose excitedly. "I never will give any one power to make me so miserable. Rosamond Mills was the first friend I ever had, and she shall be the last." Edna's voice broke into hopeless sobs.

Miss Ireland did not at once pour a cold stream of advice upon the girl's burning spirit. She waited gently.

"It was that dreadful election day, when everybody was laughing and singing, and flags and streamers were flying: that was the day it began. She seemed all of a sudden to go back a year. She was just like her old self, — careless about her studies, reckless about everything. She has taken up her old friends, even. And I am drifting back to my old self, too, Miss Ireland. It is no use, it is no use. You cannot make me over. Sometimes I feel as if I hated everybody in this world but my mother and you. I'm sure I hate myself."

Miss Ireland spoke at last, "You know I am very fond of Rosamond Mills."

"She worships you!"

"I do not believe that Rosamond is acting from mere caprice. I have no doubt that she is unhappy,

too. Something has come between you. You must find out what it is."

"I am too proud for that. I shall never say a word to anybody but you."

"There is some misunderstanding that will surely be cleared up in time. The wisest friendships are liable to such. Take courage, dear. I know it is wretched now; but you must not think me heartless if I prophesy that it will end in a sounder friendship than you have known yet. Each of you needs more than the other alone can give. There is no poverty, Edna, like poverty of friends. My friends are my wealth, and I am a miser. I must have more and more, and I cannot part with any."

"But if you had only one, and felt yourself parting with her?" said Edna, tremulously.

"I have no doubt I should feel very much as you do."

Edna brightened. "And what would you do, Miss Ireland?"

"You will think me heartless again; but I should look about me for some other friends." Miss Ireland was thoughtful for a moment. "Do you know Julia Territt?"

"Just to bow to her."

"She is coming here to-morrow evening to look at a portfolio of etchings that I have here for a few

days. I wish you would come, too. Will you? Then, Edna," she continued, "I should still try to have faith that if the old friendship was a wise one, it would come to life again. I know that is a great deal to ask of you. How do you treat Rosamond?"

"Just as she treats me," said Edna, proudly.

"I should treat her as much better as is consistent with my dignity. Your common sense will tell you that."

"I will not throw myself at anybody's feet, Miss Ireland."

"But if she turns back to you, let her find you there. Ah, my dear, the crowning beauty of friendship is trust. If you feel that a friendship is over, you owe a certain loyalty to its memory. 'We were friends once,' believe me, creates an obligation to be generous in interpreting each other for all the future. I would not have one sermon less preached on faith in God, but I would occasionally have one on faith in man. I have saved more than one friendship to myself by fixing my trust in the nobler qualities of my friend, and having faith that those would bring us back to a right feeling, if I, on my part, took care to do my duty. If two people in daily contact go forward doing what each believes to be right, they must meet in time. Now, Edna, be so loyal to the old Rosamond as to believe that she has some

cause for her conduct, that she is under some delusion with regard to yours."

"If she would come and tell you her side!"

"She will not do that," said Miss Ireland, thoughtfully.

"No," said Edna, "Rosamond is frank and transparent a good way below the surface; but below that you can't fathom her, Miss Ireland. Why, sometimes I think she is the reserved one of us two; that people really know much less about her than they think they do. She will never tell anybody about this. We shall just go miserably on till we find we can do very well without each other. We have not had any quarrel, Miss Ireland. We have just stopped. Rosamond has not done anything. I wish she had. I am all the time thinking she will; for it is strange, when you once begin to distrust people, your imagination is all the time doing them injustice. Did you ever notice it, Miss Ireland? You are always thinking of the mean things they may do. It is such wretched work for one's mind to be about! It seems as if there were enough to bear without making troubles for ourselves out of nothing but our own feelings. It isn't hunger or cold, or sickness or death; it's nothing but a schoolgirl quarrel. I suppose I shall always have to suffer; I suppose I am made so."

Miss Ireland tried to think of a wise answer. She could not find the one she wanted, but she said, "I was told once that I was a highly organized being, that I was made to enjoy intensely, but I was made to suffer equally; that I must expect griefs without a name; they were part of my very being."

Edna's face kindled with appreciation.

"I think that was one of the most unfortunate experiences of my girlhood," Miss Ireland continued, to Edna's surprise. "I was years in unlearning what that unwise friend had told me. I was years in learning that moods are a sign of weakness, not of strength; that to look only to circumstances for happiness is weak, poor living. We must have that in ourselves that will carry us serenely through the thick of outward events. That is the only true superiority. Believe me, that the unhappy man is unsuccessful is far truer than that the unsuccessful man is unhappy. I do not, alas! live up to my doctrine, but I do end my day with a sense of failure, Edna, when I have been unhappy to no good purpose."

"When I am unhappy, I shall always have my work to comfort me, Miss Ireland," said Edna by and by. "I believe I am never so contented as I am when I can feel my mind working; and now it goes so much faster and so much smoother than it

used to, that I enjoy it better and better every day. Not that I don't feel dreadfully humble and ignorant, Miss Ireland. It is perfectly overwhelming, it is crushing, to think of the things I don't know and the things I must know. Two lifetimes wouldn't learn it all, and here I have a year and a half more."

Miss Ireland smiled. "It is very trite to say that this college education is hardly more than the table of contents, hardly more than the nomenclature of knowledge. I used to think that, after graduating here, I should have a sense of something accomplished and laid away. I found my education was but a thousand things begun. I thought I should lose my interest in myself after I had taken my diploma. But I am in some respects younger now."

A look of surprise flitted across Edna's face. It was well known to her and to the rest of the college that Miss Ireland had passed her thirty-first birthday, and mingled with the admiration for their favorite teacher was often a sigh of compassion that she was so fast growing old. It was frequently matter of astonishment to these girls in their teens, that Miss Ireland, in spite of her years, should retain so many girlish sympathies.

"But, Edna," said Miss Ireland, suddenly turning their talk away from herself, "I hope you are not

working too hard. I have heard something about your doing extra work."

"You see, Miss Ireland," said Edna, lowering her voice, "I am determined to pay as much of my expenses as I can without taking money from my mother or from the college. I am tutoring a poor little curly-haired freshman in mathematics. Then I have astronomy this year, and the professor has given me the work of calculating the planets every month for one of the scientific papers. Don't you think I am turning several honest pennies, Miss Ireland?"

"I am glad you have confessed to me," answered the teacher. "I shall watch your health. You must not break down, for your sake and for that of the college."

"But I never was so well in my life. I walked seven miles yesterday."

"I see the gymnasium exercise is doing you good. Shoulders back, my dear."

A knock summoned Miss Ireland to her door, and Edna rose as a party of callers entered.

"Remember the etchings to-morrow," said Miss Ireland, as Edna bade her a grateful "good night."

Edna saw Rosamond coming out of the lady principal's office, and casting a vindictive look on the door she had just closed.

"Have you been waiting for me all this time, Kitty

Morris?" said Rosamond. "She says I can't take part in 'The Lady of Lyons' unless my class standing improves immediately. As if it wasn't enough for the Faculty to cut us down to two plays a year!"

"Nobody else can be Claude Melnotte but you, Rosy," said Kitty, with serious conviction.

"Then that means I've got to go home and study my Latin, instead of going down to make caramels. Bring me up some, Kit, when you're through — there's a dear. There's Edna Howe. Wait. Let her go into the room first."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

THE committee, the actors, and the Faculty were alone intrusted with the title of the play, which was expected to make its first public appearance on the programme of the eventful night. I have no means of knowing how faithfully the Faculty guarded the secret; but I do know that the committee and actors, with the enjoinment of the strictest silence, confided in at least one sister, room-mate, or intimate friend. By this means it was soon generally understood in the college that "The Lady of Lyons" was to be the event of the season. Elaborate pains were meanwhile taken to conceal the name of the play. The yellow books were secreted in bureau drawers, or, when carried between the hall and college, were scrupulously hidden among the leaves of an astronomy. Once the secret was nearly out. That last student on the bench in freshman Latin, Section C, the young lady who was to impersonate the innkeeper's daughter, betrayed by a vainglorious desire

to inform her classmates that she was "in the play," had flourished its yellow cover in the eyes of all, and, while the remote end of the class were reciting, had given herself with great zeal to the conning of her part. The teacher, if her glasses were to be believed, was near-sighted; but, of all human infirmities, near-sightedness is the least to be relied on. This lady's eyes and attention were apparently fastened on the opposite side of the room, when she inserted a quiet parenthesis in her exposition of a Latin sentence — "You may bring me that book, Miss Simons."

A rustle of satisfaction went round the class as Miss Simons surrendered her cherished playbook. The youngest member of the committee glared at her for betraying their secret. The teacher took the play without looking up or stopping the recitation, and tossed "The Lady of Lyons" into her desk, where it kept company with chalk and Latin grammars.

"She didn't even look at the title," thought the committee woman, with surprise.

The play once selected, the committee had met to cast the characters. Here they were governed by traditions strict as those of the classic stage. The hero and heroine must be of contrasting complexions. There is but one Pauline to be thought

of, the beautiful Miss McCloud of the senior class; and who but Rosamond Mills could act Claude Melnotte? But both are blondes. Never mind; a wig and a burnt cork for Rosamond, then! Every one remembers her success as Hamlet in her freshman year. The villain is of necessity tall, dark-browed, with straight, coal-black hair. The very girl! And down goes the name of an inoffensive, exemplary maiden, whose quiet virtues off the stage were quite obscured by the spectacle of her villany upon the boards. She is far more likely to be remembered as First Murderer, Guy Fawkes, or Bluebeard, than as the retiring, studious creature she was known to be in private life. The second villain was required to be a little shorter in stature, and a little lighter in complexion than his superior, a character easily disposed of. Madame Deschappelles and the Widow Melnotte represented respectively the mamma of high life and the mother of low life. Tradition said that the first of these should appear in snowy crimps and black velvet; the second, in mob cap, neckerchief crossed humbly upon her breast, and a very large gingham apron. These costumes proved, however, equally bewitching, and both mamma and mother ended by looking even more blooming than their well-grown sons and daughters. By selecting for Madame Deschappelles the stoutest girl availa-

ble, and the thinnest for the widow, the committee felt poetic justice done. The lady's maid must be short, plump, and bright-eyed — Kitty Morris, to be sure.

The committee then gave an anxious eye to the scenery. Parlors, gardens, kitchens, — nothing so easy, nothing more effective. The parlor — it should be the finest display of bric-à-brac the college stage had yet seen; the garden — surely the college gardener would spare some arbor-vitæs and a rustic bench; the kitchen — the gardener's wife would lend some tins and some wooden chairs; and who knows but they might compass a teakettle?

"The scene is Lyons in 1795," suggested the youngest member of the committee as the meeting broke up.

"But haven't we learned in Shakespeare class," said the chairman, "that the highest drama is not a drama of time and place? Would Shakespeare have cared for a few anachronisms?"

"No, I suppose not," answered the youngest member, meekly.

The costumes, accordingly, as well as the scenery, might have been called composite. Low black shoes, long black stockings, and short black skirts were the conventional foundation of every male costume. A black velvet shooting-jacket was popular, and

adapted to a wide range of characters and situations. The long flowered dressing-gown was equally appropriate for benevolent old uncles or obdurate papas. The dress coat was never felt to be a success. There was liable to be a titter in the audience, that detracted from the dignity of a situation. The frock was the traditional garment of the laboring classes. The favorite costume was what, for want of a better name, might be called the romantic. It was deemed appropriate to any age previous to the nineteenth century, and to any country but America. It partook of the dress of the Highland chief, of the troubadour, and of the Italian bandit. A plumed hat, a broad sash, an inky cloak, large shoe-buckles, and lace ruffles, were its striking features.

The actors chosen, the work of preparation went on briskly. They met first, with the utmost secrecy, in the chairman's bedroom. Each read her part from her playbook, and, each being ashamed to read her best, the result was highly unsatisfactory, and the committee expressed themselves "in the depths." They tried the moral effect of adjourning to the hall for the next rehearsal. By this time the conscientious had learned their parts, — the two villains, the widow, and the lady's maid, — and things went more smoothly. It was in vain that the committee

tried to preserve order at these rehearsals. Rosamond persisted in burlesquing the love-making up to the last moment, and in tickling Pauline whenever she fainted. Rosamond treated with open contempt poor Claude Melnotte's methods of speech and behavior, and did her best to bring ridicule on her hero. She delighted to astonish her friends by bursting out on a prosaic occasion with, "'Hold, lady! — No, not slave! Despair is free! I will not tell thee of the throes — the struggles — the anguish — the remorse! No — let it pass!'"

Pauline took herself more seriously. She committed her part faithfully, practised before a mirror, and brought her fainting, as she thought, to a high pitch of perfection. She had a sentimental inclination to call Rosamond "Claude" when off the stage, and to exact from her the devotion due Pauline. Rosamond promptly laughed at all this, and said so audibly that Miss McCloud was a goose that that young lady is reported to have shed tears and to have declared that she would never act with that Mills girl.

That final Saturday was a busy one for actors and committee. Rosamond's corps of friends were generously employed upon her military costume, sewing on gilt braid, and fashioning epaulets and orders for the return of the conquering hero. Edna longed to

offer her help, but had not the courage. She and Rosamond were on comfortless terms of scrupulous politeness, moving about from day to day with as little contact as possible. So, while the others chatted and sewed, Edna walked dissatisfied away, and wondered if an end would ever come to this petty unhappiness. She brightened as she met Julia Territt, and the two agreed to go to the play together that evening. Each was to carry her share of responsibility for the occasion, for Edna was to write the criticism of "The Lady of Lyons" for the college paper, and Julia was to play no less a part than leader of the orchestra. It had taken all her musical skill to fuse into harmony a guitar, two banjos, a triangle, and a xylophone. She herself presided at the piano, and filled any accidental gaps by energetic runs and heavy chords.

The curtain rose at last upon the long-awaited "Lady of Lyons," and fell again at the end of the first act amid wild applause. Julia waved her bâton, and marshalled her banjos and triangles. The musical selections between the acts were prolonged to a great length, and were as loud as possible, to conceal the noise behind the curtain. There were fierce, loud whispers of "Quick with that rustic seat!"

"Do pull the cambric over that mossy bank, so the boards won't show."

"We're going to have no end of trouble with our moon. Tell them to keep on playing out there, and play *loud!*"

Distracted committee women darted hither and thither: to the stage, to give a last discouraged look at the scenery; to the dressing-rooms, to report the progress of the toilettes; and to a hole in the curtain for an observation of the audience.

"It always looks so queer, our audience does," they said. "Nothing but ladies, and no bonnets on."

There was breathless haste in the dressing-room of Pauline. The minor characters, whose humbler toilettes were completed, gathered in the doorway, for purposes of admiration and suggestion. Claude Melnotte leaned pensively over the back of a chair, and watched the arrangement of Pauline's blond ringlets. "You want another hairpin there in front," said the hero of the play. "She's got a good deal of fainting to do. You want her hair steady."

"Isn't she lovely?" was whispered at the door. "And that's her Empress Josephine dress. I think she's the prettiest girl in college."

"She faints like a stick," said they of the opposite party.

"I think she's beautiful, anyway," declared Kitty Morris, beginning to cough.

Rosamond turned quickly round. "Kitty Morris, don't stand out there in that draught. Come in here." And Rosamond drew Kitty under her great cloak, with a comical mixture of the cavalier and the maternal in her motion.

"Why, Kit, you're shivering, and your cheeks are all flushed and red. I have the greatest mind to send you home and do your part myself. We're never on together. That's what I'll do. You mustn't stand about here in these draughts. Just give me your things and a longer skirt and I can whisk them on in no time. I know your part well enough. I haven't rehearsed this play for nothing for the last three weeks. What a joke! — Claude Melnotte turned lady's maid! I wonder if they'll know me. Kitty, put on this big shawl and scamper home for your life."

Kitty looked up with her eyes full of tears. It was a cruel disappointment, but she felt sick and docile. She slowly took off her cap, apron, and velvet bodice, and passively submitted to be wrapped in the heavy shawl.

Rosamond looked dubiously at the fragments of Kitty's costume. "May Lovering, be sure you're here to help me. It is going to be a scramble to get in and out of those things and back into Claude Melnotte's. But the child was sick; there was nothing else to do."

One of the committee appeared at the door.

"Are you ready, girls? They've begun to look at their watches out in the audience, and the orchestra have played everything they know. Oh, do be quick!"

Rosamond was at last roused to the seriousness of the occasion; she dropped the rant with which she had delighted to torment the committee at rehearsals, and spoke her high-flown part so simply and sincerely that Claude Melnotte at last won respect and sympathy from all. Rosamond had not been long in discovering Edna and Julia, who sat side by side and exchanged frequent glances; and as she went on with her part, there was a trace of genuine trouble in her face and voice that made people praise her acting the next day.

Pauline's face and costumes were a great success; but the hostile faction said that she recited her part, and that she moved like a jointed doll. The villain — dear girl! — was pronounced perfect by the most critical. The thin Widow Melnotte and the portly Madame Deschappelles were all that could have been desired in point of figure, and would have been an entire success if the widow had not forgotten her part at a critical juncture, and if a very frail "property" had not given way beneath the stately tread of Madame. Monsieur Deschappelles, the Ly-

onnese merchant, was admirable. The young lady who personated him modelled the character upon her father, an active member of the stock exchange. The lifelike manner in which she toyed with her massive watchchain and ran over the papers in her pocketbook, is remembered to this day.

The sensation of the evening was produced, however, when the piquant lady's maid appeared, and the audience came to the slow and bewildered conclusion that it was Rosamond Mills again. The haste of her toilette had given her a charming flush, and her little cap sat jauntily on her tumbled golden hair. She did some quite unnecessary dusting, adjusted her mistress' cushions, made a saucy speech or two about that sentimental young Melnotte, and presently had disappeared. When she returned, as the hero, in military coat and cocked hat, there was an outburst of enthusiasm. Rosamond was kept bowing and smiling, with a girlish grace that formed a bewitching contradiction to her martial costume — so said the oldest and wisest in the audience. And when, at last, the curtain fell, the highest honors of the evening were with one accord bestowed on Rosamond Mills. Such, at least, was the report I read in the college paper, published the next week.

CHAPTER XVII.

KITTY.

"Where's Kit?" said some one at breakfast, with a nod towards an empty chair.

"In the Infirmary."

"Is she ill?"

"I'm afraid she is," said Rosamond, with an anxious face.

That afternoon Kitty was moved from the Infirmary to a large, sunny room in a remote part of the building, as far as possible from the activity of the college world.

"She must be very ill," and the girls looked at one another in alarm.

Rosamond Mills went directly to the doctor's office. Standing in the doorway with her hands behind her, she said, "Dr. Amory, is that girl very sick? — Kitty Morris, I mean."

The doctor was a woman of great natural tenderness, well under professional control. "Why?" she said quietly.

"Then she is." Rosamond quite forgot that she was addressing a member of the Faculty. The doctor folded a powder in silence.

"Dr. Amory, if that girl is sick and shut up there away from her friends with you and the nurse, she'll die." Dr. Amory laughed, and Rosamond mentally called her an unfeeling woman.

"I'm her friend, and I want you to let me stay with her and help take care of her some every day."

Still the doctor folded powders, listening to Rosamond as if she were detailing symptoms.

"You've got to let me, Dr. Amory. I like to take care of sick people. I don't like to have my friends sick exactly, but I just enjoy it when they are. Oh, don't you understand, Dr. Amory?"

The doctor's face relaxed. "Yes, I understand," she said.

"The girls like to have me about when they have headaches." The doctor would have liked to laugh again. She knew Rosamond Mills by reputation. "You never would believe it, Dr. Amory, but they say I am quiet and soothing. I have that sort of a touch, something in my finger-ends, don't you know, that drives off a headache. Kitty likes to have me round. Do let me stay with her a little, Dr. Amory."

Dr. Amory looked into Rosamond's face. She was

surprised that she had never before noticed the firmness of the girl's mouth and the steadiness of her eyes. The western sunlight streamed in at the window behind Rosamond, and lighted up her gold-brown hair into a shining crown. The doctor was conquered.

"Your studies, Miss Mills," she said, gravely — "they are always first. I saw you in the play last night, and I don't mind telling you that you acted very well; but I should heartily disapprove of anything of the sort if I thought your work suffered."

"That is exactly the reason I have been studying so hard the last two or three weeks, Dr. Amory; so that people couldn't have any right to say that. Besides, if I sat in the room with Kitty, I should study. I should have my books."

"It will not be necessary. We have sent for her mother."

"Oh, is she so sick as that, Dr. Amory?" and the tears rushed to Rosamond's eyes.

"Her mother lives very near here," the doctor answered briefly. "To-morrow will be Sunday. You may come and sit an hour with Miss Morris, and meanwhile you may read this little book on the care of the sick. It is, after all, a part of your education. It is a very extraordinary permission, however, that I am giving you. I cannot have the whole college running to me for such favors. Are you interested

in micro-organisms? Under the microscope by the window are some of the germs that are always found, even in health, on the surface of the tongue."

Regularly each day Rosamond claimed her hour in the sick-room, if it were only to sit by Kitty's bed and to give an occasional smooth and pat to her pillow. The doctor watched Rosamond, and from time to time gave her bits of medical information, or asked some service of her that required a deft, intelligent touch. Dr. Amory never praised her; but one day, after Rosamond had soothed Kitty into a quiet sleep, the doctor laid her hand gently on the girl's shoulder. Rosamond turned quickly and looked at her.

"My dear," said Dr. Amory, gravely, "you belong to the profession."

Day by day the inquiries of the students grew more anxious; and more anxious, too, were the answers to their questions. There was a hush upon the college. Groups gathered upon the corridors, and, in subdued voices, counted the chances of life or death. They were awed by the strangeness of the thought that Kitty Morris — light, careless little Kitty Morris — should be lying in that distant room in such solemn peril. The girls spoke more gently to one another. Not one but had some dim idea that life is at best a brief opportunity to be kind and loving. Little Kitty Morris in her weakness was a

stronger power than she had ever been before. Every one spoke tenderly of her sweetness and unselfishness, and gently forgot her faults.

"It would be better that she should die," said a tall and serious junior. "She could never have graduated with our class."

No one, not even a sophomore, could smile. There was a shocked and reproachful silence. The group melted away, and the hush deepened upon the corridor.

Meanwhile the doctor grew every day more tender in her manner towards Kitty, and more uncompromising towards every one else.

"No constitution," she said crossly to the consulting physician, mentally denouncing a long line of Morris ancestry.

Rosamond was looked upon as a privileged source of information, and was appealed to wherever she was found; but Rosamond grew more and more sober day by day, and the girls needed no further proof of Kitty's danger. Any one who had studied Rosamond's face would have seen there a change as marked as it was difficult to state. It would have been absurd to say that her features were more finely chiselled, and yet such seemed to be the case. Something had deepened and steadied the look of her eyes. Her mouth was more sensitive and yet more firm.

She sat one day in Kitty's room, looking from the window, but seeing nothing. Rosamond turned presently and looked towards the pillow on which Kitty lay with eyes closed. The little sick girl just raised her eyelids and looked appealingly towards Rosamond, who obeyed instantly, and seated herself on a low chair by the bedside. Kitty put out her hand, and Rosamond held it between her own.

"I keep thinking about my home," said Kitty, almost in a whisper. "I think about the most ridiculous things, — about my room, about the paper on the wall, and the pictures. There's a picture at the foot of the bed, — the German schoolgirls taking hold of hands, and running and sliding. Uncle Tom gave it to me, Christmas. Oh, Rosamond, you don't know how that picture makes me feel. Those girls are so well! They are like you, Rosy."

Rosamond drew the white little hand to her warm cheek, and held it there a moment.

"Oh, I want to go home, to go home. I never want anything else."

"Hush, dearie, you must not talk," Rosamond tried to say in a composed voice.

Kitty was obedient, and lay silent for a long time. She looked wearily at different objects in the room, then curiously at her white, sick hands, till she met Rosamond's eyes with a wan little smile. Rosamond

could hear the tick of her watch in her belt, counting out minutes that she was never to forget.

Kitty had been lying with closed eyes, when at last she whispered, without opening them, —

"Rosamond, will you tell me something truly? Did they — did they — tell you I was going — to — die?"

Rosamond slipped down from her chair and knelt by the bed, throwing one arm over Kitty, and burying her own face in the other.

"Yes," she answered in a smothered voice.

"Don't cry, Rosy."

Neither spoke for a moment.

"That I am — going — to die," repeated Kitty. "It seems such a queer word for me. I am so different!"

The tears rolled down her cheeks, and her voice broke in a sob.

"Oh, Rosamond, don't let me die! They mustn't let me. Can't you do something to keep me?" she cried, with frightened eyes. "I would be so good. I'd take such care of myself. I'd be willing to do such disagreeable things." The words came more weakly. "I am afraid — I never went anywhere alone — I can't go *there* alone. Stay with me, Rosamond! You and mamma, stay with me!" She clutched Rosamond's hand.

"Oh, Kitty, you will break my heart."

The words shook with pent-up sobs. But the strong need of help in that desperate pressure of the hand nerved Rosamond. She raised her head and looked steadily into Kitty's face.

"Kitty darling, I'm not good at all myself, and I don't know the right things to say. I only know God is good, and I know He will keep you safe."

"Oh, Rosamond! I haven't been good enough."

"Who has, you dear child? Why is it we all love you so, do you suppose?"

Kitty turned her great, sad eyes on Rosamond, and tightened the pressure of her hand. "I've wasted everything," she said slowly and painfully. "I have been thinking about it, lying here. I have wasted my education, and I have wasted my health, and, Rosamond, it just seems as if I had wasted my character. If I could only begin everything again!"

"Say that all to Him, Kitty, and I know,—oh, I know He will take you to Him, and make you strong, and well, and good, and let you try again."

"Do you think so? Do you think so? I will ask Him over and over again."

"God is always there to know and listen, Kitty. I'm just as sure! I haven't cared much till lately; but lately I have thought I would just try to have

things right for Him to see, and I wouldn't care about the rest. They *might* misunderstand me."

Kitty lay still, and Rosamond gazed at her with a new rush of passionate grief. It was some time before the sick girl looked at her again.

"Do people misunderstand you, Rosy?"

"Edna Howe."

"Doesn't anybody tell her the truth about you?"

"Perhaps it is the truth that she believes. She thinks there's nothing to me; she thinks I never can be anything. She told Mary Lloyd so,—just as I had such confidence in her opinions, to have her say such things about me, Kitty! It made me reckless; I didn't care for anything. If she didn't believe in me, nobody could. I couldn't believe in myself. And then I began to think about it, and I saw I must just stand up straight and alone, and do the best I could, and not care. I used to expect to be too happy. But since papa has lost so much money, and things have been so wretched between Edna and me, I have just felt, Kitty, as if I were growing old fast."

"There's some mistake," whispered Kitty. "Ask Edna right out."

"I can't."

"To please me, Rosamond?"

At this moment the nurse entered and dismissed

Rosamond without ceremony, straightened the pillows, and said there had been too much talking.

Two days later Rosamond was again by Kitty's bedside. The little white face had settled into an angelic calm, and a soft voice whispered, "I'm not afraid now, Rosy. It doesn't seem far off any longer. I am so tired! But perhaps I may go to sleep and wake up better. I heard the doctor tell mamma so. Have you and Edna —" Her voice sank away. Rosamond stooped and kissed her, then walked quickly out of the room.

Edna met her with a face full of the anxious question that was on every one's lips that day.

"Yes, I've been there. Oh, Edna! Edna!" cried Rosamond. Grasping Edna's hand, she drew her down upon the sofa, and the two girls cried together, with their arms about each other.

"Edna, I am going to say it. She told me to. We must be friends again — for Kitty's sake." Looking steadily at Edna through her tears, she told the whole long story. "Oh, Edna, did you say so? Did you think so?" Rosamond's voice thrilled with sadness.

Edna looked as steadily into her eyes. "Rosamond, I did say so; I did think so — a year ago!"

"A year ago! Why, I thought so myself then!"

"I remember the very day I said that to Mary

Lloyd; I had met her going up from the postoffice. You had called after me and made all the girls turn and look at me. It sounds very silly, but you don't know how angry I was. But I always had a miserable little feeling about it every time I saw Mary Lloyd. I couldn't forget that I had said it to her, till one day, not very long ago, I told her, just as a relief to myself, that it was all a mistake."

"And that was a year ago!" said Rosamond again, slowly; "and all this time I thought it was this fall, right in the midst of our friendship. Oh, Edna, do you wonder it nearly broke my heart? And were you miserable, too? Oh, I'm so glad!"

They went over step by step the history of the past three months, each with a strange mingling of pleasure and pain in the other's unhappiness. "And Julia Territt isn't the only girl in the world you care for?"

"Oh, Rosamond!"

"It is darling Kitty Morris that has made us friends again," said Rosamond, brokenly. "I need you so much now to help me bear Kitty's going. Edna, things have come to me these days that I never thought much about before. Sitting there by Kitty, I felt that I was so rich just to be alive, with a great, long, beautiful life before me. It looked so valuable, I felt I must do something with it. You

understand, Edna; you always make me feel that way, too."

"I? You dear girl!"

There was a pause that was full of solemn and tender feeling.

"Edna, do you want to know what has come to me besides? I know now the best way for me to help. I am going to be a doctor!"

That night Kitty went to sleep, and woke up better — but woke in another world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VACATION RAMBLES.

My Dear Rosamond, — A letter is a poor substitute for talking with you, and yet it gives me a sense of your society just to be writing words that you are going to read. As for your picture, I always have that for company. You and Julia and Nora occupy my mantel. You remember that lovely photograph that Julia had taken last winter — the one in which she is dressed precisely like an old portrait of her grandmother. Then there is Nora, in her stiffest linen collar and her ugliest Derby hat; and there you are, standing with your hands behind you, with your mouth very prim, and your eyes keeping back a laugh. I miss you very much, Rosamond.

You ask me to tell you about my home friends. My mother talks a great deal about Rosamond Mills. She likes to know everything about you, from the color of your hair to the bright things that you say. She is interested in the minutest details about the college. She seems to know my friends as well as I

do, and calls them all by their first names. Mother is never tired of hearing about our good times, and is never quite so happy as when she is sure I am enjoying my college life. She has enjoyed nothing better than my account of the "Lady of Lyons," with you as Claude Melnotte, though I think she finds it hard to forgive the college for not recognizing her daughter's dramatic gifts. I told her that I wrote the criticism of the play, but that did not satisfy her. She insisted that I might have made a much better heroine than "that Miss McCloud." Mother cannot see that I am stiff as a poker, and does not know that I lose my voice from stage fright. Every little pleasure or honor I have I know she glories in, though she hardly says a word. The tears will come into her eyes, and she will say, "How happy it would have made your dear father!" It is more than a year since that day I came home in such trouble. It seems as if it were burned into my memory, every hour of that time. I must not think of it. Now he is gone, my grandmother, my mother and I are the family.

My grandmother, you know, is eighty-four, and is a great reader. I believe that is our chief family boast. You should hear my literary discussions with her. Pope is her favorite poet, whereas, since the days of Sophomore Literature, you know we have

had but small opinion of him. Grandma thinks it an upstart age that doesn't appreciate Pope. "Grandma," I said one day, "Emerson says Pope writes poetry just fit to put round frosted cake." "Yes, yes," she said, with all her heart, "and good rich frosting, too, and plenty of raisins in the cake." That was the last time I tried to put down Pope. Grandma prefers biography, however, to any other reading, and always betakes herself to some reverend doctor's memoirs to bring on her afternoon nap. I often read aloud to her. When it is fiction, she exclaims, from time to time, "What an imagination!" Or, if it is a biography, "An excellent person he must have been, I am sure." Travels: "To think of there ever being such places in this world, dear child!" Grandma is a character, and the odd part of it is that I am just finding it out.

I am occasionally invited out to tea, — last week to Uncle Lemuel Cobbe's. I think my friends are a little surprised and disappointed to find me still so ignorant. Uncle Lemuel asked me several questions about the pyramids of Egypt; and when I laughed, and said I didn't know, he looked round the table triumphantly, and playfully hoped I hadn't been throwing away my money. I have been spending a week with Uncle Ira and Aunt Sophy. My Aunt Sophy is a woman of superior mind and character.

For her mind she has had no opportunities at all, but for her soul — well, if trials are good for people, no wonder that dear woman is a saint! She seems to enjoy my education as much as if it were her own. She asks me questions — they are questions Professor Powers would admire — and I answer very humbly. She asks me often, too, about little matters like pronunciation. It seems cruel pedantry in me to set her right. I read aloud to her, and her comments are worth setting down for marginal notes. Whatever she does have time to read she doubles the worth of by thinking about it. And, think of it, — Aunt Sophy is a woman who is condemned to hard labor, — a life sentence.

But I have not told you the chief event of my summer. I am teaching. My pupil — my pen fails me. Let me tell it in as few words as possible. Mr. W. Allan Benedict of New York has been making an heroic attempt to enter college, or, rather, his mother has been making it for him. He took his examinations in June, and five conditions were the result. His anxious little mother then conveyed him up here, away from all distractions, and engaged me, *me*, to tutor him. She had inquired of our minister, and he recommended me, with my "small Latin and less Greek." Mrs. Benedict acknowledges that she was rather prejudiced against me when

she heard what college I was from. She had met a young lady from there, she said, significantly, — a Miss Pierce. It was that Ellen Pierce, with her short hair and her masculine stride. Don't you dread to think she is at large, creating an impression of the college that a hundred Mary Lloyds cannot undo? It is the greater pity because Ellen Pierce, below the surface, has some sense. It is only in externals that she is so ill-balanced. She does not know what a damaging argument she is against the very principles that she thinks she is upholding. Mrs. Benedict had also read many newspaper items, and looked at me earnestly, as if to convince herself that I did not slide down banisters, or commit any like enormities. I denied nothing, but I think she was satisfied; for we both laughed, and we agreed that her son should come to me three hours each morning. Come he has, with a zeal there is no accounting for. I must wait to see you to tell you the whole long story of W. Allan. But for him the summer would be absolutely uneventful. The days disappear into a week just as they do at college. I am sewing industriously. I have always heard it called a soothing feminine occupation. I find it interesting, nervous, exciting. It shows me again, what I always have found true, that you have only to do a thing enough to have it become an absorbing

passion. I see how easy it would be to slip into this way of living, and how, after all, our intellectual life is very much at the mercy of circumstances. There must be such a constant deliberate effort to maintain one's highest level. Sometimes I feel an inertia creeping over me that frightens me. I suppose I am a little tired, and nothing so deadens one's ambition. I have nearly finished my Senior essay. It is on a large French Revolution subject, and has taken an immense amount of time. Then I was determined that I would read a good deal of German, to please Fraülein Keppel, and myself, too. And so the summer is flying!

This letter is without beginning, middle, or end — a genuine vacation ramble. My mother sends her love to you. Write to me soon.

Affectionately yours,

EDNA E. HOWE.

YOU DARLING GIRL, — A vacation *ramble*, indeed! — a forced march! Ellen Pierce a damaging argument! If you keep on at this rate, you will do more than she to injure your beloved Higher Education. Have you no sense of responsibility to that body of yours — have you no conscience for anything but lessons? I wonder you dare write such a series of enormities to your confidential physician.

You need a few lessons in *dolce far niente*. I prescribe a hammock, a fan, and the last love story. I wish I could shake a little of my dreadfully common common sense into you. Or, better still, instead of scolding you, I wish I could spirit you away to our camp up here on the lake. It is a perfect compromise between civilization and barbarism. All my savage instincts are coming to life again, — I feel so delightfully primitive, so new! I feel as if I were the first woman, and could begin everything my own way. It is true that I fish with a highly developed fishing-rod, and a young man baits my hook — a young man whom it has taken a deal of laborious evolution to produce. He tries hard to relapse into a picturesque savage, with the help of a fashionable flannel suit and no collar — but his accent spoils it all. Don't be unnecessarily interested in him — he is nothing serious — it is only that I have nothing better to do. Does this sound frivolous, and as if I had forgotten my "aims"? My aims have not gone to sleep, Edna dear. Up here in this wonderful air, I feel as if I could do anything or be anything. You will see me build a sanatarium here some day, for tired college girls to spend their vacations at — what a sentence! I haven't forgiven you that you don't accept my invitation for this summer, when you know that papa can always get passes, he sends

so much lumber over the road, and you could come as easily as not. But mind you don't disappoint me the Christmas vacation.

Oh, Edna, were there ever such good times! I despair of giving you any intelligible account of them. I never could describe things. I can't tell you how we go out on the lake in the early, early morning, when things are just waking up, and everything seems to be calling, and answering, and beginning the business of the day, and how we go out when the sun is high up, and how we hide ourselves away in a shady cove, and take out our fancy work and our books, — there is no use in trying to tell you how lovely things are. Oh dear, I always say *things!* But you ought to see us in the cool of the evening, when the water is smoothed out like a mirror on purpose to reflect the sunset clouds. We dip our oars into the pink and purple — just dip them, that is all. It is the beauty of it that we don't want to go anywhere. There is a soft little lap, lap at the bow that makes us lower our voices, I don't know why, and we talk and talk. We? — I haven't told you our *dramatis personæ.* Mamma — you know her. Papa — he is here only from Saturday night till Monday morning. Poor papa has had a dreadful year with money matters, but he has just pulled through, and everything is

coming out right, we hope. Meanwhile, we couldn't be in a better place than this, to wear our old clothes and save our pocket-money. Then Jack is here — you know him, or rather you don't. You are a dear girl, but you are not the sort to appreciate my brother Jack. When you see him, he is teasing and never in earnest, — you never see the John side of his character, — I suppose you two are simply made so that you will never get at each other. It is a shame, when I am so fond of you both. Jack is not here much of the time; for lumber takes most of his attention, too. Two aunts, three cousins of the first degree, and five of the second — and there is our camp. My unmanageable cousins have begun already to call me doctor — Dr. Rose, to distinguish me from Dr. Mills, a far-away cousin, a doctor of the old-fashioned sex, also a member of our camp. We have a great many poor jokes about the rival physicians — but Dr. Mills and I keep up a very good appearance of friendship, and he is giving me no end of points for my work next year. He is quite old, — over thirty I think, — and very kind and sensible, though he can be funny, too. I do like a man with some sense — though nobody gives me credit for it.

Edna, I never was so clear and sure as I am this minute about my studying medicine. Kitty's death

somehow seemed to make my decision sacred; but a strong, certain sense of duty holds me to it. Mamma dreads it and holds me back. Papa smiles, and I do believe he is a little bit proud of me. Jack tells me to go ahead, then he always adds a warning against short hair and ugly clothes.

Why don't you tell me more about W. Allan Benedict? But you have no business to be teaching him three precious vacation hours every day — and reading German, and writing essays on the French Revolution, and sewing from morning till night, — oh, I'm out of patience with you. Don't look at my punctuation. I always did maintain that punctuation hindered a free play of intellect — I think best in dashes. But you, Edna — Edna, you will write a beautiful valedictory. How am I to live through all this long summer without you? Nothing I do seems complete if I can't talk it over with you. I'm not complete myself — honestly, I'm not at my best without you, Edna Howe, there! Nobody need ever talk to me again about schoolgirl friendship. We *know* — you and I.

Your own ROSAMOND.

P.S. Can you believe that we are seniors, and that when we go back, Edna, it will be the beginning of the end? The dear old college! Don't I love every brick of it! R.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

"'BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,' —

And you'll ruin your eyes, girls, if you keep on studying. I've worked the whole afternoon in the laboratory, and now I am going to gossip," and Rosamond took Edna's astronomy, placed it quietly under the pillow, and then disposed herself comfortably upon the sofa. "Miss Weston, do stay;" but Miss Weston must see the elocution teacher before chapel.

"How do you like this arrangement?" said Rosamond, with a nod towards the door, as Miss Weston closed it after her. "Now don't begin any of your elaborate praises of Miss Weston. How do you like her for a parlor-mate?"

"I should like her better if she seemed to care anything about my liking her," said Edna, playing with the curtain tassel. "She is perfectly friendly to everybody, but she doesn't seem really to care for

anyone, and nobody would [illegible] than admire her."

"I know what I should lik[illegible] her utterly, madly, miserabl[illegible] mond, savagely. "That wo[illegible]

"I'm rather glad we hav[illegible] this year."

"She has lots of handsome things for the parlor. Her pictures are really elevating. I suppose you know, Edna Howe, that they all say the valedictory lies between you and her."

Edna gave a little shiver, and drew the heavy curtain about her.

"I hope you don't mean to let her have it," said Rosamond, punching the sofa pillow.

"She would be sure of it if it weren't for the trouble with her eyes. She has a better mind than I have," said Edna, briefly. She never liked to talk about Miss Weston.

"I would a great deal rather have your kind," Rosamond continued, pugnaciously. "She keeps her education right where she can put her hand on it for recitations and examinations, all assorted and labelled; but your education has struck in, so to speak; it's a part of everything you do, or say, or think. You've got the richness out of it so much more — I can't express myself."

rstand; I wish it were true."

you don't believe me, that's exactly what said about you after he had seen you two or three times. And Jack has some sense."

Edna shrank into the curtain again.

"He says he can't endure raw education. Jack amuses me: he is a college graduate of just one year's standing; and he begins to say that a fellow has got to be out of college a few years before he's endurable, before the sharp corners of his education are worn down."

"I think he is right," said Edna.

"Don't tell him so. Always disagree with him; it keeps him from being conceited, and it develops your powers of argument. Jack will be here for your valedictory."

"Rosamond, please never mention the valedictory again."

"They say valedictorians never amount to anything," said Rosamond, with an illogical turn of thought.

"Don't make me one, then."

"Don't you wonder who the honor girls will be? I'm sure of six: Edna Howe, Nora Allen, Miss Weston, that wonderful mathematical Cleveland girl, Mary Lloyd, and Julia Territt, of course. The other four doubtful. Isn't it exciting this year?"

"And to be seniors, too!" sighed Edna. "It is a perfect social position."

"Jack says a fellow'd much better die when he gets to be a Harvard senior; he has reached the summit of worldly importance."

Edna laughed gently, but she never offered to continue a conversation about Jack.

"Oh! it's lovely!" Rosamond laughed on. "It was the proudest moment of my life when the lady principal talked to us the other day about our influence over the younger students. And isn't it delicious to be pointed out to the freshmen, and to have them stop eating their dinner to look at you when you come into the dining-room late? And the dear old Prexy lecturing to us on metaphysics, and calling us 'ladies' every sentence or two; and the lady principal treating us as if we were her most distinguished acquaintances; and no corridor teacher, but a love of a senior parlor, and our own sweet will! Edna, isn't it bliss? If they'd tried all this on me in my freshman year, it would have reformed me, and you'd have been saved the trouble, dear. Why, there's ten times more moral suasion in it than in all Mattie's harangues."

"They just begin to appreciate us when they are going to lose us," said Edna; "all this is the beginning of the end."

Neither of the girls spoke for a moment.

"I always get pensive when I think about it," said Rosamond, in a subdued voice. Then she sprang up, and, putting her arm about Edna, drew her hand into hers, and held her fast without a word.

"I missed you so all summer, dear," she said at last.

"Twenty times a day I wanted to speak to you, Rosamond. Somebody to speak to, I believe, is my one great need. That is human weakness, isn't it?"

"No, it's angelic weakness."

"I get dreadfully confused in my ideas about dependence and independence."

"I guess most women do, these days. But, Edna, just tell me how I am to live all the rest of my life without you, and without this blessed old college. You will forget about me. Oh, yes, I know how people are! And all the long time we have spent getting to be friends will be wasted. And some day we shall meet at an alumnæ meeting, and be very polite to each other, and say pretty things about 'auld lang syne.' You'll be a hardened Bostonian by that time, and you will wonder how you could ever have been so young and foolish as to like that Rosamond Mills. You'll be glad she lives in

Chicago, and doesn't oblige you to keep up that absurd friendship you and she used to be so silly about. Oh, Edna!"

Edna laughed, and said, "Do go on, Rosamond. It's fun to hear you."

"But I shall always have the college to love and hold fast by. I can trust to her constancy. My dear old *Alma Mater!*" And Rosamond pressed her cheek against a wooden shutter, while the pure tears of ardent and loyal affection filled her eyes. "Oh, I know I'm a goose," she said, with trembling voice, "but, Edna, it nearly kills me to think of leaving this place."

"It does me, too."

"There, that's enough of that," said Rosamond, in a moment. "Let's talk about something cheerful. You know you are coming to see me in the Christmas vacation. It's all right about the passes, and you haven't the shadow of an excuse. I have no end of schemes for entertaining you. We will take you everywhere, and show you sights, and we will have the loveliest party, and you shall meet the nicest young men in Chicago."

"Oh, don't," Edna pleaded.

"Jack included. There is Miss Weston. Let's go down to the senior parlor."

"You go. I will come in a minute."

Miss Weston entered the room as Rosamond went out.

"Shall I light the gas?" asked Edna.

"Not on my account," said Miss Weston, quietly. "I can't study."

"Are your eyes troubling you?" inquired Edna, timidly.

"Yes. I shall probably have to go home."

Edna's heart gave a great leap. She walked excitedly across the room, took up a book, and laid it down again. The valedictory was hers! There went on within her a sharp, short struggle. Let Miss Weston go home: help Miss Weston to stay and win. Let her finish her college course gloriously: leave her thwarted and disheartened. When Edna spoke, it was quickly and firmly.

"Why, Miss Weston, if we were to study together, and you were to attend lectures and I were to give you my notes, I should think you could get through this year nicely. It will be convenient for us to do a great deal of work together, since we are in the same parlor."

The first moment of self-conquest was serene and delightful, and Edna walked down the corridor with a sense of perfect ease and simplicity in what she had done. It was, for the instant, easy to look beyond the victories and defeats of college life, into

the larger regions of the future. The littlenesses of character, that she had labored to beat out, vanished into one moment of greatness. It was not the work of an hour, but the difficult accumulation of moral strength from years of effort. When, long after, Edna had grown to look back on her college life with a sort of motherly tenderness for the girl that was no more, she never felt like smiling at this experience as schoolgirl heroism and schoolgirl exaltation, but solemnly regarded it as one of the strengthening influences of her life.

The door of the senior parlor opened suddenly; and before it closed, a sharp voice had had time to say, "Edna Howe! She never'd get the valedictory, anyway."

And the handle of the door clicked, and Edna still stood by the corridor window. It has been said that there is nothing more delightful than to do a good act by stealth and to have it found out by accident. There are not many experiences more trying than to do a good deed by stealth and to find out by accident that it was commonplace or unnecessary. Edna suddenly felt an act of heroism reduced to an absurd piece of self-conceit. She did not stop to question the authority of the voice that had spoken, but was straightway convinced that she had made herself ridiculous by a melodramatic renounc-

ing of an honor that never could have been hers. Edna's first impulse was to flee to her room; her second thought, to walk into the senior parlor and brave the talk about the valedictory. She opened the door softly. The girl with a sharp voice, Rosamond's ancient Chicago enemy, was shaking with laughter over a college paper. The valedictory was plainly a matter of small importance, and had been soon dismissed. Rosamond, frowning and business-like, was travelling down the political columns of the *Tribune*. Julia Territt sat at the piano, touching the keys softly, and looking up at a Saint Cecilia on the wall above her. Seeing Edna enter, she put an emphatic little note of welcome into her improvisation.

"I feel so grateful to people for coming to the class parlor," she said, "because I was chairman of the committee to arrange it. I do so want it to be a success! But papa says women haven't any of the club instinct, they never will like public parlors; a woman would rather sit by her own fireside, if it's nothing but a black register in the wall, like ours. But do, girls, come here, or I shall think you don't like the rugs, or the portières, or something about it."

"It's prettier than last year's parlor anyway," said the sharp voice from the corner. "I'm glad we've got ahead of them."

Rosamond sent an expressive glare across to Edna and Julia.

"This is what I like best about the parlor," said Edna, gently touching one deep-toned key.

"I always like to play to you," said Julia, gazing at her thoughtfully.

Edna looked a little surprised. Most of her friends required an exhausting amount of urging. "Play to me now, then, Julia."

Edna leaned her cheek against her high-backed chair, folded her hands, and closed her eyes, and let the music heal her wounded spirit. It was a difficult hurt, that no spoken words of comfort could have reached. Julia played in a low, confidential fashion, as if to Edna alone; and Edna listened unconscious of any other presence. The music lulled her troubled heart, then roused new energy and power of resistance, and swept her back to a triumphant calm.

"If I could always have music the instant that I need it, I could be a different girl, mentally and morally," she said to Julia, as they walked down to chapel together. "You will never understand how I needed it to-night."

"I never had such comfort from music as I have had here at college," said Julia. "At the great concerts at home there is the glare of lights,

the flutter of fans, the gay evening bonnets; but here, with our Sunday organ music in the darkened chapel, and our little family concerts, it seems so much simpler, so much more intimate. Music ought to go straight from heart to heart. In a great concert-hall, no matter who the leader is, there are so many *non*-conductors!"

"There were none to-night. I felt every note."

"Do you know, I felt as if you and I were talking to each other all the time."

And Edna, as she took her seat, wondered why the valedictory seemed more distant even than next June.

CHAPTER XX.

AN OCTOBER TRAMP.

It was nine o'clock on Saturday, the thirteenth of October.

"I must count my flock," said Mrs. Powers, as the party stood on the pier, waiting for the morning boat. "Miss Weston, Miss Nora Allen, — I am glad she is having a genuine schoolgirl Saturday. We are really doing missionary work, Mr. Powers, to get these girls out for such a day as this. Rosamond and Edna, four; and those six young geologists who are surrounding Professor Greene; Miss Julia Territt, — I am glad she is with us."

"A clear head," said the professor, bestowing his highest praise.

"And a clear heart," his wife added. "Eleven; and the Baldwin twins, the two tall brunettes, with the orange ribbons about their necks, and both ribbons tied under the left ear. They are confusing enough socially, but what can you do when you come to marks, Mr. Powers?"

"Oh," groaned the professor, "but if you had discovered about three years ago that one was as bright as the other was dull, and had been confusing their marks ever since, you would have a heavy load on your conscience."

"Frank Davenport, Professor Greene, you and I, — seventeen, just a comfortable number, and a perfect day."

"Frank's going to enjoy himself," said the professor, with a glance at Mrs. Powers' nephew, who was making himself impartially agreeable to the two Misses Baldwin. "He was in luck to happen down last night."

Perhaps there was nothing that the little party enjoyed better that day than the long, slow creaking and shuddering of the vessel as she moved away from the pier with no undignified haste, but with a delightful prolonging of the sense of farewell to everyday duties.

"Those poor people left behind on the wharf," sighed Julia Territt. "They look so brown and rusty and hard-working! They actually brighten the effect of our holiday."

"You have such a feeling for backgrounds, Julia," said a Miss Baldwin.

"I know," laughed Julia. "I always find myself holding up my happiness against somebody's misery

—against a sombre drapery, as it were. Is it heartless, or is it properly grateful?"

"It's æsthetic, dear. We understood all that when we made you chairman of the parlor committee."

"What is the subject under discussion?" inquired Professor Powers, looking about at the same time for his wife. He never undertook a single-handed encounter outside of his class-room.

"Ethics, Professor Powers," said Julia.

"Æsthetics," cried Miss Baldwin.

"Oh, Kate, don't begin to discuss," pleaded the passive Miss Baldwin. "You always want to discuss things so." Professor Powers eyed her narrowly, and thought he might be able to get her next mark correct.

"Let's leave my moral doubts till to-morrow," said Julia. "We want to give ourselves up to impressions."

"Yes," Professor Greene chimed in. "I expect you will prove much more satisfactory than the sensitive plates I have brought with my camera."

"Are you really going to take photographs, Professor Greene?" asked several of the girls, crowding about him. "Don't you think it would be lovely to have a group?"

Professor Greene had never set out with a party of young ladies for the purpose of discovering and

photographing geological wonders that he had not been early appealed to for a "group." It was therefore with well-feigned alacrity that he exclaimed, "A capital idea! Shall we have it at once?"

"Oh, Julia will want us to wait till we have a background. Besides, what would the other passengers think?"

This last was an omnipresent thought with the students whenever they were outside the college limits; and it would be hard to measure the amount of love and loyalty to their *Alma Mater* that found its way into their conduct on such occasions. Now and then their wrath descended upon some unworthy sister — first, because she had brought disgrace upon the college, and quite secondarily on her own account.

What the other passengers did think at this moment I have better means of knowing than had Miss Baldwin. The more intelligent looked the girls over from hats to boots, and for the next six months the result of these observations colored their theories. Many ladies exchanged reminiscences of gradu ates whom they had known, enlarging upon any cases of ill-health that had come to their knowledge. There were others who said nothing, but to whom this young life, fluttering swiftly past them, brought a longing for their own youth, so sharp and keen

that they turned their eyes and thoughts away. Older women were either impatient of the folly that could delight in yellow ribbons and laughter, or else they watched with a sympathy large and sweet the blithe young faces that changed so quickly from grave to gay, and back again from gay to grave. Some little girls, just proudly entering their teens, viewed our party with immense respect, and were seized with the ardent ambition some day to become college girls themselves. There was no man among the passengers that did not find himself a little under the spell of laughing girlhood, and that did not steal a moment from his newspaper to wonder over that mystery — the college life of girls.

Mrs. Powers' nephew was by this time thoroughly introduced, and on terms of repartee with the entire company. He had possessed himself of seventeen campstools, and had been rewarded with every variety of thanks, from his uncle's "Oh, is that you, Frank?" to the Misses Baldwin's brilliant smile and "What should we do without you, Mr. Davenport?"

Each professor had his little audience, according as the taste of the party inclined to the geology of the valley or to its legendary lore.

"Professor Greene's history goes back of mine. He thinks it is a good deal more reliable," said Pro-

fessor Powers. These two gentlemen were the warmest of friends in private life; but felt it necessary in their official capacity to keep up a merry war in public.

"Yes," said Professor Greene, accepting the challenge. "Nature is the only historian I acknowledge. She has never learned to tell lies."

"My dear girls," said Mrs. Powers, "I hope between your geology and your history, you are not neglecting this wonderful scenery. Three or four of you must come up to the pilot-house with me."

The pilot received them gravely and silently, and they took their seats without a word. The beauty of the scene sobered them. The curve of the river left them apparently upon a lake, bound by a massive band of hills. The clear October air cut every outline sharp and perfect. On either hand were the towering fortress banks, whose warlike aspect was subdued by peaceful hemlocks, with here and there a fiery maple banner upon the ramparts. The girls said little, but looked at one another from time to time, and drew long, satisfied sighs.

"Where has Rosamond gone?" some one cried at last. "Why, look!" Rosamond had made her escape from the little pilot-house, had climbed to the top of the railing on the upper deck, and now stood with one arm clasping the flagstaff at the prow,

while the stars and stripes drooped caressingly about her or floated out above her head.

"O girls, it is glorious!" she called to those below. "I never felt so free, so bold, so brave! It's like sailing out into a new world. I feel like an old voyager sailing up the river for the first time."

"Just listen to her," said the others, indulgently.

"My dear child, it is very unsafe," said Mrs. Powers, looking up anxiously, then admiringly, to the vessel's proud new figurehead. "Our Rosamond would do for a figure of youth, or hope, or —"

"A goddess of liberty, Mrs. Powers; the new goddess of liberty!"

"Or America, America herself!"

"Nevertheless, Rose, you must jump down; for we are going to leave the boat at the next landing."

They found the group on the deck below gathering up their wraps, and adjusting veils and crimps.

"You see this mountain ahead?" said Professor Powers. "Our line of march lies directly over that. We shall halt at the summit for rations, and take the night boat home on the other side."

"Here is our barge waiting for us," said Mrs. Powers. "Now you must take turns riding."

"Oh, I shall walk every step!"

"So shall I!"

"Oh, so shall I!"

The driver grinned, said, "Git up!" to his horses, and started up the hill.

"It's a pity we can't walk backwards, girls. It isn't respectful to turn our backs on such a picture. Oh, quote some poetry, somebody!"

"There has never been any poetry written good enough for it."

"'Oh, sing unto the Lord a *new* song,'" said Edna, in a low voice to Julia. "Don't you think some of the Psalms would express it better than any other poetry, — the glory and the gratitude?"

Mrs. Powers exercised a motherly supervision over the entire party, driver and horses included. The young ladies as yet stoutly resisted all invitations to ride; but by the end of another half-hour, they began to ask Professor Greene how far he supposed they had walked, and how far would they still have to walk. Gradually the roomy vehicle was filled, though without extorting a confession of fatigue from any one.

"Who could be tired in this air?" they cried. "It is a regular elixir vitæ. I should expect to be immortal if I lived up here."

"Will you look at Mrs. Powers' nephew?" said Rosamond to her neighbor. "If Cora Baldwin isn't trimming that youth's hat with leaves!"

Mrs. Powers' nephew found the young ladies in a flattering majority; but they, fearing to confess an unmaidenly satisfaction in his attentions, tried to give evidence of a delicate reserve by ingenious disparagement of the young man. Under the stimulus of so much ladies' society, the poor fellow did, indeed, make two or three foolish speeches, and these were cruelly passed around when he was known to be at a safe distance. As the day advanced, young Davenport hovered in concentric circles about Rosamond, till the others looked at one another with meaning nods. Mrs. Powers had introduced her nephew to Edna; but had unfortunately mentioned to the young man that Miss Howe was distinguished for her scholarship, and had whispered to Edna that Frank found no holiday so lively and agreeable as one spent with these bright college girls. The result was that they did not get beyond a stiff bow, and a remark about the weather.

Edna, indeed, talked little with any one that day. Once, as she looked off towards the river and mountains, Professor Powers happened to be standing near her. He was about to say something, to assure himself that she was enjoying the day, when she turned her face suddenly towards him, her eyes brimming with joyful tears. The good professor was not a little disconcerted, and moved uneasily

away. When he rejoined his wife, he said of Edna Howe that she was worthy of the scene. "I like that girl's point of view. She has what you might call a fine outlook. If I mistake not, she is going to make a success of life."

Edna and Rosamond found themselves together as they neared the summit.

"We are getting up very far above the earth," said Rosamond. "But I love it, the dear old earth down there." Rosamond was silent a moment. "Dear little Kitty! Do you know, I always think of Kitty when we are having good times here, and I wonder so — I talk to Jack about it sometimes."

They were thoughtful again.

"Doesn't everything that is hard down there below seem easy at this height?" said Edna; "every effort of your body, or of your mind, or even an effort to do your duty. It is a thing I am ashamed of that I have to be excited, exalted, by something like this, before it seems easy to me to do right."

Rosamond looked at her. "Does this ridiculous helping of Miss Weston seem easy up here?"

"How did you know I was thinking of that, Rosamond?"

"There she is, talking to Professor Greene, pointing out foundry chimneys and distant spires, pin

ning facts on such a landscape as this. Edna, you are a mystery to me. No, you aren't, either, you dear girl."

References to luncheon grew more and more frequent, till Mrs. Powers gave the welcome order, and all entered with energy into preparations for the repast. There were many pretty opportunities for the display of housewifely skill. The Misses Baldwin proved to have a gift for making coffee; Rosamond squeezed lemons with a grace that captivated Mrs. Powers' nephew; while Julia arranged the table with ferns and autumn leaves. Professor Powers, under a flimsy pretence of fatigue, had thrown himself down under a tree. He did not take kindly to feminine occupations, and felt himself placed in a painful position when invited to stir lemonade. His retirement from the field, however, ended in provoking the banter he had tried to avoid, and he was mercilessly pelted with small missiles of wit from Rosamond and the Baldwins. Professor Greene, on the other hand, by dint of frequent geology trips, was on picnicking terms with the entire scientific department. He chopped ice, killed spiders, opened sardine boxes, or dealt with refractory olives, all in neat and dexterous fashion.

When the substantial lunch was ended there was again a general refusal to ride. As the afternoon

waned, however, one after another, with very little remonstrance, took her seat in the barge. It may be mentioned that there was no one who appeared to enjoy the trip better than the driver. He was a rusty old fellow, whose ugly face was redeemed by a humorous eye. He troubled himself very little about the education of women, but gave himself up to unreserved enjoyment of the piquant society it had thrown in his way. He kept his eye on his horses' ears, but lost not a word of the talk at his back. His broad shoulders shook in instant response to every anecdote; and he was near strangling in his attempts to stave off a laugh with a cough or a savage cluck to his horses. The girls were not long in discovering his distress, and vied with each other in increasing it.

"He can't escape like our waitress," whispered one. "Maggie stands with open mouth, and listens to Rosamond's tales; and when Rose is through, the poor creature darts into the bread-room and laughs it out with the bread-man."

When, at last, they approached the landing, and saw the steamer majestically moving down upon them, there went up a chorus of sighs — of regret that the day was over, of content that it had been so perfect.

"I never had such a good time — never!"

"Hasn't it been too lovely for anything, girls? Hasn't it?"

"I walked eight miles. Professor Greene said I did."

"I am glad we have the group to remember it by. Professor Greene says we can have enough struck off for each of us to have one. I shall keep it as long as I live."

By some mishap the negative was broken on the way home; but it mattered little. The "group" found it easy to remember their October tramp without its aid; and, as Professor Greene had said, their impressions of the day proved far more satisfactory than those of his camera.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

"JACK, I have found you alone. I want to talk to you." Rosamond looked serious and determined, and closed the door behind her. Jack was reading the morning paper by the library fire. "Mamma is showing Edna her canned fruits, so that they are out of the way. She and mamma are great friends. Mamma asks her advice about my studying medicine. It's too funny."

"Couldn't you confide that to me without such secrecy?"

"Jack," said Rosamond, solemnly, "it's Edna that I want to talk to you about."

"What's the matter with Edna?" and Jack pretended he wanted to read his newspaper.

"When I wrote to you that I wanted you to show your best side to Edna — not to be frivolous, and teasing, and all that — I thought you would know what I meant. Jack, I wanted Edna to appreciate you."

"And she refuses to; is that it? I'm afraid I can't help you there." He turned his paper deliberately.

"Oh, no, Jack!" said Rosamond, in trouble. "It's very different from that. When I asked you to be nice to her, I didn't want you to overdo it; that was all," she added, desperately.

Jack stopped reading his paper.

"You don't know Edna. She is different from the girls you are used to in society. She is so in earnest herself that she thinks other people are too. Jack, I am just trying to do my duty, telling you that. She has had so much trouble in her life — poor! oh, so poor! and her father dying. And she is so brave and independent! You know that money that I gave the college for her, — though I never could have done it since our hard times if you hadn't lent me part, — well, she has never touched more than half — has earned money herself. She is so eager and enthusiastic, and full of ambition. Why, Jack, it is perfectly inspiring to see any one looking forward to things in the way she does. And is she the girl to have all the spirit crushed out of her by some mean, miserable piece of unhappiness that was utterly unnecessary, that there was no excuse for? Why, it would be the most awful waste of courage and ambition that I can think of. And a man that would

flirt with a girl like that, I simply haven't any words for him."

"Hanging's too good for him, you mean?"

"Not that you would ever do it deliberately, Jack. I can't give it a much worse name in you than kindness. You have a devoted kind of way, that a Chicago girl would understand. I have seen you hold umbrellas over people, and take people over crossings, sir. What is a sister for, Jack, if she can't warn a brother of such things? Why don't you say something? You have such a provoking way of letting me talk and talk, and you sit there without saying a word. Now, if I had brought Edna Howe here to let her go back with the least bit of an ache or a hurt, do you suppose I'd ever forgive myself? I wanted her to have one good time, of a real gay, frivolous sort. You'll see how pretty she will look at our party next week. I want to have her make an impression on Dan Stuart."

"Dan Stuart's a prig. Well, Rose, have you any specific charges against me?"

"Of course you were very cordial and glad to see her when she first came, — so was papa. That was quite right. But, Jack, when she is in the room, you don't allow yourself to lose a word or a look of hers. To be sure, it is very nice and polite of you,

but a girl is very sensitive to that sort of thing. She soon begins to feel it. You take pains to talk a great deal to her, and she listens in that bright, clear way she has, just as she listens to Professor Greene or Professor Powers."

"What do I care about your professors?" Jack gave his newspaper a sounding rap.

"Now, if we go down to the lumber-yards to-day, you will be a little careful, won't you? Don't take too good care of Edna. A word to the wise, Jack," said Rosamond, coming round behind his chair and ruffling his hair caressingly. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure — for broken hearts as well as broken limbs. You promise me, don't you, dear?" she added, well satisfied with Jack's meekness under reproof.

"No!"

"No? Very well, sir; I shall take some way, then, of warning Edna of the sort of person you are. I shall put her on her guard."

"Rose, I won't have you making a fool of me!"

Just then the library door opened, and Mrs. Mills entered saying, "Just stand the cans on end till they are cool."

"I never saw such fine canned fruit," said Edna, joyously. "The berries keep their shape so perfectly."

Jack and Rosamond both laughed a little consciously.

"And now let us address invitations."

"It begins to be more and more like a story," said Edna, with delight. "Every country heroine I ever read of goes to the city and makes her début at a brilliant party."

"And carries off the hero," added Rosamond. "We'll try to provide one. 'Mr. Daniel Stuart,'" she wrote carefully. "You are to like him, Edna."

"Don't you do it," said Jack.

Edna laughed, and looked from one to the other.

"Lumber next!" said Rosamond, as the last invitation was sealed and addressed. "There's the door-bell. It's to be hoped it's nobody for us. Listen. Edna Howe, it's that lovely Mrs. Edgar, about the hospital business. I shall have to stay and you will have to go with Jack, and let papa and him do the honors of the lumber-yard. What a shame, though!"

"Take good care of Edna. Don't let her get caught in any belts or get crushed by any timbers," Rosamond called after them as they went down the steps.

"Have you ever admired the consistencies of my sister's character, Miss Howe?"

"I believe I have admired her inconsistencies." Edna laughed softly.

"Well, I don't know but I do myself. It makes her advice a little hard to follow, however. We cross here."

He piloted her across the crowded street, and, with nothing said and nothing done, yet gave her a sense of perfect care, that was very new and winning to a girl born and bred as Edna had been.

There were a hundred things to talk about in that street-car ride. At home, by the library fire, conversation was likely to grow subjective, but here they talked gayly of the Chicago fire, which had been one of the most exciting and delightful experiences of Jack's boyhood. He laid it down as his present belief that a sweeping conflagration was needed at least every fifty years for the advance of civilization. The car was full, and, having secured a seat for Edna, Jack stood looking down into her face as she listened with mingled horror and delight to these radical opinions. Edna said at intervals that she was sorry he had no seat; but, as he caught her clear upward glance, he was quite sincere in answering that he preferred to stand.

"Here we are! We report at the office first."

They entered a large, airy room, with bright brass railings, gratings, and barricades, which gave several clerks an air of most inviting and cheerful imprisonment. Most of them, as Jack entered, tried

the difficult feat of devoting one eye to business and the other to the strange young lady. As many as succeeded telegraphed one another their approval, and one better informed gentleman remarked, with a ruler in his mouth, that it was somebody that belonged to the sister. "Father has left a message," said Jack, returning to Edna. "He is called away. He thinks we may wait, or come again to-morrow."

"Oh, not wait there, with all those people!" cried Edna, flushing at the recollection.

"I suppose father wouldn't lose the fun of explaining the business to you for a good deal. But if you'll trust yourself to me, we'd better go now."

"Is it so dangerous?" said Edna, shrinking.

"Oh, I'll see to that," laughed Jack. "Keep your ruffles, — your skirts, that is, — pretty close about you. Now we'll begin at the beginning, where the logs first arrive. Perhaps you're not interested in that, though."

"I am interested in everything," said Edna, delightedly. It was quite true; she had never turned to one of her professors a look of more radiant interest than that with which she now listened to Jack's explanation of the conversion of timber into lumber. Then there were the perilous delights of the sawmill; the huge, cruel saws, and the noble trees, prostrate and helpless, carried steadily, surely, on to their

doom, till the savage teeth seized them and a horrid whiz filled the place with its din.

Edna stood fascinated. "A little farther back," said Jack, touching her dress. "A man last year — "

"Oh!" cried Edna, springing back. "And was he — "

"My father pensions his widow."

"Do let us get away from this dreadful place."

"I like this," said Edna, as they entered the planing-mill. "There is nothing painful about this; to be made so smooth and shining, to have all the fine grain brought out." Edna stood thoughtful.

"Yet it's the beauty of Nature, all the same," said Jack. "A German fellow I know likes to come in here and philosophize about it. You must meet Decker. And now," looking at his watch, "will you see how they load the lumber for transportation, and then home for lunch?"

"I don't see but that we have escaped with our lives," laughed Edna, as they came out into the open yard. "I shall tell Rosamond you couldn't have taken better care of me."

Jack smiled. "They handle the lumber carelessly, but they never have any accidents," was what he said. "See that brawny fellow toss those boards. You'd think there was danger there for fingers and toes."

Edna shuddered and shrank back, and gave Jack the delight of assuring her that there was not the slightest danger.

"I see our car this moment," he added. "We shall lose it if we go round. Let's make a rush through here."

The heavy planks came crashing down on their right and left; but Edna smiled faintly, and said, Oh, yes; of course it was better than to wait a whole five minutes for another car.

"Look out!" some one shouted, and they stepped aside and laughed.

"Hi, there!" came from behind them.

They threw one look back. Jack gave Edna a great push forward. She grasped his arm and drew him after her with frantic strength, and a great timber fell across his foot.

"You fool, you! that was your doin'," shouted the brawny workman as he shifted the timber.

"Hold your tongue! Get some water! He's fainted!"

"Get some water," said Edna, authoritatively. "You, call a carriage. You, send a doctor to the house — quick. Give me the water."

"Shall I help you hold him up, mum?"

"No; lay him perfectly flat."

Edna was nearly as pale as Jack. She bathed his

head, rubbed his hands, and was finally rewarded by a faint smile, a murmur about somebody that never made such a fool of himself before, and then an attempt to stand. A white flash of agony crossed his face, and he sank back into the arms of two powerful fellows.

"Here is the carriage," said Edna, in a low, tense voice. "Come with us," she nodded to one of the men.

It was a drive of ten minutes, in which neither Edna nor Jack spoke. The man on the opposite seat was sociably inclined.

"It was lucky he gev you a push and you gev him a pull, or you might both ha' been knocked on the head. You 'bout as good as saved each other's lives."

Jack half opened his eyes, and looked slowly at Edna. He grew whiter, and she feared he was faint again.

"It's a wonder nobody warn't hurt before. He's an ugly customer, that big feller is. *He* don't care who he hits. If anybody gits in his way, he'd ruther hit 'em than not hit 'em. He didn't know who you was, they say. Ain't ben here long."

Jack tried to laugh, but with poor success. He got so far once as to say that this was the worst joke on him he ever — but the sentence ended in a frown of pain.

"I hope you won't hev to lose your foot, sir," said the workman, respectfully.

A few hours after this, Rosamond went into Edna's room.

"Why, Edna! you aren't crying, dear? What is the matter?"

"Oh, it is nothing," said Edna, with a sob. "It isn't anything at all," with a laugh. "Don't mind me," with another sob.

"You're not hysterical, I hope," cried Rosamond, with professional reproach. "Not a girl of your character — when the doctor says, too, that he won't lose his foot. Oh! but Edna, I thought he would. And our Jack a cripple! Why, the idea was — ridiculous! Edna, Edna, don't cry so. What is the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know what is the matter with me."

"I understand perfectly. It is the relaxed tension of your nerves. I am going to get you some valerian. We all know how splendid and brave you were. Why, Edna, I never suspected you were that sort of girl at all. I came in to tell you about Jack."

"Tell me about him."

"It's all over with our party. The invitations were all sent to-day, and I shall tell them to-morrow not to come. So you won't be like the other heroines, after all, and our vacation is spoiled, and it's

a shame I ever dragged you here to have such a horrid time."

"What did the doctor say?"

"Papa sent mamma out of the room, but the doctor let me help him. And that poor boy lying there so white, — I never saw him look so handsome, Edna Howe, — and trying his best to laugh at me. The doctor praised you, — asked if you were going to study medicine, too. Think of that, Edna."

Edna shuddered.

"What do I care for our party and our good times! It's only for you that I am so disappointed. And Jack, dear boy, isn't so very charming when he is sick. He is so uneasy and discontented, and doesn't want to lie on the sofa, and thinks he can go outdoors. I don't forget how he had the mumps when he was sixteen. You will see him at his very worst. You must forgive him, though, even if he throws sofa-pillows at you, as he does at me."

That evening Mr. Mills made a diagram of the lumber-yard, and explained it fully to Edna, who delighted him with her ready comprehension of every detail.

"And here's where that foolish youngster took you across to-day," said Mr. Mills, making a black mark with his pencil.

"Were we really in so much danger?" asked Edna, indifferently.

"You'd no business there. But, of course, you would spring out of the way, just as you did. I shouldn't say there was any special danger."

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Mills, reproachfully.

"Of course, it's bad for the boy to get laid up so. It wouldn't have happened if I'd been there. You young ladies won't see so much of the city, I'm afraid. I'm a busy man myself; but I'll take you to church Sunday. You won't hear much better preaching east or west of Chicago. Good square talk."

"I am glad you have one day of rest," sighed his wife.

"May I keep this diagram, Mr. Mills?" said Edna.

"Why, yes, yes," said Mr. Mills, surprised and pleased. "They are on all our circulars. You can have half a dozen of them. I'll bring some up from the office."

Mr. Mills might have been a little perplexed if he had seen Edna that night carefully write the date, Dec. 27, against the last black mark he had made, then fold the bit of paper, and tuck it away at the bottom of her handkerchief box.

The next week was a perfect failure, Rosamond

declared again and again. There was Jack on the sofa, there was papa tied up to his business night and day, mamma with a frightful cold, and a three days' storm outside.

"Jack bears it much better than could have been expected. He maltreats me sometimes, when you are out of the room, but when you are there he acts the patient invalid to perfection. He is really as amiable as you could expect a man to be. I pity men: they have so few resources. Think of the things I could do if it were my foot."

Jack had soon manifested a preference for the library sofa over the lounge in his third-story room. The library was a warm, red-curtained apartment, with large book-cases, filled with well-to-do books in complete sets; with huge easy-chairs, and with an open fire always snapping, crackling, and dancing. Pillows were tenderly disposed upon the deep, soft sofa, and from this position the invalid signified his desire that some one should read aloud. "Miss Howe!"

It had once been said of Edna that you would know her better by hearing her read aloud a half-hour than through a six months' acquaintance. It was nothing more than a sympathetic voice and a perfect appreciation, that delivered up to you the innermost meaning of what she read; but it allowed

you to make perpetual discoveries about Edna herself. She revealed to you her sympathies on every subject, and let you catch glimpses of the tenderness or the humor that, at other times, lay deep down in her nature.

"No, you must read, Rosamond. You have dramatic gifts."

"Take turns," came from the sofa.

It was agreed that they should begin with some of Matthew Arnold's critical essays, for which all the young people had a high regard.

Edna began to read.

"I can't see you there," said Jack. "Sit here," and he pointed to a chair.

"Why don't you say 'please,' sir?" demanded Rosamond. "That's a specimen of him when he's sick, Edna."

It was before long proposed that they should have something to alternate with their first selection, and a certain novel was suggested. Edna was again the reader. Her ingenious shifts to avoid reading the love passages at last roused Rosamond's suspicion. That young lady captured the book straightway, and began to plunge through the tender pages with a business-like speed, and an absence of sentiment that would have done violence to the feelings of the author.

"Oh, Rosamond, stop, stop!" cried Edna. "Let's go back to the essays."

"Hush, I'm in the midst of the proposal."

At this instant a well-aimed sofa pillow hit Rosamond full in the shoulder. Springing to her feet, she hurled it back, and fled precipitately to the kitchen.

"There, now we can go on in peace," said Jack.

"My voice is tired."

"Perhaps I could read it myself, — if you'd give me the book. Where have you gone? I can't see you."

"I am at the window," said Edna.

"Come here, — *please*. I want to see you. I want — "

The door opened, and Rosamond appeared with a plate of little cocoanut cakes.

"See, I have brought you some coals of fire. What in the world have you two been saying about me the moment my back was turned?" she said, looking from one to the other. "I can see by the way you look you're not glad to see me. There, eat some cakes."

The next day Edna and Rosamond went back to college.

CHAPTER XXII.

CLASS POLITICS.

"To choose time is to save time," our girls quoted to one another after they had studied Bacon, and at once applied his advice to the planning of their daily labors. The maxim, indeed, produced its extreme results. Here and there a girl, but for timely interference, would have degenerated into a mere library drudge; but many a one learned and carried out into the world a sense of the sacredness of minutes and seconds that was only part of her respect for life itself. Meanwhile, however, it was her fashion to complain vivaciously of the monotony of college life and to lose no opportunity to bewail her humdrum lot.

"'Ding! dong! Levez-vous. Ding! dong! Couchez-vous. Ding! dong! Instruisez-vous. Ding! dong! Amusez-vous. Et celà pour toute l'année,'" read Agnes Howland from the depths of the window-seat. "They never appreciate it — those friends at home that get our letters. They hear

of a play one week and a trip down the river the next, and they imagine it is one series of junketings. Do they want me to tell them how I studied three mortal hours on my astronomy and then failed flat; how I worked two hours in the laboratory, and the professor said 'Very good'; how I went to a lecture and broke the point of my pencil and couldn't take notes? But that is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Ding! dong! Ding! dong! Ding! dong! Well, Edna Howe, I'm glad to see you. You are always a break in the monotony."

"Thank you. But I'm not going to stay," said Edna quickly. "I came in to see how you were getting on with your eclipse."

Edna's acquaintance with Agnes was an alphabetical accident. By dint of sitting side by side in classes, borrowing pencils and erasers, and looking over upon the same hymn-book in chapel, a cordial friendliness had been established. They were not intimate; but wherever they met, one was glad to see the other.

"Here are my drawings," said Agnes. "I am in a perfect fever of excitement over my eclipse."

"You can't call this monotonous," returned Edna. "I am simply breathless over these calculations. I must get them right. Why, Agnes, I think sometimes this college life is the most exciting life a

girl can lead. I try hard to keep myself quiet and not to care about things."

"It is going to be exciting enough in a day or two, when we have class elections."

"Where is your scale of measurement?" said Edna, examining the drawings attentively.

"And one thing I promise you; you are going to be valedictorian of this class, if any effort of mine can bring it about."

"Don't talk about it, Agnes,"

"But whoever got elected to anything without talking? You can let your friends, at any rate. Though I do think you might have been a little more enterprising yourself. You have taken no pains to make yourself known. If my name hadn't begun with H, we should never have been acquainted. One has to have a little energy, Edna Howe. But, as matters stand, here are a certain set of girls that are going to vote for Miss Weston, and a certain set that are going to vote for you; those we shall let alone. But there are about ten that are doubtful, and it is with those ten that the campaign work is to be done. There are one or two scared little things that would do anything we told them to; two or three more would do anything they thought it their duty to do — I'll engage to insinuate myself into their consciences; one or two more

that will vote any way to have it over quickly — I shall declare that you will be elected on the first ballot; and one or two besides that want Class Day appointments — I shall delicately convey to them that if they vote for you, they will have the support of our party when their turn comes. All that you have to do is to expand a little and say something pleasant when you meet any of them. Now, Miss Weston has marched through college with her head up, not looking to the right or to the left. Nobody has exactly liked her, yet she has always been elected to offices because she is tall and never embarrassed. But this time I am very much mistaken if she — I am sure of three of my ten already."

Edna had sunk into a chair, and had listened helplessly. Her strength was slowly gathering for her answer.

"Agnes Howland," she said, at last, "I shall not go till you make me a promise."

"Why do you look so white and desperate, Edna? You're not going to be foolish and high-flown, and say you don't want to be valedictorian."

"I do want to be valedictorian. If the girls wanted me, nothing would make me so happy."

"Very well, then, I am glad you are so frank and practical. Let's to work."

"Listen," said Edna. Agnes listened.

"I forbid — I absolutely forbid your frightening or coaxing or bribing any of those ten girls. I will not have the slightest influence used upon any one of them."

"Dear me, Edna, you needn't take it so seriously. You know it's only because I like you, and I'd do anything for anybody I care about. It's not as if I were doing it for myself. Don't call it frightening and bribing."

Edna looked at her stonily.

"Of course I didn't mean that," Agnes continued; "of course I — I should exercise tact."

"That is worse yet," answered Edna, uncompromisingly. "Every one of those girls must do just what she thinks it is right to do. Do I seem ungrateful? You must forgive me, but you must promise me."

"What?"

"Not to use influence of any kind with those uncertain girls."

"Edna, you are excited. You will think better of this soon."

"Perhaps I am excited. Perhaps I have to be. I wish I had strength ever to do anything good or great calmly and quietly. But take me as I am now, and hold me to it afterwards. I know what

you mean, Agnes. It seems easy now, but it is going to be hard. Agnes, promise me."

"Oh, yes, I promise then, you dear, silly thing! Edna Howe, I believe your conscience came over in the Mayflower."

"My conscience is a terror to me, Agnes. If I were to do what you want me to now, I should feel it hurting me to the last day of my life. Twenty valedictories wouldn't be happiness enough to make me forget it. And I wouldn't have it on your conscience, either, Agnes."

Agnes looked at her charitably. "You do take things hard, Edna Howe," she said.

As Edna went out upon the corridor, there were knots of excited girls at every turn. A pause in their vicinity gave one the drift of public opinion.

"They have had a Faculty meeting this afternoon, and they are to send us the honor list immediately. We shall have class elections after chapel. Oh, girls, *girls!*"

"Not much more time for electioneering, is there? There's Edna Howe. Do you believe she will get the valedictory?"

"Miss Weston ought to. Think what she has done this year. She has hardly been able to use her eyes at all; but, in spite of that, she has done better

than anybody else. I think such ability as that ought to decide the matter."

"If you talk about pluck, though, Edna Howe is a match for Miss Weston. Everybody knows how she has gone through college."

"But she is not a match for Miss Weston intellectually. Edna Howe may have high marks in Literature and things of that sort, but Miss Weston is at the head in everything. I believe in giving the valedictory to the girl who is the best representative of the class, and that girl is Josephine Weston. I am willing enough to acknowledge my inferiority to her."

"I don't suppose that Edna Howe has so much talent as Miss Weston," said Mary Lloyd. The others listened. Mary Lloyd had always been employed to make statements for the class. If petitions or resolutions were to be drawn up, it was always she who was made head of the committee. "She has not so much talent, but she has a dash of genius, a bit of inspiration, that makes her mind of a higher order. She is just one of the people that may do something remarkable."

"But is quite as likely not to," said Alice Bowles. "I do not believe in giving the valedictory to a girl for her possibilities, but for what she has actually done. When we have come to be women of twenty-

one, we must expect to be taken for just what we are. People are kind to us through our teens. They suspend judgment, and trust our promises. Look at the teachers here: how they have waited for us! I didn't half appreciate it at the time. But I don't think we ought to expect it any longer."

"Mary Lloyd and Alice Bowles are sure to have the Commencement debate," was whispered round the circle.

"Then you can't be sure of Edna Howe Commencement. She may have stage fright, and hardly be able to move her lips."

"And she may be perfectly inspired, and carry all before her."

"Whereas, you are certain about Miss Weston. Whatever she does, she does perfectly."

"We will see when the day comes. Edna Howe is sure to have a Commencement honor. We shall know it all to-night. I am nearly wild, aren't you?"

It was whispered about among the lower classes at chapel that the honors were to be announced that night. All eyes were turned upon the senior seats. Flushed and excited, the seniors took their places; but their rebellious thoughts refused to follow the service. It was hard to tell in whom the agitation was greater — in those who were certain of defeat or vic-

tory, or in those whose fate hung in the balance. Edna was white and calm, but her heart beat so wildly that she could scarcely breathe. The seniors walked out of chapel with elaborate carelessness; but they were no sooner outside the door than their voices became hurried and eager, and they hastened in excited groups to the senior parlor, where the meeting was to be held. Rosamond came to Edna's side, pressed her hand, and said, "How that singing did drag to-night!" Julia Territt joined them, and did her best to talk carelessly. When they reached the parlor, Rosamond and Edna took their seats in a corner near the door, while Julia went to her president's chair, at the head of the room.

"The meeting will please come to order." Julia had intended to be calm and formal in her tone, but succeeded only in being affectionate. "We will listen to the roll-call and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting."

There was a deep hush as the secretary travelled from the A's and B's down through the W's; and "Here" was answered with every degree of agitation.

"The honor list has been sent me by the president," said Julia, with a tremor in her voice. "I will read it." There was a tense and solemn silence. The girls who expected honors fixed their eyes on

certain objects in the room, while those without hope for themselves looked steadily at those whose names they expected to hear. Edna Howe fixed her gaze upon the St. Cecilia, while Mary Pruden never took her eyes from Edna's face.

"Nora Thorndike Allen," read the president.

"Kate Eustace Baldwin.

"Alice Bowles.

"Edna Eliza Howe.

"Agnes Howland.

"Mary Peabody Lloyd.

"Mary Belden Pruden.

"Bertha Rheinfeld.

"Josephine Weston, and

"Julia Van Vost Territt."

As the last name came out, with a deprecating smile, the class broke into a storm of applause, in which those clapped loudest and longest who tried thus to deafen their own disappointment. The room was instantly buzzing with congratulation, in which all private pleasure or chagrin was forcibly forgotten; and the pride of the class in its honored ten was the only emotion recognized or permitted. One girl alone was unable to grasp the situation.

"Why, why, why, what does it mean?" stammered Mary Pruden. "Nobody ever thought of such a thing as my having an honor. I'm sure I

never did myself. Oh, what did they give it to me for? I never can write a Commencement essay. I never was in such trouble in my life. I can't write essays. I never could write essays."

"And she actually began to cry," said Kate Baldwin, as she described the scene afterwards, "and declared she was going to petition the Faculty to take back her honor. But who would ever have thought she would have one? Though, when you stop to think of it, she always knew her lessons in a slow, thorough sort of way, that, I suppose, told in the end."

"The meeting will please come to order," said Julia once more. "Nominations for valedictorian are now in order."

"I nominate Miss Weston," said Alice Bowles, in a firm voice.

"I nominate Miss Howe," said Mary Lloyd.

"Are there any further nominations?"

"I nominate Miss Rheinfeld."

"That is the independent movement," whispered Agnes Howland to Edna. "I could have managed that if I had had the chance. Now they are going to make us trouble." Edna did not answer.

"I appoint Miss Ingalls and Miss Eliot tellers. They will please prepare the ballots," she heard Julia's voice saying. If Miss Ingalls and Miss

Eliot had been requested to prepare the rack and thumbscrew, Edna's sensations could not have been far different. It was an unspeakable relief to her when, according to established etiquette, the candidates were allowed to withdraw.

"I shall come the moment it is over," said Rosamond, with shining eyes. "I want to be the one to tell you." She kissed Edna as she left her at the door of their room.

Miss Weston had gone to the reading-room. Edna flattered herself that she, too, was behaving very calmly and sensibly, as she turned on the gas and took up a volume from the table. She read three lines and let the book fall. She was thinking of two people whom she would like to have proud of her; her mother and — but she had never spoken the name distinctly even to her own heart. All desire, all ambition, was at the final moment melted into this one longing. The minutes passed slowly, one at a time. Now a step in the corridor made Edna's heart beat fast; again the opening of a distant door startled her painfully. No use any longer to say she did not care; she did care, she did care. She clasped her hands tightly together, and paced the room.

Suddenly she heard applause from the senior parlor, and a moment after there was a light step in

the hall, the door opened softly, and Rosamond came in. Edna did not look at her and did not speak.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" cried Rosamond, and threw herself down beside Edna's chair, put her arms about her, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear, don't cry," Edna whispered. "I know. It is all right. Don't feel badly, dear."

"I will cry," sobbed Rosamond, savagely. "There! I feel a little better," she said, at last; "but I will say, I never in all my life —"

"Rosamond, please be kind to me now."

"Kind to you, dear child!"

"And never say one word more about it."

Rosamond arranged the sofa pillows fiercely, set a chair down with a thump, and drove a hassock under the table with her foot.

"What are you going to do, Rose?" said Edna.

"Stay here, to be sure. You don't suppose I'd leave you, do you? They are having Class Day elections; but what do I care about Class Day?"

"I care. I am going."

"You? Now? They say they are going to make me class historian. They needn't give themselves the trouble. They will probably elect May Lovering. I hope they will — I do indeed," said Rosa-

mond, bitterly. "Do you really mean that you are going down there to face all those girls?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe you care at all. I told Jack all along I didn't believe you did. You are so high-minded and all that."

"Oh, Rosamond! I'm not high-minded," moaned Edna. "I do care. I am ugly, and envious, and — I'm going down to the senior parlor. Come."

As they entered the room, the president was saying, "Are there any further nominations?"

There was a long silence.

"Then Miss Mills is elected by acclamation. Miss Mills, we congratulate you." And amid furious applause Julia came forward and shook hands formally with the class historian. Others immediately crowded about her, and Rosamond was quite ashamed of herself that she was suddenly so pleased and happy. Several girls had noticed Edna enter.

"Did you hear," they whispered, "how she has helped Miss Weston all this winter, studied with her, and given her her lecture notes? She could, you see, being in the same parlor."

"I hope she is grateful to Edna Howe."

"Oh, yes; she's grateful. She gave Edna a fine engraving her birthday."

"Wasn't that valedictory a struggle! Fifteen

ballots! I pitied Rosamond Mills as much as I did Edna Howe. Her face was a study. Really, the whole matter was decided by those dozen girls who had no personal feeling one way or the other. And didn't it strike you that some of Edna's friends were very lukewarm at the last moment? There is Agnes Howland. She has been quite as zealous as Rosamond, and there she sat without a word to those doubtful girls. So things took their course. But I'd rather this minute be Edna Howe than Miss Weston."

"The meeting will please come to order," repeated the president, rapping upon her table.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SPECULATING IN FUTURES.

THE hour between dinner and the evening chapel service was described in the Manual as a "recreation period," and on this high authority the best consciences in college were content to rely. That it was against college rules to study then, was at the same time a pet maxim of the indolent. Our girls had had each her own theory of recreation; but, as a rule, while freshmen, they had studied; as sophomores, they had danced; as juniors, they had become argumentative, and the discussions begun at the dinner-table were carried on by excited groups in windows and on stairways, till the chapel bell settled the question. The seniors prided themselves on staying at home. One was seldom seen on the corridor or in the public parlors. They became domestic and sat by the evening lamp with work-basket and book. There was in every one a growing tenderness and appreciation for the life she was about to leave, and a desire to make the utmost of its gra-

cious influences. The seniors grew closer together; new friendships were formed, old friendships were strengthened. That it was "for the last time" tinged every pleasure with a gentle sadness. They began to know the experience of later life, when joys and sorrows do not stand out sharp and alone, but one softens and consecrates the other. "The baccalaureate sermon begins to cast its shadow before," said May Lovering. "I shall take at least three handkerchiefs to chapel."

"There is one thing I am determined not to be — and that is sentimental about graduating," said Rosamond, defiantly. "I shall not shed a tear."

They cultivated a consciousness of their pleasures, talked much about them at the time, and lingered over them with the sense of parting.

"Now, there is nothing about our senior year that I enjoy better than this," said May Lovering, emphatically, on a certain evening not long after the class elections. "We have discovered at last the ideal way of spending this recreation period. Just hear those Strauss waltzes down in the distance. Ah, well, I was young once," and May threaded her worsted needle with a sigh. "Who is going to read aloud to-night, girls?"

The book was a novel, and the power of fiction asserted itself. The little circle sat quiet under the

spell of a charming writer, with now and then a laugh or a sigh of content at some felicity of phrase or sudden turn of the story. Sometimes a bit of moral reflection was a challenge to combat; but they were usually carried along with the current of the story, and were agreed to postpone their comment.

May Lovering was the reader. She read, as she talked, with a droll solemnity contrary to all rules of elocution, but as effective as it was lawless. "And *will* you listen to this!" she said: "'Most women do with themselves nothing at all; they wait, in attitudes more or less gracefully passive, for a man to come that way and furnish them with a destiny.'"

"The *wretch!*" they cried in chorus. "We'll not read another word."

"If I were a man, I should not have the least respect for a woman that couldn't have had a destiny of her own if I'd never existed. A woman without any capabilities of a destiny would be a — a perfect stick!"

"I believe in every woman's being married, though," said Kate Baldwin, boldly.

"Every woman can't be married," cried Nora Allen, revengefully. "Look at statistics."

"Yes," said Mary Lloyd, "instead of one woman question, which is puzzling enough, there are really

two — that are perfectly distinct, or ought to be: the question of the married woman, and the question of the unmarried woman."

"I think we women have a perfect right to paraphrase Bacon," declared Nora: "She that hath husband and children, hath given hostages to fortune."

"We have two distinct lots before us," continued Mary Lloyd, "and we must adjust our lives for either."

"Then I don't see but, after all, we have got to wait for some one to come our way, and furnish us with a destiny." One Miss Baldwin said this, and the other nodded assent. The Misses Baldwin were known to be very conservative.

"But not gracefully passive! not gracefully passive!"

"Gracefully active, then."

"For my part, I am tired of all this talk about work. Don't we work till we are nearly dead?" said Nora Allen. "There is hardly a girl in this room that isn't morbid on the subject of work. And yet we goad ourselves on with Latin mottoes, — *palma non sine pulvere, labor vincit omnia*, and all the rest. The fact is, if you once give an American the working impulse, you can't stop him. He's a runaway engine on a down grade. And an American girl, with her nerves and her conscience whipping her on!"

"You don't live up to your theories, Nora Allen. If ever there was a runaway engine — "

"You should preach idleness to a very select audience, Nora," said Mary Lloyd. "We are strong in the faith; your heresies won't hurt us."

They had all dropped their work, and were leaning forward excitedly.

"I wish I did know," Mary Lloyd continued, "what women were to do with themselves. I know very well what I do not believe in, but I'm not at all sure what I do believe in. The education of women is the only thing I am clear about. I confess I don't see a step further."

"It's a little odd," said Edna, "that we don't talk more here about the education of women. We hardly ever mention the subject."

"Because the argument is ended. We are here: that is the conclusion."

"I'm not sure this is the conclusion. All the rest of our lives will have to be the conclusion."

"It will be interesting to see how we girls live up to our ideals," said May Lovering.

"That is the way we always end," said Mary Lloyd. "We can't keep to abstractions; we always come back to ourselves."

"Dear me! I wrote a freshman essay on ideals," said Rosamond, "and I never made such a

goose of myself. Miss Linder made me write a description of a sawmill the next time. I've kept at a respectful distance from ideals ever since."

"It's a rather selfish business, this trying to make ourselves so perfect," Nora remarked; "going about our own evolution in such a scientific, Darwinian way."

"We have high authority for it, Nora Allen," said Edna, gently and earnestly: "'Be ye therefore perfect.'"

Edna bent her face over her work, and was glad to have May Lovering say, "Come, tell us, Mary Lloyd, what is your purpose in life?"

"I am afraid of a purpose in life. It is too big, and vague, and high-sounding. It ought to be a purpose in every day, or it amounts to nothing. I believe there are people who honestly believe they have a purpose in life, who make a failure of each separate day. I have many a time myself. And they wonder they never catch up with happiness."

"That is true, Mary Lloyd," said Edna, eagerly. "Perhaps it is beautiful to be young and to hope. Everybody tells us so. But sometimes I think half our hope is only discontent with the present. Are we never going to learn to be happy without looking off to the distance?"

"I can't settle the woman question for anybody

but myself," Mary Lloyd continued. "I have no doubt about my own destiny. I am going to Germany to study chemistry, and then I am going into the dye-room of my uncle's factory. Then, girls, look out for new shades!"

"Everybody knows what I am going to do," said Rosamond.

"*Nobody* knows. Nobody ever *does* know what you are going to do, Rose."

"Doesn't everybody know that I am going to be a doctor?"

"The most striking figure in modern romance, Rose. To marry or not to marry, that is the question now. I wonder what Rosamond's last chapter will be. Remember, I am class prophet. I have a vision."

"What is it, you wretch?"

"We haven't forgotten a certain romantic summer adventure, — a certain serenade from the Yale Glee Club, — a certain Founder's Day."

Rosamond seized her by the arm and shook her. "Well, May Lovering, considering you are a minister's daughter! — did you ever hear such nonsense, girls? The very idea of my ever being willing to marry that — that — that little snip! Now, girls, I'm in earnest for once. Do you think I'd sacrifice my usefulness to any man? — the special kind of

usefulness I've set my heart on? If I ever marry, — and I hope I shall — it may be a shameless confession, but I — hope — I — shall, — it will be the man of all the world that believes most in me; will help me best to be a useful woman; will put new heart and courage into everything I do." Rosamond sank back among the sofa-cushions, and May Lovering offered her a feather fan. Edna thought she had made a discovery.

"I am going to teach," said Julia Territt.

"You are not going to earn your own living!" cried Kate Baldwin, in astonishment.

"I don't dare not to be able to," answered Julia, quietly. "I am going to teach in a fashionable New York school — the very one I went to before I came here."

The girls looked at Julia with disappointment.

"I shall try to do honest work, and I shall expect it of my pupils. It is the field of all others where I should like to succeed."

"And not go out at all?" exclaimed Cora Baldwin. "Why, I see your mother's name always in the society columns!"

"Mamma and I have our compact. I am to accept invitations for Friday and Saturday. But teaching algebra is not the final goal of my ambition. I want to found a training-school for house-servants

We are going to have regularly graduated servants, with certificates. Mamma has been so tormented in her housekeeping, that she is interested; and all her friends are delighted with our scheme. You know my hobby is training, training, training. We must submit to it, we women, before we can do self-respecting work — work that asks no favors."

The girls clapped their hands, with "Hurrah for Julia! We pledge ourselves to employ none but Julia's graduates."

"That is splendid," said Mary Pruden. "I wish I were going to do something. My mother is sick, and I am going home to keep house and take care of her."

The girls looked softly at her, while Rosamond said, "Mary Pruden, we have our opinion of you," and tenderly picked up Mary's ball of darning-cotton.

"May Lovering," said Rosamond, "I hope you have your notebook here, since you are class prophet. Perhaps you'd like to know that Edna intends to marry a college professor. She has even selected her college. You should have seen Jack's face when I told him that. Now Edna's furious."

"Yes, I am. You have no right — "

"'My tables, — meet it is I set it down!'" cried May, with a melodramatic gesture.

"And while she waits for her destiny, that is, her professor, she is going to —"

"Teach," interrupted Edna. "And she is going to make that her destiny."

Rosamond hummed a little tune, with a saucy refrain, "Nous verrons! Nous verrons!"

Edna kept her eyes on her work and said something to Nora.

"Honestly fold my hands and wait for my destiny," answered Nora, with an air of conviction, though the idea had that moment occurred to her.

"Why," said Mary Pruden, in astonishment, "you told me the other day you were going into journalism and you expected to work like a dog!"

"It's dreadfully against my principles if I do; but I have my bread and butter to earn. I am what the novels call a penniless girl, but somehow I don't mind it a bit. It's ten times more interesting, more adventurous. Do you suppose I would sit tamely down in a chimney-corner and darn stockings? No; I prefer the wide, wide world."

"And the truth is," whispered Kate Baldwin to her neighbor, "she is quietly and peacefully engaged to a young country minister, and fancies that not one of us suspects it."

"Nora will write us novels, with epigrams for

titles," said Rosamond. "You will find her 'Busy Idler' on every railway train and every hotel piazza in the country."

"I believe that I am not very adventurous," sighed Kate Baldwin. "I am afraid of a career. I would almost rather darn stockings, Nora."

"But it's mamma that insists upon it," chimed in Miss Cora Baldwin. "She and papa won't take us to Europe till we are each of us able to earn five hundred dollars a year."

"You don't want to be idle and aimless, do you?" Nora turned upon them fiercely. She had always found it hard to forgive the Baldwins their orange ribbons.

"Mamma has always insisted on our being independent," said Cora, mournfully.

"Yes," said Kate, "we began to sew on our own boot-buttons at a very early age."

"So papa has got me a place as an assistant librarian," sighed Cora.

"And I am to write for him in his coal office."

"And then you are going to Europe," said Edna.

"And then you are going to heaven, Edna means," said Rosamond. "Europe she considers sufficient reward for all present sufferings in this hemisphere. Europe is her other world."

"Miss Weston is going as soon as she graduates

Her eyes are better and she is going abroad to study."

"Girls!" said May Lovering, suddenly, "speaking of destinies, did you ever hear anything equal to that notice read in the dining-room last night?—the president's secretary standing up so tall and dignified, and reading out in her grandest tone: 'If any young lady wishes to make a change in her name or place of residence'—and did you ever see anybody look so dazed when we began to laugh? Then that offended tone as she finished,—'before the issue of the next catalogue, she will please inform the president immediately!' Wasn't it the funniest thing?"

After chapel, and before they took up their books for the evening, Rosamond and Edna lingered still over the subject of their previous conversation.

"And there is May Lovering. She is going to teach in China. She doesn't want the girls to know it yet. She doesn't want them to make a fuss over her. I wish I were as good as May Lovering. I said I hoped I should be married some time, but I don't believe I shall," Rosamond continued. "I am just like Jack. He is always great friends with plenty of people,—not that you could call it flirting,—but it never amounts to anything. The times that I have been so frightened for fear it would!" said Rosamond, with true sisterly jealousy. "But it

always proves a false alarm. I have it all planned how I am to live with him and keep house for him, and we are to grow old together. Jack and I are devoted to each other. Do you know any other Chicago girl whose brother has been here twice to see her since the Christmas vacation? Of course it was business in New York and all that, but then! The girls like to laugh about Our New York Correspondent and Our Boston Correspondent, but I am just the kind of girl not to marry, after all."

When Rosamond said this, she liked to be contradicted, but Edna this time made no reply. Her face was pale and determined, as she went into her bedroom and closed the door behind her. She had taken a firm resolve. Going to her upper bureau drawer, she took out two notes, a plan of a Chicago lumber-yard, a New Year's rose, and, having sternly reduced them to fragments, shook them into her waste-basket.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

THREE weeks from to-day, Baccalaureate Sunday! Two weeks from to-day — one week — to-morrow — to-day!

Early in the fresh June morning there were seniors in the garden gathering roses to deck the chapel. The long vines clambered over a high lattice-work, and every severed rose brought down a shower of sparkling dewdrops upon the upturned faces of the girls. The bubbling song of a bird overflowed above their heads.

"Don't I know how that bird feels, dear little soul! If only I were perched on a bough!"

"Perch on this step-ladder instead, Rose dear," said Julia, "and cut that long branch with the pink roses. That must be for the front of the pulpit."

"Fortunate I am 'more than common tall'! Oh, but, girls, it's more beautiful than ever up here. I

can see away off over the lawns, all cobwebs and diamond dust."

"What a mistake we didn't make you class poet, Rose!"

"And just a gleam of the lake through the trees. There's your branch. Edna, have you filled that basket with the Jacqueminots? Smell them—triple extract of June! Listen to that bird again. And yet this was the day we were to be sad!"

"We've only to think that it is our last June Sunday here," said Mary Lloyd.

"Don't speak of it, Mary Lloyd."

The shadow of a cloud seemed to pass over them as it did that moment over the distant hills. They took up their baskets soberly and carried them into the house, parting with the agreement to meet in the chapel after breakfast.

As the bells were ringing at eleven o'clock, Rosamond's family group were standing in the parlor doorway and waiting to go to the chapel.

"There is Edna coming. You haven't seen her yet, mamma," said Rosamond, giving a final touch to her mother's bonnet-strings.

"I met her with her mother this morning," said Mrs. Mills, submitting dutifully to her daughter's little pats and pulls. "Edna is a very sweet girl. And her mother—she is very plainly dressed, but I

am sure she is of lovely character. There, dear, won't that do? That feels very comfortable. Oh, here is Edna."

Mrs. Mills kissed Edna affectionately, Mr. Mills gave her a hearty grasp of the hand, and Jack said, "How are you, Miss Howe, how are you?" with cordial emphasis.

But Edna's behavior was singular. She put out her hand and met Jack's—hardly more; nor did she quite look him in the face as she said she hoped he was well. Edna had for some weeks held herself to a fixed determination, but was inexperienced in carrying out resolutions of this nature. She answered Mr. Mills's questions, and talked a little with Mrs. Mills, then said that she must go to find her mother.

The congregation assembled: curious and eager students, watching intently the effect of the sermon upon the graduating class; mothers, attending with deep respect to the good advice given their daughters; fathers, who listened with genial attention; faculty and teachers, fortified for the occasion by a long series of baccalaureate sermons; and in the front seats, the graduating class. They sat erect, attentive. Each girl had a peculiar self-consciousness, and thought of herself with a solemn interest, from the point of view of the visitor across the aisle.

Edna's place was at the end of a seat, and Jack watched her clear face turned steadily towards the preacher. He saw it flush and kindle, then grow pale and calm again, then deepen its color as her lips parted and her whole figure became listening. "Freely ye have received, freely give," was the president's text. Never mind his logic or his rhetoric. His best interpretation is through those listening faces. Argument and emotion narrowed gradually to the senior class; and when the good man paused and turned more directly to the graduates, they rose with one accord to receive his parting words. Some looked up into his face with calm and reverent attention; some stood with bowed heads and tremulous lips. A wave of emotion passed over the congregation as the body of girls rose. There was no spirit so worn that it was not touched and quickened. And when the beloved doctor had spoken with tremulous voice his last word of inspiration and blessing, the noble organ took up the strain and swept them on upward with a grand old hymn of the middle ages.

Our friends said little as they left the chapel. Edna clung to her mother and avoided all the rest. Jack walked down the corridor behind them, and once Edna, turning to search for Julia Territt, had met his eyes. She looked quickly away, after a faint

recognition, and walked slowly with her mother to the gardener's house, in the old New England silence.

"Let me stay here," Edna begged, when they reached her mother's room. "My head aches."

"Lie down, and I will bring you up a cup of tea," said Mrs. Howe, tenderly suggesting her two sovereign remedies.

"I don't want to go over to the college and hear the girls talk about the sermon," Edna continued, restlessly. "I would rather leave it without a word. I am selfish. I want it all to myself. I feel as if I needed the whole of it. I will work; he needn't fear. I can bear anything if I work hard enough," she cried passionately.

"I think our trials are about ended," said her mother, tenderly. "With your education, you know," and she set down the cup of tea. "I am pleased to see your room-mate. I should know she was a kind, good girl."

Edna smiled faintly.

"You say this is her brother," continued Mrs. Howe, stirring the tea. "Is he a pleasant young man? I have hardly ever heard you speak of him."

"Yes; he is very pleasant — as far as I know him," she added indifferently.

"Was he at home when you visited there?"

"Yes'm."

"But then I suppose you and Rosamond were a good deal taken up with each other. I used to notice at home that you never seemed to get much acquainted. And the mother — she is very handsomely dressed, but she seems an excellent woman. The father — Edna, I am thinking of your father every hour."

Edna lay there through the long silent afternoon, feeling nerveless and passive, and hardly equal to the effort of tracing the figures of the wall-paper.

"I believe I will stay here all night," she said. "It is so peaceful, and we've lived in such a whirl these last days. I must get rested before Wednesday. Shall you be frightened, mother, when it comes my turn to speak?"

"You must be sure to speak loud enough," said Mrs. Howe.

The twilight became moonlight, and still they sat together.

"Edna! Edna!" called a voice under the window. "Aren't you and your mother coming over to the organ concert, the last organ concert? We have walked over here for you — all of us. It's the most beautiful night! And where have you hidden yourself all this afternoon?" Rosamond said.

as Edna came down the stairs, and hesitated at the last step. Jack and Mrs. Mills stood on the little vine-covered porch, Jack fanning himself with his hat, and his mother drawing her white shawl more closely about her shoulders.

"Oh, yes, mother must go," said Edna, "but I — I — "

"Miss our last concert, with the 'request' programme! Edna, where are your senses, — and where is your shawl?"

The path they took led them down the hillside and through the orchard, past the lake, and up the road. It happened that Edna's mother and Mrs. Mills entered upon the fruitful topic of Rosamond's medical ambitions; and as the young lady interested never allowed such a conversation to be out of reach of her correction, it chanced that Edna, in spite of some scheming, was thrown back upon Jack's protection. She did not look at him, but said coldly how pretty the old mill down in the hollow looked in the moonlight. Plainly, Jack did not care to pursue this subject. A reference to the morning's sermon was no more successful. The truth was that Jack was making up his mind to introduce a subject of his own selection.

"I can't make you out," he exclaimed at last. "Back there at Christmas time, and when I was on

here afterwards, we were tolerably good friends, and now you wouldn't be walking with me if you could help it. I want to get to the bottom of this thing. I want to know whether this is coquetry, or whether I have done something to deserve it."

"Coquetry!" echoed Edna, in amazement.

"There's more of it!" cried Jack, angrily. "You have barely spoken to me to-day, and now you pretend to be perfectly unconscious. You're all alike, you women; I had had a notion, though, that you were different. I used to think what you said and did was some sort of indication of what you really felt. Come, now, just because I am a man and you are a woman, are we never to speak a sincere word to each other? I have kept up that sort of nonsense in society as long as I care to. I've had enough of it."

"I do mean always what I say," Edna pleaded. "I try to, at least."

"Then you are perfectly sincere in avoiding me as you have to-day? That's pleasant! Treating me there this morning as if you wished me back in Chicago, and cutting me dead after chapel."

"Oh, I didn't mean that at all!"

"Don't you see," pursued Jack, "I'm trying to get a little light on my own conduct. If I knew exactly what you mean, I might be able to set myself

right. Tell me, now, have I done anything to offend you?"

"Oh, no, no; I don't know why I have been so disagreeable." She had known, but now in her sweet relief she quite forgot. "We are friends yet," she added, shyly.

"That's right," said Jack. "Shake hands on it." This last was one of Jack's business formulas, but it was not his usual business-like handshake with which he sealed this compact. "You see I thought, in all those talks we had, that we were talking straight to each other, — that there was something genuine about it, you know."

"I did," said Edna, with the faintest emphasis on the last word. "That was what I liked them for."

"You can't get on with people, you can't get any satisfaction out of them, if there's all this nonsense and affectation. Don't you say so, now?"

"Sometimes I think," said Edna, "that some people are too shy ever to be quite simple and sincere, and so they never do make friends."

"And so they run away from friends, is that it? You are going to lose your shawl." It slipped from the shoulder farthest from him, and he gently put it back. "But what has shyness to do with us — old friends like us? Two years and more, isn't it, since you and I met? A Founder's Day, in the college

parlor,—one of Rosamond's practical jokes. I hope you've forgiven her?" Jack lowered his voice.

Edna was not ready at answering such questions, but he liked her no less that her only reply was a little blush and laugh, and a quick look at him. Her mother heard her laugh, and said to Mrs. Mills, "I am glad her headache is better. I think she worries a good deal about this getting up to speak before so many people Commencement Day. She's always been of a rather retiring disposition naturally. I remember when she was a child," Mrs. Howe continued.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END.

CLASS DAY dawned wayward and capricious. One moment the sun shone out with cordial frankness, and the senior class exchanged congratulations; an hour later, the sky frowned and lowered, and they offered one another doleful commiseration. They recalled a Class Day when the exercises at the tree took place on the chapel platform, and the orator, in mentioning the "spreading branches of this noble elm," was forced to point to a tall oleander in a green tub, kindly lent by the gardener's wife. There passed a hurried, anxious morning, spent in taking final stitches, in last desperate rehearsals, and in a multitude of eleventh hour details. By three o'clock the guests were rapidly assembling, the graduating class were in full toilette, and the speakers were every moment growing paler and maintaining a more icy composure.

"Are you all ready?" was passed along the waiting line in fierce, excited whispers. The class marshal waved her bâton, the music sounded, and the procession of seniors marched with stern dignity into the chapel.

Rosamond was the only speaker that would not show herself sobered by the approaching ordeal. She talked incessantly to her neighbor, in a nervous staccato. What was the use in being so solemn about it all? She had not shed one tear at the Baccalaureate sermon, — not she! And as for the valedictory, that should not cost her many tears.

"Did you ever see Julia look so lovely?" she continued, in Edna's ear, as they took their seats. "Wasn't she just the one for president of our class? See her sitting there on the platform in that high cathedral chair with the carved back, with that long, soft, creamy, clinging dress. Don't call it a dress: call it drapery. It wasn't simply cut and made, like the rest of our clothes; it was designed. I hope she is satisfied with her background to-day: the organ and the palms and the carved chair. And the dear old prexy sitting beside her to heighten the effect. Hush, the president's prayer!"

In spite of Rosamond's air of absorbed attention, she heard little of the prayer, or of Julia's short address of welcome. There was a pause, an ex-

pectant rustle, and Rosamond heard, as if in the distance of a dream,

"I have the honor to present to you our class historian, Miss Mills of Chicago."

Every senior bent eagerly forward, and followed Rosamond with a proud and loving look as she rose, settled her plumage with a characteristic little shake, and walked lightly and quickly up the steps to the platform. She made a grave obeisance to the college president, but smiled outright at Julia as she swept a stately courtesy before the president of the class. Then, turning quickly, Rosamond faced her classmates. They had watched her till this moment in breathless silence; but when she met their eyes, their self-control was at an end. Their pent-up affection burst in a storm of applause. She smiled, and made a little gesture of protest; still they clapped. She tried to speak, but her voice could not be heard. Touched and thrilled as she had never been before, Rosamond felt the resistless tears coming. They refused to be tossed back, and rolled glistening down her cheek as she tried to smile them away. Her classmates, at last, took compassion on her, and prepared themselves to listen.

Rosamond's class history was a chapter of reminiscences in her most frolicsome vein; but,

like most young writers, she felt that an introduction was required of her, and had devoted some space to the exposition of the motto adopted by the class at the beginning of its career. Accordingly, the only dull part of her address was that in which she set forth the truth contained in the unexceptionable *Palma non sine pulvere*. Rosamond was not addicted to Latin quotation, but, at one point that day she had seen that a fine effect could be produced by introducing the long Latin name of the tiny muscle, *Levator labii superioris alœque nasi*, — literally interpreted, Lifter of the upper lip and of the wing of the nose. Alas for the tumultuous greeting of Rosamond's friends! As the applause died away, she stood smiling through her tears, flushed and disconcerted. She dashed her handkerchief across her face, moved a step forward, then a step backward, and began, impressively, "*Levator labii superioris alœque nasi*. Such, my classmates, was the motto that we chose to be our guiding star."

Horrified glances were exchanged among the seniors as one truism after another was unrolled from this useful anatomical term. The rest of the audience looked bland and unconcerned, half of them in respectful ignorance of Latin, the other half thinking it some esoteric Class Day joke.

There was one guest, however, that grasped the situation: Dr. Charles Mills. The mischievous delight in this young man's face had not subsided at the close of the exercises.

Rosamond's introduction once left behind, she became her best self again. She touched lightly and merrily on the marked events of their college life. Should they ever forget how they were hazed in their freshman year, — locked into their first class meeting? Did they remember the party that they gave the freshmen the next year, when everything passed off so tamely and successfully? She revived the patriotism of Election Day; she glanced at their theatrical successes, and a modest mention of "The Lady of Lyons" was greeted with wild applause from the whole body of students. Tenderly she paused an instant to bring back the memory of Kitty Morris. A hush fell upon the audience, and many an eye was dim. She lingered lovingly over the record of their senior year: their privileges, distinctions and triumphs. Rosamond grew a little tremulous as she approached her closing sentences; but, summoning all her courage, she flung out impetuously at the end,

"'Though lightly prized the ribboned parchments three,
Yet *collegisse juvat*, I am glad
That here what colleging was mine I had.'"

The applause that had greeted her was redoubled,

and it was several minutes before May Lovering could ascend the platform. With the last word of May's prophecy, the marshal again waved her bâton, the orchestra obeyed with a triumphant march, and the procession wound its way out of chapel, down the stairs, across the lawn, and dissolved into a gay-tinted mass around the class tree.

Here the class records were buried, and the class song sung, to the lively and delighted interest of parents and friends. Congratulations upon the weather, with grateful glances towards the sky, were a feature of the tree exercises.

Rosamond was now prepared to enter into the remainder of her graduation with calm enjoyment. She searched the ranks of visitors for her family party, and bestowed friendly nods on her father, mother, and Dr. Charles Mills. It was Dr. Mills who was first to greet her as they returned from the tree.

"Well, my fair cousin, I was delighted with the noble sentiments that you extracted from *levator labii superioris alæque nasi.*"

"What?"

"It isn't possible you were perfectly unconscious all the time? I admired your presence of mind in not letting a slip of the tongue disconcert you."

"*What?*"

She listened aghast. "Oh, take me away somewhere. Hide me. Is everybody laughing at me? You were cruel to tell me. I shall never forgive you. Take me away somewhere."

"Here is a quiet corner. We might sit here and talk it over." He leaned forward and played with her fan. "Come, now, Rosamond, I wouldn't feel so cut up about it."

"It was funny, though. There, I am actually laughing. I'm a perfect cork; you can't sink me."

"A regular life-preserver, Rose."

"I hope so, if I'm going into the medical profession."

"You don't need the M. D. to make you one, Rose."

"Now you are trying to be complimentary and make me forget my muscle. Don't break my fan, if you please, sir. And then to make such a goose of myself when they clapped. It was a perfect failure. You needn't laugh. But I am glad you told me about the muscle. I believe I would rather have you tell me than any one else."

"Why?"

"Come, I am going to take you to meet Edna Howe."

"That chum of yours I've heard so much about?"

The evening was pronounced perfect by the most

critical judges of the weather. The cool night air lent itself to tireless promenading in soft-hued shawls and wraps. The Bengal lights and Chinese lanterns burned steadily in the still atmosphere, while a glorious moon rode high in the southern sky. The couples paced back and forth to the music of the orchestra, passing and repassing the long line of settees, where sat papas and mammas and such poor-spirited younger people as confessed themselves tired. Jack promenaded and chatted obediently with each one of the dozen young ladies to whom Rosamond presented him, and did it so politely that not one of them discovered that he was absent-minded, or that he sent a frequent glance to a certain distant point. Rosamond was flitting about, accomplishing numberless introductions, and even forcing her father into the line of promenaders, with May Lovering under his care.

"What would you give, Edna Howe, to hear their conversation? Come, Dr. Mills is dying to meet you." But Edna insisted on sitting by her mother, to whom she explained and narrated with affectionate zeal.

At Rosamond's proposal to introduce him to a thirteenth desirable young lady, Jack took a determined stand. "Where's mother? I am going to take her for a turn or two."

On the second round he paused with his mother before Mrs. Howe and Edna.

"Miss Howe, I wish you would give my mother your seat, and would walk with me a little."

The next day was Commencement.

"Poor papa!" laughed Rosamond. "He thinks it takes us so long to graduate. He can't see why we don't do it all in one day. He has been wandering about for four days, looking at his watch and studying his time-tables. He shall take the first train to Chicago the moment I have my diploma in my hand." Mr. Mills, however, took his place patiently in the Commencement audience, and alternated short periods of listening with long lapses into meditation upon lumber interests. He attended in spite of himself to Nora Thorndike Allen's defence of Richard III., with its snapping and crackling of epigrams. Mr. Mills eyed quizzically Agnes Howland, as she discussed one of the great political questions of the day; looked furtively at his watch during a chemical dissertation; retired into himself during the literary debate between Mary Peabody Lloyd and Alice Bowles; got Julia Van Vost Territt's art essay inextricably confused with her charming personal appearance, and lost not one word of Edna Howe's oration.

Mary Pruden read a six minutes' essay on the

moons of Jupiter; but, as it came next to the last on the programme, nobody listened but her old father, in the hardware business. He sat with his hand to his more reliable ear, and with face suffused with fatherly pride. The valedictory fulfilled the highest expectations of the class, and formed a fitting close to what the trustees assured the president was a highly gratifying Commencement.

The murmur of congratulation rose higher and higher as the audience poured down the stairways. Edna would have fled to her room, but she was imprisoned in the crowd, and before she could resist she found herself forced back below the corridor clock and surrounded by eager classmates. Her eyes shone like stars, her lips were parted and tremulous, and her face flushed with exaltation.

"We are not going to let you get away, Edna Howe. You have to stand there and be told how perfectly grand it was."

"Wasn't she just inspired?" said some one from behind. "Didn't I tell you how it would be?"

"And did you watch the audience while she was speaking? Did you see the trustees on the platform look at each other, and two actually wipe their eyes?"

Edna shrank back against the wall and clung to her diploma and bouquet of roses. "Edna Howe, if

you can speak like that, you must keep on speaking," said Agnes Howland.

"Oh, never, never, never!" cried Edna, in alarm.

"Why, you weren't frightened. Didn't she seem to just enjoy herself, girls, after she got started?"

"I wasn't frightened, but I could never do it again."

Rosamond had given Edna one long pressure of the hand and one loving look as they had come out of chapel, and Julia Territt had whispered in her ear. Nora had clutched her, "It wouldn't be good for you to know what I think of you. I sha'n't tell you."

The mass of guests at the foot of the stairs was becoming more and more entangled, but one party after another penetrated to the spot where Edna stood.

"I want you to meet my father," said May Lovering, bringing up a scholarly, gray-haired man in gold spectacles. "Papa, you know, is a minister. He wants to exchange with you, don't you, papa?"

"My dear young lady," said Dr. Lovering, with a bow of the old school, "I hope you will let an old man thank you for helping him renew his youth today. Upon my word, I haven't felt so young and vigorous for many a day. My chatterbox here is not far from right. My people should hear an echo of

this next Sunday. Won't you let me shake hands with you, Miss Howe?"

Then came the Baldwin twins, accompanied by mother and aunts in heavy black silks.

"We have been very much interested, I am sure," said Mrs. Baldwin.

"Very much pleased," murmured the first aunt.

"Very much gratified," died away the second aunt.

And here was Nora Allen, with a young man of energetic bearing, destined for the Unitarian ministry. "Edna, I must have you know Mr. Penhallow. Miss Howe, Mr. Penhallow."

"An extremely lucid piece of thinking," Mr. Penhallow was saying, penetrating Edna with his keen eye. "There was a point you made there I liked exceedingly," and he was settling into the business-like tone with which he had argued his way to the pulpit.

Julia Territt came down the stairway, engaged in animated dialogue. A moment and she stood before Edna.

"You don't forget our October tramp? And you don't forget Mr. Davenport?"

"I thought I recognized the inspiration of that day in what you said this morning." Mr. Frank Davenport had contrived this little speech during the valedictory. "It was like mountain air."

Just then Rosamond and her party separated themselves from the throng.

"I tell my wife that I've seldom seen so clear a head on a woman's shoulders. I told her so back at Christmas time. And I like to see a woman that — well, I like to see a young woman like you, in short," said Mr. Mills, in a burst of confidence. "I flatter myself I keep up with the times on most questions, and I don't mean to be behindhand on this one."

"Papa," Rosamond broke in, "you must give all these other people a chance. Why, here's Edna's mother!"

"I heard every word you said, Edna, and I sat quite far back," said Mrs. Howe, with her rich, soft voice. This was the only word she ever spoke of her daughter's triumph.

"And will you believe it," said Rosamond breathlessly to her mother, "there is the president introducing Edna to one of the trustees."

Still there was one person who did not approach her. She saw Jack pass several times with Julia Territt on his arm. He was bending devotedly to catch her replies, and did not once glance towards Edna. Julia had never looked more beautiful. Edna remembered how long these two had remained together the previous evening, and how frankly Jack

had expressed his admiration for the grace with which Miss Territt had presided over Class Day. No doubt her essay this morning had fixed the impression, and an acquaintance of twenty-four hours had advanced farther than a two years' friendship had brought Jack and herself.

"You and your mother are coming to dinner with our party," said Rosamond. "See, everybody is going in."

"I wish you would go and keep a place for me. I am so tired. I must rest a little. Please go."

They saw how pale she had grown, and did not urge her to come. As the crowd melted away, Edna fled through the first open door. She sank upon a sofa in one corner of the deserted parlor, let fall her diploma and her roses, and bowed her head upon her clasped hands. That moment of acute suffering was the full and frank confession to herself of her love for Jack.

There was a quick step in the hall. Some one paused at the door and entered the room. Gathering herself up quickly, that she might meet the intruder with an indifferent glance, Edna suddenly felt before she saw that Jack was looking down upon her. She felt before she heard what he had come to say.

"How could I say it out there in that crowd?" he was asking, impetuously. "The way you talked

there this morning isn't a thing for everyday compliment. Let me sit here. I wish you could keep me up to that, feeling as I did then. You can do it. Edna, are you willing to try it? Edna, you must know what I mean by this time."

She darted a glance at him, then looked down at her roses, and breathed a startled, "Oh!"

"Tell me, my darling."

She gave him one answering look of perfect love and faith.

A few moments later, she had said,

"You know I must teach two years, perhaps three."

"You don't want to teach."

"I do want to teach, partly to prove that I can, partly for another great reason, that you don't know. I will tell you something. I will tell you everything now, — Jack!" She dropped her eyes again upon her roses.

Jack was so unreasonably delighted at the sound of his name that Edna was obliged to entreat him, "Oh, do remember where we are."

"Jack — say Jack again."

"Remember where we are, — Jack! Oh, how ridiculous we are! But I suppose people always are," she added, with perfect content.

Then she soberly and clearly explained her moneyed obligation for her education, and set forth

her reasons for wishing to discharge it with her own earnings. Jack replied, with an equally convincing argument, to which she only shook her head.

"Pray, isn't everything I possess yours?" he concluded.

"No," she said, delightedly.

Jack made some fond allusions to women's logic, and told her, with perfect truth, that she failed utterly to comprehend the situation. "In fact, this time, my dear, you really do not know what you are talking about. That money — oh, well, it's no use, I suppose."

"Don't let us quarrel so soon, Jack. You say you are ready to make up? — Oh, no, don't do that, sir!"

"I liked the prophecy Miss Lovering gave you yesterday: your old college professor, and the course of lectures on Assyrian antiquities that you are to write for him. Bring him on!" Jack folded his arms triumphantly.